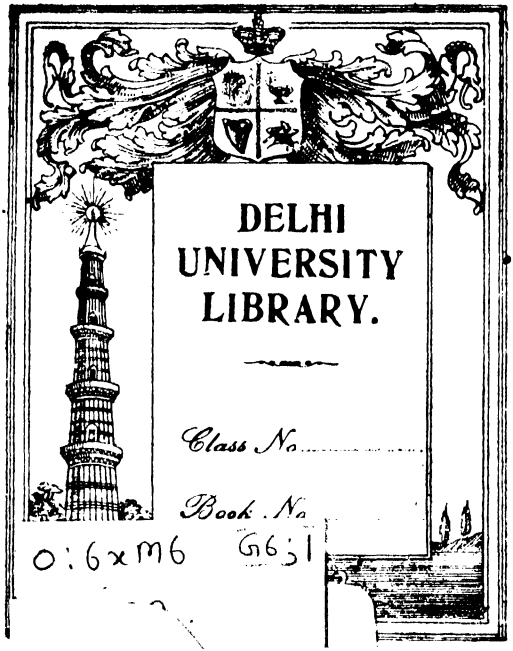
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Glimpses into English Prose

EDITED AND ANNOTATED

BY

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PREFACE

In University circles in India the question is sometimes discussed whether the reading of English literature ought to be compulsory for students, whether there should not be the option of a course in the English of everyday speech. Like many other questions it is not quite so simple as it seems. Shakespeare's plays are not in the language we speak or write; they are not easy reading even for people whose mother-tongue is English; yet every teacher who has read Shakespeare with a class of Indian students will testify that there is hardly any part of their work which they enjoy more.

What the opponents of English literature as a compulsory subject of study have in view is that, for Indian University examinations, books are sometimes prescribed which are beyond the capacity of the average candidate for the examination in question. If the text is too easy, the student learns very little; but if, as sometimes happens, the text is too difficult, the student becomes discouraged, having to spend so much energy on understanding the language that he has none left for appreciating the book as literature.

In selecting the passages for this book, great care has been taken to ensure that they are suitable for the Intermediate Course. A matriculate has mastered the initial difficulties of the English language. At the next stage it is the business of the teacher to help him to acquire familiarity with a wider range of words, phrases and idioms; but the teacher has the further and pleasanter duty of trying to inspire the student with a love of English literature, of introducing him to authors who treat a wide variety of subjects in different styles. This collection of passages exemplifies practically every important branch of English prose literature, and no passage has been included which the student may not reasonably be expected to read for pleasure. To one who has gone carefully through the passages some of the great names over a long period of English literature will be something more than names.

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GLIMPSES INTO ENGLISH PROSE

The Journey to Bognor

From "THE FORTNIGHT IN SEPTEMBER",
By R. C. SHERRIFF

Mr. R. C. Sherriff has written one of the best-known books about the Great War, *Journey's End*. There could hardly be a more complete contrast between two books than that between *Journey's End* and *The Fortnight in September*. The latter describes the annual September holiday of a commonplace London family, and the preparations for this holiday. They were going as usual to Bognor, a seaside resort in Sussex. The family consisted of five members: Mr. Stevens, a clerk with a London business firm; Mrs. Stevens, a motherly woman; Mary, nearly twenty years old, an attendant in a shop; Richard or Dick, seventeen, who had recently obtained an appointment in a stationer's shop; and little Ernest or Ernie, eight years old, still at school. The author describes the journey in great detail, beginning with the night before they started. He tells us all they did and said and thought and felt, things which we have all done and said and thought and felt many times, but about which few of us have ever

thought of writing a book. Mr. Sherriff has shown great skill in investing with a singular charm the commonplace experiences of commonplace people.

The train gathered speed, and almost in no time thumped over the passage that led beneath the Embankment at the end of Corunna Road.

"Here we are!" said Mr. Stevens, and the family, who were still sorting out the hand luggage, grouped round the window for the last view.

There was Mr. Hughes in his garden: the end house, no. 2. He had his bicycle upside down and was busy cleaning it. Here was no. 4, with its rough, unkempt lawn and weed-grown flower beds—where the funny people lived, whom nobody knew anything about, and some thought to be film actors.

No. 6 and no. 8 slipped by: neat gardens, both of them, although Mr. Stevens never liked Mr. Bennett's grotto. You wanted a bigger garden for that sort of thing . . .

There was no. 12 with its sundial, and no. 14, with Mr. Foster's untidy rabbit hutches . . .

The train was moving too fast to see much now, and all eyes were turned ready for the fleeting glimpse of home. Ernie, Dick and Mary enjoyed the panorama, for they rarely saw behind the scenes like this. They called out as each little detail travelled past, and laughed triumphantly when they caught Mrs. Fraser in her curlers,[1] throwing something into her dustbin, for she was always dressed up to her eyes [2] when she went out the other side, through her front door. There was a fleeting

glimpse of Mr. Shepherd watering the geranium in the stump of his apple tree, and then a hush fell.

No one spoke as they passed the house. It looked strangely tiny and unreal from the train: very quiet and still with its blinds drawn, and the empty clothes line,[3] and the deserted garden.

Looking down from the Embankment [4] you could see the side of the roof where the new slates,[5] put in after the storm last year, made a square patch of lighter grey.

The garden was mostly in the shadow of the house at this time in the morning, but a shaft of sunlight fell through the side passage and lit up the clump of white asters by the apple tree.

The brickwork on the side that took the sun seemed faded and a little tawdry, but the back of the house, in the shadow, looked cool, and rather dignified with the creeper and the lilac tree.

Mr. Stevens always felt a pang at this moment of the journey, and after one earnest gaze, he turned and sat down in the corner. But his mind was relieved upon one thing, for half way to the station he suddenly wondered if he had closed the w.c.[6] window, and could not for the life of him [7] remember. He had dared not ask the others, for it was one of his own allotted duties, and it would have sounded ridiculous to enquire. It was all right, though—it was shut, after all. Extraordinary how you could do things automatically.[8]

Mrs. Stevens felt no special pang, although she of all the family was most firmly tied to the little house during all the other weeks of the year. Her only anxiety was to see that no smoke issued from the chimneys or windows

—for she dreaded the possibility of having left a dish-cloth near the hot stove or a few smouldering cinders in the kitchen range.[9]

Ernie was the most deeply concerned. He had waited a month for this unusual view of the house, and as they flew by he desperately searched the roof gutter for his tennis ball.

It had disappeared uncannily [10] in the dusk one evening when he had hit it up in the air higher than usual. The gutter round the roof was his last hope, but there was no ball there—not even a blob or hump [11] that might be a ball. He too was looking away when Mary suddenly cried, "There's Puss!" and all heads were craned for a last attempt to see.

Yes! There was Puss—sitting on the tool-house roof —gazing down the side passage into the road.

Poor old Puss: pity they couldn't take him with them. He would wonder why it was so quiet when he squeezed through the bars of the scullery [12] window about tea-time, when he always went in for a look round.

They forgot all about looking for Mrs. Haykin,[13] and now the train was flying past the end house of the road. Mrs. Stevens put the sandwiches and thermos flask on the rack above her head, and settled down: Mary slipped the library tab from her book and began to read: Dick was examining the tennis rackets and Mr. Stevens was jotting down in his notebook the 2*s*. he had given Ruislip [14] and the price of the tickets. Ernie alone remained alive to the passing scene, completely at a loss to understand how the others could let it pass without concern.

For pure, concentrated entertainment the journey from

their home to Clapham Junction knocked the rest of the journey sideways.[15]

He enjoyed the later part to a certain extent, but the open country, lying as it did, much further away, passed too slowly—and there was a sameness about the open fields and downs, the cart-tracks and the gates, the woods and cottages. It was only now and then that a cow would go bucking away [16] across a field—or a boy would wave to them, and the telegraph wires, falling in loops and rising to the posts,[17] falling and rising, falling and rising, made him drowsy.

But this first part of the journey was different: superbly full of meat.[18] Everything was so close that it passed in a flash before he had taken in half of what there was to see: a hundred fascinating things were enticingly offered —then snatched from him sideways. The Embankment ended before there was time to blink and they were running between giant walls of brick that sloped upwards and away. There were alcoves in it, like sentry boxes. Gradually the walls grew higher: it grew darker and darker till suddenly they boomed [19] into a tunnel, and he realized for the first time that the carriage lights were on. Dark, sooty things flashed by: a green light and something that was tapping like a clock without its pendulum, and just when Ernie was beginning to feel like a brooding, underground monster they shot out into the sunlight and he was looking down like a god at dusty streets of crowded people and gutters [20] lined with market stalls. Then came the chimneys—hundreds of chimneys—fat and thin—red and black—tin chimneys, stone chimneys —brick chimneys: one with a helmet like a fireman—

another revolving mournfully in the wind: another long, thin one with a little hat like a Chinaman.

Down again!—deeper—louder—darker. Stout brick walls again, leaning back, with fat cables writhing along the sides, and then, just as he was expecting to dive into another tunnel it grew suddenly lighter, and a green bank of grass ran down and swallowed the wall in a gulp. Then the grass bank dived into the earth and there before him lay a yard full of gloriously old and rusty motor lorries, falling to bits: exactly what he didn't expect! That was the glory of it.

Into a station. A stop with a jerk. A whistle and out again, into the best part of all!

The part where a little belt of mysterious, untrodden no man's land [21] ran between the railway and the fences beyond. Ernie's eyes revelled in that narrow, deserted strip of rank coarse grass because it had a romance of its own. No human foot seemed ever to have trodden there—no human being ever dared to move amongst those ghostly relics that struggled to bury their nakedness in the grass.

Here was a pile of bleached, decaying sleepers [22] with a broken lantern lying on the top: here a pile of rusty bolts and a roll of wire—and then the rubbish!

The rubbish contained things that you could not guess if you had a thousand tries. The heaps of old crumpled newspapers you knew about of course—and the fruit tins—and the mildewed, decaying sacks. They were the flour, the suet, the raisins of the pudding,[23] but what about that old, wide-open umbrella, with its bare ribs and tattered remnants of cloth? How, when,

and why did *that* come here? No passengers would drop an open umbrella from the train—and surely no one would throw away an umbrella without first closing it?

How came that ghastly, rusty wound in that enamel slop pail? [24] No one ever put anything into a slop pail that burst a jagged hole like that!—and look at that half a perambulator,[25] upside down! What awful, forgotten tragedy could have dissected a perambulator, and left its remaining two wheels clutching at the air? Ernie looked fearfully about in the grass for half a baby.

There were no large heaps of rubbish, as if certain spots were permanently used and recognized: it was all in little patches, some old, and deeply sunk in the grass, some fairly new, with its bits of newspaper still white. Enamel slop pails and buckets took first place amongst the casual things—and all were inexplicably battered and broken. Cats came next, although being alive were not, properly speaking, rubbish. But they mingled with it so naturally that they claimed some kind of kinship, they prowled amongst it or sat amongst it: and sometimes looked at each other across it. Nearly as many cats as slop pails.

Once they passed a rubber bicycle tyre—once a gramophone trumpet—and once a bowler [26] hat, but now they were out upon a broader track with half a dozen sets of rails: trains flashed by or lines of trucks obscured him so that he could not see so intimately as before. It was a pity, because the houses were so near that he might have seen people in their bedrooms in night-dresses. A row of scraggy poplars seemed to rise sheer from a blackened coal yard, and looking up a street he could

see there had been some kind of accident for there was a crowd and a policeman. But it had gone in a flash, and the chief things now were the mystery signs of the railway. Baby signals beside the lines: tiny little things a foot high, that looked as if they had only just been set: posts with baffling numbers on them: one with a huge 8, another labelled " 1 in 100 " [27] which seemed to Ernie a stupid claim, for it looked exactly like the other posts.

His mother was worrying him on and off [28] all the time—groping in front of him and trying the door,[29] or holding on to the back of his coat. But this did not spoil it, really, it rather added to it, for it gave a sense of danger and daring.

They were over on the side track now—bang up against a row of very old and squashed-in houses with no gaps between like those at home. They had tiny back yards, and washing hung out, and sheds with their roofs piled high with pigeon boxes or rabbit hutches. The only flowers he could see were on the window sills and the only birds in tiny wooden cages on the walls outside. A solitary tree grew straight out of an asphalt yard, but it looked tired and prematurely bald. They passed a dusty recreation ground where the earth was quite bare round the swings. A few boys were playing cricket, and a man near by was lying flat on his back with a newspaper over his face and one knee raised. Ernie was sorry the cricket would be over by the time he got back, for he had good games with Ted and Sandy [30] on their recreation ground: sometimes small, ragged boys came and watched on the outskirts, and eagerly gathered and threw back the ball if Ted or Sandy or Ernie called

out "Thank you!" They formed rather an exclusive circle because they were all considering the idea of becoming professionals and very rarely allowed others to join them to bat and bowl.

Here was a long row of coloured posters and a splendid signal box on a bridge that spanned the line—but now the family were stirring—getting the luggage down and glancing out of the windows. For they had passed Wandsworth Common and were very near the Junction now.

He looked at his mother. She looked rather pale and ill, and he wondered why. She had taken the thermos flask and the packet of sandwiches from the rack and had them beside her, and she kept picking them up, putting them under her arm, then glancing out of the window and laying them down again.

His father was rather importantly fingering the tickets, and glancing at his watch.

"Clean up to time," he announced.

Two trains rattled by, one on either side, one electric, the other steam. A signal rattled up—an engine was whistling somewhere, and they shot into Clapham Junction.

. . . . . .

Clapham Junction is perfectly all right if you keep your head.

No one knew this better than Mr. Stevens, and when their train began to draw up, his movements became slow, strong, and deliberate.

He reviewed the small luggage laid out on the seat, and turned to his wife with a smile.

" Plenty of time," he said. " They've got to get the trunk out."

Yes, thought Mrs. Stevens—but supposing they *don't* get it out!

Mr. Stevens could see that his wife was agitated, and although far from being a selfish man, he could not help a little secret satisfaction. His own coolness would have been thrown away and wasted if she also had been cool. He saw the unspoken question in her pale face: he saw her hands trembling, and he gave her a smile of encouragement and understanding.

The luggage van was only a few yards behind their carriage, and even as they alighted they saw the guard easing the trunk down to a porter, who helped it in a gentle somersault on to a trolley.

" Bognor?" enquired Mr. Stevens.

" No. 8," replied the porter.[31]

" You'll take it across?"

The porter nodded, and wheeled the truck away.

It had been absurdly easy, and Mrs. Stevens could scarcely believe that so much could happen consecutively at Clapham Junction without a single mishap.

Then suddenly she realized that it was not really easy —it was her husband who had made it seem easy. She admired him beyond words as she followed him down the platform. He was so quiet and purposeful. Clapham Junction seemed to draw from him a mysterious power.

Mr. Stevens was thinking about himself in the same way. He was conscious of it—this instinctive power—leadership, he supposed it was. His ordinary life gave

little chance to draw upon it. It required a Clapham Junction or a burst pipe [32] to bring it to the surface.

They came to the broad steps that led down into the subway, and Mrs. Stevens gripped a little more tightly at her luggage. It was here that she had dropped the thermos flask two years ago. It had broken, for when they had held it to their ears and twisted it round it had given out a faint sound of sliding bits of glass, like a kaleidoscope.

But it was all right this time, for Dick helped her down the steps, and they waited in the surging bustle while Mr. Stevens got the tickets. There was rather a long line of people at the booking-office and Mr. Stevens looked a little grave at first. But he got to the window sooner than he expected, as you always do, and there was a good ten minutes in hand when he came away with the tickets.

There was a real sweetshop in the subway—exactly like a shop in an ordinary street—and there was time for Ernie, who had a shilling to spend on sundries, to go in and buy a chocolate whirl. It cost twopence for the single one, but it made a splendid travelling sweet.

Meanwhile the rest of the family went to the neighbouring book-stall. Mr. Stevens believed in reading matter for the train, and never stinted in this. He bought the *Red Magazine* for Mary, *The Captain* for Dick, *Chips* and *The Scout* for Ernie and *The Times* for himself. For his wife he bought a little domestic journal. She rarely or never read at home and he knew she was far from likely to concentrate upon a magazine in the train, but he did not like to see her sitting opposite him all

the while, looking at him, and this particular magazine looked more or less the same if held by mistake upside down.

For his own part he did not usually read *The Times* because it was difficult to open in the bus—but he liked its quiet dignity and the feeling of culture it gave out upon a more leisurely train journey, and he quite often found very interesting things to read in it. He liked the letters from Colonels, and the long, reasoned special articles about foreign affairs that left his mind excited and hungry to find out more about things one day, when he had the time.

Then Ernie returned, and they all went up the steps to platform 8.

There was rather a big crowd waiting there, but that was to be expected on the first Saturday of September.

" Bognor?" asked Mr. Stevens as the collector snipped the tickets. The man nodded and jerked his thumb to platform 8.

" Next train down?"

The man nodded.

They found the luggage all right with the porter beside it, but their trunk looked smaller at Clapham Junction, with the piles of other luggage, than it did when it stood by itself at their own station.

" Bognor train the next one down?" asked Mr. Stevens of the porter.

" Yes, sir," replied the porter.

Mr. Stevens did not like relying upon the word of one ticket collector and always preferred to take a consensus of opinion from as many officials as possible.

The crowd was certainly a big one: much bigger than last year, and Mr. Stevens could not help feeling a little worried. " Keep close together:" he said in an undertone. " Whatever you do—don't scatter." With a smile to his wife he added, " Some are bound to be for another train,"—but in his heart of hearts he was afraid they were all for theirs.

More people arrived every moment. They could not possibly all get into one train—even if it were empty—and he knew that it would already be fairly full from Victoria.[33]

Ernie found himself in the fortunate position of having a large and imposing Automatic Machine behind him, and without moving away from the family he was able to examine it at leisure.

He had once seen a man reloading one of these machines from a collection of cardboard boxes round his feet. He had also seen the man unlock a secret drawer and empty a shower of pennies into a bag. From that day onwards Ernie had resolved to be one of these men one day, if he humanly could. It seemed to him the perfection of earthly employment.

He viewed the stacked up packages—dimly visible through the narrow glass windows of the machine. You had the choice of Caramels: Chocolate: Almonds and Raisins: Marzipan, and Assorted Nuts. Underneath he read " Push drawer back. Press penny in slot opposite article required and pull drawer." He read this twice. It was so crisp and businesslike. Underneath, upon an enamelled plate, was printed " Address any enquiries to: Victoria Automatic Machines, Ltd., Broadway, Willesden."

He was just wondering what kind of enquiry one could possibly make about Assorted Nuts when the crowd made way for a porter, who came along shouting "Sutton—Croydon—Dorking—Horsham—Arundel—Ford—Bognor!"

There was a general stir, and a picking up of luggage. The train was not in sight yet, and Ernie wondered how the porter found out it was coming. But here it was! Coming round the bend now!—running alongside a little electric train. The engine came in with long wheezing, gasping sighs—slower than the electric train, so that you could see more clearly into the front carriages. Heavens! It was crowded already! The whole of one side taken in that carriage! at least ten in that!—It was going to be a bit of a fight! Mr. Stevens had the papers and his haversack under one arm—leaving the right one quite free. He was prepared to push if other people pushed.

It was a terribly long train—it went on and on, slowly passing them. Once or twice they had a mad desire to rush along beside carriages that had empty seats. Some people, indeed, did do this and were swallowed up in the protesting crowd, but Mr. Stevens stood his ground with a gentle hand on his wife's arm, and at last the train stopped with a final vibrating groan. There had been one agonizing moment when a line of Firsts threatened them, but they just crept past—and before them stopped a Third Smoker with only two people in it—a splendid bit of luck.

Mr. Stevens tried to manœuvre the family solidly round the door so that they could all get in and sit together, but somehow two other people got mixed in with them

—and after Dick and Mary had clambered up the step, the others had to wait, and so got separated. It was a pity, but it didn't really matter. The great thing was for them all to get seats in the same compartment.

They closed the door, but one or two people wrenched it open, looked wildly in, and ran off again. Mr. Stevens went to the window and watched the luggage in. There was a short wait—and then the whistle blew and they slowly moved away.

Dick and Mary had got corner seats at the far end, but two girls, sitting opposite one another, separated them from the others, who were seated in the middle of the carriage—Mrs. Stevens, with Ernie beside her, facing the engine, and Mr. Stevens directly opposite.

Mrs. Stevens reviewed the fellow passengers. She liked the look of the girls: they had haversacks and stout walking sticks and she was sure that neither of them would want to be faint, or be sick.

There was a sort of naval man in one of the other corners. Not a sailor, but one of the kind with a blue jacket and brass buttons, and a peaked cap.

Then there was a stout, jolly-looking old man with gaiters: a farmer most likely, and next to him a young man whose mouth would not quite shut because of his teeth.

The only doubtful one was opposite her; next to her husband: a puffy [34] woman with a baby. On the whole quite a lucky carriageful, if the baby was all right.[35] The two girls with walking sticks and haversacks would probably get out at Dorking—then they could move up and be with Dick and Mary.

Dick and Mary leant forward and looked down the carriage at the others, and smiled. The others looked back at them and nodded and smiled to show that they were all right. Then they all settled down except the baby.

The woman was holding it in a clumsy, stupid way, so that it was forced to look straight at Mr. Stevens. It did this steadily for perhaps five minutes without blinking an eyelid. Then it reached forward and took hold of the brim of Mr. Stevens' hat.

Mr. Stevens pretended not to notice for a little while. He kept his head quite still with his eyes on the front page of *The Times*. Then the baby began to tug at the brim till it pulled Mr. Stevens' head a little sideways. This was exactly what the baby hoped would happen, for it began to chuckle: tugging, and letting go a little —then tugging again. It was maddening that the woman should sit there unconcerned.

At last Mr. Stevens pointedly removed the hat and placed it on the rack above his head. The baby's eyes followed it—then it let out a wail and began to cry. The woman gave it a mechanical slap and turned it away from Mr. Stevens, who opened *The Times* with a sigh.

They passed for a little while over the line they came by—past the dusty poplars and under the signal box on the bridge. Then they branched away and ran smoothly through several little suburban stations.

The two girls, who had talked vigorously at first, sat back and opened magazines: the naval man was placidly looking out of the window: the farmer and the baby went to sleep, and the carriage settled down to quiet.

Dick lowered his magazine to his knee and looked out of the window. At first it was all houses and factories and small bare gardens—but gradually the gardens grew larger and greener, and sometimes the open country would shyly push itself forward, to be driven out again by another mass of houses. Sometimes there would come quite a wild field with countrified [36] bramble hedgerows, but generally a narrow strip of new, unfinished houses stuck into it like a dagger point, throwing before it a trench for drains—a rough temporary road and bare strips of earth where the turf had been rolled up for the dagger point to go still deeper.[37]

But soon the open country began to surge in more strongly—and once, for a little while, Dick could see as far as the horizon in unbroken waves of grass. He sat with his chin in his hand, never moving his eyes to take in details. He liked the flowing country to form the background of his thoughts.

Cheating

From "TELL ENGLAND",
By ERNEST RAYMOND

Ernest Raymond's *Tell England* has had great popularity and passed through many editions since it was first published in 1922. The first part of it describes the school career of three boys: the latter part tells of their experiences in the Great War. The three boys, Rupert Ray, Edgar Gray Doe, and Archibald Pennybet, spent five years in the same forms at Kensingstowe Public School. Ray and Doe were the same age; Pennybet was more than two years their senior. Rupert Ray's father was also called Rupert, as was also his grandfather, Colonel Rupert Ray. When the old colonel lay dying, he used repeatedly to ask for "that Rupert, the best of the lot", meaning his son Rupert. Pennybet was a handsome boy, ambitious but idle, who did not mind being in the same class as junior boys as long as he was their acknowledged leader.

The boys lived at Bramhall House, where the assistant house-master, Mr. Radley, was a tall, athletic cricketer, a stern disciplinarian, and a man of high character who was anxious that his pupils should grow up self-respecting men. Mr. Fillet, the house-master at Bramhall House, is described as a fat, bald little man, with a soft red face, and a stutter in his speech. He was cruel and ill-tempered, did not win the respect of the boys, and did not seem to have much desire to win it.

Pennybet fell at Neuve Chapelle and Doe at Cape Helles.

Time carried us a year nearer the shadow of the Great War. It brought us to our fourteenth year, at which period Doe's mysterious intrigue with Freedham [1] still awaited solution, and my Armageddon [2] with Fillet still languished in a sort of trench-warfare.[3]

It was now that our abominable form [4] took to cheating once a week, in Fillet's class-room. A Roman History lesson left invitingly open the opportunity to do so. For Fillet's method of examining our acquaintance with the chapter he had set to be learnt in Preparation was invariably the same. He asked twenty questions, whose answers we had to write on paper. He would then tell us the answers and allow us to correct our own work. After this he would take down our marks.

Now, our form had been organized by the all-powerful statesman, Pennybet,[5] who had lately been reading the Progressive Papers, into a Trade Union, of which the President was Mr. Archibald Pennybet. He had decided (as it was the business of all trade unions to decide) that we were worked too hard. We must organize to effect an improvement in the conditions of living. To demand from the Head Master an instant reduction in the hours of labour didn't seem feasible to our union of twenty members, but it would be quite easy by a co-operative effort to modify the extent of our Preparation. At a mass-meeting of the workers Penny outlined his scheme—Penny loved scheming, moving forces, and holding their reins.

It was a marvellous scheme. We were to leave undone our Preparation for the Roman History lesson, and when Fillet told us the answers, we were to write them down

and credit ourselves with the marks. " It's not cheating," explained our leader in his speech (and we were all very glad, I think, to hear that it wasn't cheating), " because it's not an effort to take an unfair advantage of each other. It's just a cordial understanding by which we all lessen one another's burdens."

" I and my executive," continued Penny, " have all the details worked out to a nicety. Here is a table for the whole term, showing how many marks each worker will give up [6] week by week. It is so graduated that the clever fellows will end up at the top, and those who would naturally slack [7] will end up at the bottom. My executive has decided that Doe is about the brainiest, so he comes out first "—blushes from Doe—" and I myself am willing to stand at the bottom."

By this revelation of astonishing magnanimity Penny came out of the transaction, as he did out of most things that he put his hand to, with nothing but credit.

For half a term this comfortable scheme ran as merrily as a stream down hill. And then a strange thing happened to me. I was talking one afternoon to Penny on the absurdities of the Solar System, when I became conscious that my mind had closed upon seven words: " That Rupert, the best of the lot."

" That Rupert, the best of the lot." What on earth had resuscitated those words? I politely bowed them out [8] and continued my conversation. But the phrase had entered like a bailiff [9] into possession of my mind. Even as I put it from me, believing it would be lost in the flow of an absorbing conversation, I knew that there had appeared upon the horizon a cloud no bigger than a man's hand.[10]

"That Rupert, the best of the lot." The words, first told to me by my mother, had been the dying words of my grandfather, Colonel Rupert Ray, with which he asked repeatedly for his dead son, my father. So the words were uttered by the first Rupert Ray, applied to the second, and recalled by the third at a most inopportune moment. And the third would have bowed them out. Why? Because he was a cheat? No—let us not be ridiculous—because he was in the midst of an important conversation.

I pretended to listen to Penny, but really I was reasoning something else. I was admitting that, now that this little phrase had popped up through some trap-door of my mind, my conscience, long dormant on the cheating theme, would have to be talked round [11] again. And, as something like suspense set in, I was anxious to join issue [12] at once.

I left Penny abruptly and retired to a window (as you will have observed it was my fashion to do) where I leant upon the sill and prepared to argue out the problem.

Our co-operative effort to avoid preparing our lesson, was it wrong? Yes. In spite of the old sophistry I knew it to be so. But what attitude should one adopt? To refuse publicly to have any part in the system would seem like mock-heroics.[13] The only course open was to learn the work and earn the marks. Inevitably I had arrived at the conclusion which I dreaded. To learn the work seemed a task surprisingly difficult and menacing after half-a-term's freedom. I hugged that freedom. I wished my calm acquiescence in the system had not been ruffled.

To learn the work—it was a little thing surely: to learn it unseen and alone, while other boys went free of the labour, and gave themselves the marks, notwithstanding. But no, I could no more persuade myself that it was a little thing than I could believe that any other course was the right one. I felt it was big—too big for *me*.

Then the old thought, probably not an hour younger than sin itself, was quick to take advantage of my indecision: I would go on as I was a little while longer—till the end of the term—and then begin with a clean sheet.[14] There was much to be said in favour of this: for see, if I were to do the thing thoroughly this term, I ought to forgo all the marks that I had already come by dishonestly. To do that was impossible. The confession involved would court expulsion.[15] Expulsion! As the word occurred to me, I realized the enormity of my offence. How could I go on with that which, if detected, would mean expulsion? To answer this question I went the whole dreary round of reasoning once more and arrived at the conviction that the straight action was incumbent upon me: which conviction I hastened to explain away with the same dull casuistry. Sick and weary, I left the window-sill and ceased to think any more. My conscience had given battle to evil and neither lost nor won. Indecisive as the issue was, I knew in my heart of hearts that it partook of the nature of a defeat.

Later on, I wrote to my mother quite an effective analysis of this spiritual difficulty: and I wrote it, so she loves to say, on a post-card, and signed it "yours truly, Rupert Ray." Her reply I could not expect till

Wednesday morning, the morning of the lesson. Of that I was glad. For to this extent I had temporized: [16] I would wait till I heard from her before attempting to learn the work. If necessary, I could cram it up on Wednesday morning. And with this settlement I was satisfied in a sickly way.

. . . . . .

While Tuesday is passing in silence and inaction, and the issue of this crisis is in the bag of the postman,[17] let me tell you something of my relations with my mother. Her love for me, I have said, was of the extravagant kind. It was ever and actively present. Though she discharged her social duties with a peculiar grace, yet I am certain that the thought she bestowed on them was an intruder among her thoughts of me. My figure was present to her in the drawing-room, the ball-room, or the theatre.

I fear I was not demonstrative in my affection for her. Perhaps, when we sat alone at dinner on holiday evenings, and her dress was one that left her arms bare, I would think that the softness of the limbs was such as to make one wish to touch them; and I would stroke them; or, when she laid her hand upon the table, I would rest my hot palm upon it. But I am certain it was not till our stories marched into the shadow of the Great War that I became at all demonstrative.

Enough of that, then—the postman's feet are on the steps of Bramhall House. May I just ask you to think of my mother as a very gracious lady, gracious in form and feature and character?

When breakfast was over on Wednesday morning, I repaired to the Steward's Room, where letters had to be sought. I was attacked by a feverish nervousness, which increased as I passed other boys returning with letters in their hands. Anxiety seemed to be a physical thing deflating my breast and loins. My heart, too, was affected when I asked the Steward with feigned unconcern if there were any letters for Ray. It beat rapidly as I awaited the reply.

None. I was stupefied: but stupefaction soon became anger; anger hardened into sulkiness; and, as more sinister feelings grew, sulkiness lost itself in guilty belief. Now I knew what course I would take—I would go on cheating.

I turned to go out. Since that afternoon when the choice between good and evil came so plainly before me, I had been dilly-dallying at the spot where the two ways met. The more I hesitated, the greater had become the desire to take the easier road. And now in open rebellion against my scruples I stepped firmly upon it. My reasoning was played out,[18] and, as I walked back along the corridor, I felt like one released from irksome fetters. Oh, it was good to be free! At the same time, however, with the obstinacy of one who seeks to justify himself, I muttered: "She might have written, I think, she might have written."[19]

Then a step sounded behind me, a hand touched my shoulder, so that my heart jumped like a startled frog, and Radley[20] said:

"Come and have a talk with me a minute."

. . . . . .

My mother had written, but not to her son. The postman, who disappointed me, brought a graceful note to Radley:

" I am most sorry for this trespass upon your time, and yet I have little hesitation in asking your help in a matter that concerns my son. Rupert, in his talks during the holidays, so often mentions your name, that it is not difficult to see that he owes you a good deal. Although he is too reserved to say so, I fancy he is quite devoted to you. His postcard, which I enclose, will explain all.

" May I take this opportunity of expressing my thanks, and of saying how grateful his father would have been for all that you are doing for our son?"

Radley, when we reached the privacy of his room, took up his favourite position of sitting on the edge of the table. Before him stood I, all reasoning suspended.

" Well, how's the cheating going on?" he asked.

" What ch——?"

" Stop! Don't say ' What cheating?' because that would be acting a lie. I tell you what we'll do. We'll wait a whole minute before you answer me. We'll collect our thoughts and think whether we'll act straightly or crookedly."

As the seconds sped by I tried to find some excuses. But, bewildered and sick, I could only wonder how he came to know of it all. I had found no answer when I saw him replacing his watch on his chain.

" Well, Ray, how's the cheating going on?"

" I didn't think it exactly cheating."

" Ray, don't." Radley protruded and withdrew his lower jaw with irritation. " You know it was cheating.

If you didn't, why did you know what I was referring to? Well, we'll have another sixty seconds' interval. We must have time to think, or else we lie."

Out came the watch again. The pantomime of waiting in silence and of replacing the watch was re-enacted. Then Radley, half smiling, as if he knew the worst was over, took up his question once more.

"Well, how's the cheating going on?"

Since I was not allowed to prevaricate, all that remained for me to do was to return no reply. But there was stubbornness in my silence; I should have liked to say pettishly: "But you won't let me explain, you won't let me explain."

And then—quickly—Radley grasped me by the elbow and looked straight down at me. For a second I resisted and tried to pull the elbow away. His grip, however, was too strong, and I yielded.

I know now that his feeling for all the boys, as he gazed down upon them from his splendid height, was love—a strong, active love. We were young, human things, of soft features gradually becoming firmer as of shallow characters gradually deepening. And he longed to be in it all—at work in the deepening. We were his hobby. I have met many such lovers of youth. Indeed, I think this is a book about them.

And, as I am certain of his feelings for us all, so am I certain of his feelings for myself. Those who were most pliant to his touch loomed, of course, largest in his thoughts: and my mother's letter, giving him the proof of my affection, which, since it was less obtrusive than Doe's, had been probably less clear to him, brought

me in the foreground of his view. Be it right or wrong, this man with the hard chin and kind eyes had his favourites; and I date from this moment my usurping of Doe's position as Radley's foremost favourite. The way in which he took hold of my elbow, my willing submission of the arm to his grasp told me that something was given by him and taken by me. And my eyes, as was to be expected of them, became suddenly moist and luminous.

"Time's going," he said, "and this Roman History lesson is upon us. Have you learnt it?"

"No, sir."

"Well, the issue is simple: either you continue cheating, or you give up no marks. Shall you cheat any more?"

"N-no, sir."

"Good, then you give up no marks."

"All right, sir."

"Well, hurry away. And if, when the big moment comes, you succeed in doing what's right, come and see me again."

. . . . . .

The big moment came. Fillet opened his mark-book and read the names in the order of last term's examination-list, which brought Doe's name first. Doe was mending a nib when his name was called, and without raising his head, replied "100, sir."

Other names followed, and the boys gave up the marks allotted to them by Penny's system. Then came mine.

"Ray?"

For a second my voice or will failed me, so I pretended I had not heard, and let him ask again.

"Ray?"

" *None, sir.*"

Every boy turned towards me, and my cheeks burned to maroon.[21] I caught murmurs of " Well, I'm hanged!", " Ye gods!", " Good-night!"

" Wh-what did you say?" stuttered Carpet Slippers.[22]

I was irritated and nervous and replied rather too loudly:

" *None, sir.*"

" None? Why none?"

" I didn't learn it."

The mutterings began again: " Oh, I say, stow it!" [23] " Lie down."

" You didn't learn it? St-stand up when I question you. Wh-why didn't you learn it?"

Here I failed. I had answered the first two questions truthfully because I had reasoned about them. The third took me unawares. And, such is the result of trifling with conscience, I had lost the knack of doing right without premeditation. " We must have time to think," Radley had said bitterly, " or else we lie." Obliged to answer without delay, I lied.

" I hadn't time, sir."

No sooner had I uttered the words than the dull and sickening sense of failure came over me. In spite of all—in spite of the fact that I had dealt honourably with the first two questions—I had ended by lying. I sat down slowly, and stared vacantly in front of me. The big moment had come and passed, and I had missed it. I couldn't believe it. I had been determined, and yet I had failed. My breath became tremulous, and across my brows went the sudden invasion of a headache.

Little it matters what Fillet said. Destiny ordains for

our correction that there shall be some people before whom we shall always appear at our worst. Fillet occupied that place in my schooldays.

Little would it matter, either, what my fellow trade-unionists would think of this black-leg [24] in the camp, were it not for the remarkable deed of Pennybet. He, I am convinced, felt that he must rise to the occasion.[25] There were few things he liked better than rising to an occasion. Here was an opportunity for a *coup d'état*. Here, praise the gods, were circumstances to be tamed. So he at once threw all his weight on my side, knowing full well that he had but to do that to secure me from all persecution or contempt.

"P-pennybet?"

"Oh—er—none, sir."

"None? Another boy with none? Why none?"

Penny admired the nails on his right hand and then said:

"I didn't exactly learn it."

"Oh, indeed? And wh-why, pray?"

As though deploring such tactless persistency, Penny pursed up his mouth, laid his head on one side, shrugged his shoulders, and held his peace.

"Had you, too, no time?"

"Well, not a great deal, sir."

There were some titters, and Penny looked deprecatingly in the direction whence they came. Fillet passed judgment so severe that Penny made a shocking grimace and said: "Thank you, sir. It shall not occur again," which, to be sure, might have meant anything.

I think the character of both my friends stood out,

clearly defined, in the words with which they referred to this incident afterwards. Doe was generous in his praise. "Golly," he said, "I wish I could feel I had done it as you can now. I cursed my luck that my name didn't come after yours, so that I could have stood by you, as Penny did. I could have throttled him with jealousy. Do you know, I almost wished the other boys had mobbed you a bit, so that I could have stuck by you." And Penny said: "You didn't really think I was going to throw the weight of my trade union on to the side of that foul, caitiff knave of a Carpet Slippers? Why, the man's a low fellow—the sort of person one simply doesn't know.[26] He'd drink his own bath-water."

. . . . . .

"If you succeed in doing what is right, come and see me again." I decided to stay away. Many times that morning I passed Radley in the school buildings, and, pretending not to have seen him, went by with a hum or a whistle. In the afternoon he came and coached our game at cricket; and after tea he bowled at the Bramhall Nets where I was practising. When he instructed me he spoke as though there were nothing between us. But he was watching me, I knew; wondering why I had not come, and longing for me: and I rather overplayed my part.[27]

It had been a grey, dull day, but, just before retiring, the sun came out and shamed the clouds into a sullen withdrawal.[28] Then it went under, leaving behind it a glorious red glow and the hope of better things in the morning. All this I was in the mood to notice, for, though trying to be indifferent to destiny, I was heavy

and dispirited. I did not see how I could ever do right again, since Radley's determination and my own had been insufficient to brace me for the onslaught. It was evident that mine was the stuff from which criminals were made.

And, as the red glow departed and the darkness gathered, if there was one lonely boy in the world languidly despairing, it was I. Many times I found myself uttering aloud such slang expressions as: " Oh, my hat! If only I had told the beastly truth for the third time! Dash it, why didn't I? Why the deuce didn't I?" I addressed myself as: " You blithering, blithering fool?" [29] And my temples began to ache and now and then to hammer. For, always in these my early days of puberty, excitement and worry produced such immediate sensuous results.

Radley sent for me at last, and it was a relief to go. He was very kind. Frankly, I believe he was pleased to have his new favourite in his room again. I was indeed his hobby [30] at present.

" Have I ever bullied you at the nets," he said, " for stepping back to a straight ball?"

" Yes, sir."

" Well, the universal habit of ' stepping back ' is exactly parallel to that of arguing with conscience. The habit grows; one's wicket always falls after a few straight balls; and one's batting goes from bad to worse. Never mind, you stood up splendidly to the first two straight balls and scored boundaries off both. That shows you are getting into your old form. You are out of practice, a bit, that's all."

And I went out of his room, feeling sure that for some time I would be very good.

Ellesmere's Love Story

From " COMPANIONS OF MY SOLITUDE ",
By SIR ARTHUR HELPS

Sir Arthur Helps, essayist and historian (1813–75), was private secretary, first to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, then to the Irish Secretary; but for the next twenty years he was able to devote himself to literature. In later life his work as clerk to the Privy Council brought him much into contact with Queen Victoria. He was deeply interested in social questions, including that of slavery in the United States. His essays are enjoyed for their clear and graceful style, for the depth of their moral feeling and the attention they call to our social responsibilities. Milverton and Ellesmere are the speakers in several of his works (with a third, Dunsford). The story here quoted from *Companions of My Solitude* (1850) was told in connexion with a discussion of the problem of prostitution. Among Helps' other works are: *Thoughts in the Cloister and the Crowd* (1835), *Essays Written in the Intervals of Business* (1841), *Friends in Council* (1847–59), and *The Spanish Conquest in America* (1855–61).

At last [1] I sat down at a table where a young girl and a middle-aged woman who carried a baby were refreshing themselves with a very thin potation.[2] They looked poor decent people. I soon entered into conversation

with them, and therefore did not long leave it a matter of doubt that I was an Englishman.[3] I perceived that something was wrong with my friends, although I could not comprehend what it was. I could see that the girl could hardly restrain herself from bursting into tears; and there was something quite comical in the delight she expressed at some feats on the tight-rope, which she would insist upon my looking at, and then in a minute afterwards returning to her quiet distress and anxious deplorable countenance. A proud English girl would have kept all her misery under control, especially in a public place; but these Germans are a more simple natural people.

Having by degrees established some relations[4] between the party and myself by ordering some coffee and handing it round, and then letting the baby play with my watch, I asked what it was that ailed the girl. The girl turned round and poured out a torrent of eloquence which, however, considerably exceeding the pace at which any foreign language enters into my apprehension, was totally lost upon me,[5] except that I perceived she had some complaint against somebody, and that she had a noble open countenance which, from long experience of the witness-box,[6] I felt was telling me an unusual proportion of truth. One part of the discourse I perceived very clearly to be about money, and as she touched her gown (which was very neat and nice) it had something to do with the price of the said gown.

We then talked of England, whereupon she asked me to take her with me as a servant. This abrupt speech might have astonished some persons; but not those who

have travelled much. I dare say the same request has often been made to you, Milverton.

Milverton. Oh, yes. They fancy this is an earthly paradise for getting money, bounded by a continual fog.

Ellesmere. She then questioned me much as to the distance of England from where we were. And as I saw she was in a desperate mood, and might attempt some desperate adventure, I took care to explain to her the distance and difficulties of the journey. Besides which, I contrived, putting the severest pressure on my stock of German,[7] to convey to her that London was rather an extensive town, containing two millions of people,[8] and that it was not exactly the place for an unfriended young girl to be wandering about.

"The same thing everywhere, everywhere," she exclaimed, in a tone of mournful reproach which I felt was levelled at our unchivalrous sex in general.

I felt interested to understand her story, and beginning to question her in detail again, ascertained so far, that she was or had been a servant, that she had been accustomed to take charge of children, having had eleven under her charge, that the wages were most wretched, which they certainly were; but still it was not that or any of the ordinary kind of grievances which was now distressing her. Whenever we came to the gist of the discourse, she became more emphatic, and I more stupid. At last I bethought me that if she were to write out what she had to say, I could then understand it well enough. This was a bright idea and one which I was able to convey to her. She was to bring me the writing on the ensuing morning in the great square. And having

come to this agreement, we parted, I taking care, with lawyer-like caution, to tell her that I did not know whether I could be of any use to her, with other discouraging expressions.[9]

The next morning, duly fortified with my pocket dictionary, I sat myself down to read her statement. Ah, how clearly the whole scene is before me. It was on a broad bench, close to a hackney-coach stand,[10] within sight of the palace. She looked over me and read aloud; and when I could not make out a word, we paused, and the dictionary was put in requisition. The nearest hackney coachman lying back on his box [11] threw now and then an amused glance at the proceeding. Hers was a simple touching story, touchingly told. I now know every word, every letter of it; but then it was very hard for me to comprehend.

It began by giving her birth, parentage and education. She was born of poor parents in the country a few miles out of the town. She was now an orphan. She had come into service [12] in the town. Her master had endeavoured to seduce her; but she had succeeded in giving some notion of her miserable position to a middle-aged man, a friend of her family, who had taken an interest in her, and promised to receive her into his service. Then she gave warning [13] to her mistress, who could not imagine the cause, and was displeased at her leaving. She could not tell her mistress for fear of vexing her.

The character given by the mistress (which I saw) went well with [14] this statement, as it was the praise of a person displeased.[15]

The new master that was to be, had told her where to go to (the lodgings where she was now staying) and ordered her to get decent clothes, before coming into his service. He did not live in that town. She left her place accordingly, provided herself with the necessary things, and awaited his orders. Meanwhile his plans were changed. He had just married, was probably about to travel, and wrote that he could not take her in. I am not sure that there was any deliberate wrong-doing or treachery on his part—merely a wicked carelessness, forgetting what a thing it is for a poor girl to be out of place,[16] and not knowing that she had taken the step, perhaps, at the time he wrote. She had written again, and had received no answer. She was left in debt and in the utmost distress.

This is the substance of what I eventually got out by cross-examination. She had been out into the suburbs in search of a place when I met her yesterday. The woman with the child, who was no relation, had reiterated to me there that she was a good girl and in great distress.

The usual wicked easy way of getting out of her difficulties had been pressed upon her, but she trusted that "the dear God would never permit this, so she put her trust in Him".

I remember that, occasionally, while we were spelling over what she had written, her large beautiful hand (do not smile, Milverton, a hand may be most beautiful and yet large) rested on the page. There was a deep scar upon it, the mark of a burn, that told of some household mishap. I have seen many beautiful hands before and after, but none so beautiful to me.

At last we got through the writing and paused. "This is a bad business," I exclaimed; and then I fell into a reverie, not upon her particular case so much, as upon the misery that there is in the world. At last, I looked up, and felt quite remorseful at the wistful, agonised expression of the girl whom I had been keeping in suspense all this time, while indulging my own thoughts. She evidently thought (you know the extremely careless ill-dressed figure I generally am) that to assist her was quite out of my power. And so it was at the moment, for I had not the requisite silver about me. Indeed, why should the rich carry any money about with them, when they have always the poor to borrow it from? However I had some silver in my pocket and gave her that, promising to bring the rest. Her ecstasy was unbounded: of course she began to cry (no woman is above that [17]), though seeing my excessive dislike to that proceeding, she did the best to suppress it, only indulging in an occasional sob. Her first idea was what she could do for the money. She would work for any time.[18] We had found out that writing was better than talking; and here are her very words (I always carry them about with me), "What shall I do for you in the way of any service for this?" "Nothing," I replied, "but only to be a good girl."

One thing I have omitted to tell you: but I may as well tell it. It is no matter now. While we were reading over the letter, I happened to ask her whether she had a lover. I had hardly asked the question before I would have given anything to be able to recall it, as we sometimes do in Court when a question is objected to. Her simple

answer came crushing into my ears, "Yes, but a poor man, and far away." She thought my object in asking was to ascertain whether there was any help to be got from any other quarter: this she answered, so like her sensible self, without any bridling-up [19] or nonsense of any kind—a simple answer to a simple question. But the words went down like a weight into my heart, which has never been quite lifted off again. In short, Milverton, I loved.

I did not delay my departure longer than I had at first intended; for in these cases when you have done any good, it is well to be sure you do not spoil it in any way. She would not have [20] any more money than a trifling sum that was a little more than sufficient to pay off the debts already due, and they amounted to the very same sum she had originally mentioned to me in the gardens. We parted. Before parting, she begged me to tell her my name: then timidly she kissed my hand; and, bursting into tears, threw her hood over her face and hurried away a little distance. Afterwards I saw her turn to watch the departure of the huge diligence [21] in which I had ensconced myself.[22]

Milverton. And you never saw her any more?

Ellesmere. Once more. You may remember that some time ago I had a very severe illness: and was not able to attend the Courts on an occasion when I was much wanted. This appeared in the newspapers of the day, and so, I conjecture, came to the knowledge of Gretchen, who in her quiet indefatigable way had learnt English and was a great student, as I afterwards heard, of English newspapers. She had also contrived to learn more about

my life than I chose to tell her. She begged for leave of absence to visit a sick friend.[23]

A few days afterwards there was a knock at my door (I was very ill and unable to leave my sitting-room, but solacing life as best I could by the study of a great pedigree case) when my clerk with an anxious and ashamed countenance, put his head in, made one of those queer faces which he does when he thinks a great bore [24] is wishing to see me and that I had better say " no ", and exclaimed, " a young woman from Germany, sir, wants to see you." I knew, instinctively, who it was, but had the presence of mind to make a gesture signifying I would not see her (for I could not have spoken): and I was afraid in my present state of weakness I should betray myself in some way, if I were to see her unprepared. While the parleying [25] was going on in the passage, I collected myself [26] sufficiently to ring for my clerk and tell him, he might appoint the young woman to come in the afternoon. By that time I had reflected on my part [27] and was somewhat of myself again. She came: I scolded and protested; she did nothing in reply, but look at me and say how thin I was; and there was no resisting the quiet, affectionate, discreet way in which she installed herself every day for some hours as head nurse. Even my old laundress [28] relaxed so far as to say that Gradgrin (for that was what she called her) was a good girl and not hoity-toity: [29] and my clerk, Peter, a very cantankerous [30] fellow, was heard to remark, that for his part, he did not like young women much, but Miss Gradgrin was better than most, and certainly his master did somehow eat more of anything made by

her than by anybody else, and never threatened now to throw the chicken-broth he brought in at his head.

I got better, and it was time for Gretchen to be thinking of going. Of course no foreigner can leave London without seeing the Thames Tunnel;[31] and I observed that the morose Peter, though in general very contemptuous of sight-seeing and sight-seers, was wonderfully ready to escort Gretchen to see the Tunnel, which I thought a great triumph on her part. I spared myself the anguish of parting with her: a case came on rather unexpectedly in a distant part of the country, and I was sent for " special ", as we say. Kings and tetrarchs[32] might have quarrelled for what I cared; I would not have meddled in their feuds to lose one hour of Gretchen's sweet companionship, if I might have had it heartily and fairly; but, as things were, I thought this a famous[33] opportunity for making my escape without a parting.[34] And so I started suddenly for the North, bidding Gretchen adieu by letter, expressing all my gratitude for her attention, and being able to rule and correct my expressions as it seemed good to me. Before I returned, she had left, taking leave of me in a fond, kind letter in which she blamed me much for being so regardless of my health, and added a few words about my evident anxiety to get rid of her, which sounded to me like some wild strain of irony. Ever since, my chambers have seemed to me very different from what they were before: I would not quit them for a palace. One or two new articles of furniture were bought by Gretchen, who effected a kind of quiet revolution in my dusky abode. These are my household gods.

One of her alterations I must tell you. You know my love for light and warmth; like that of an Asiatic long exiled in a Northern country, whose calenture [35] is not that of green fields but of sufficient heat and light once more to bathe in. Well, Gretchen soon found out my likings; and this was one of her plans to gratify me and make me well. My principal room has a window to the South-West, a bay-window or rather a window in a bayed recess.[36] After ascertaining as well as she could from Peter, what were the limits throughout the year of the sun's appearance on the walls of this recess, on a sudden, one morning, Gretchen came in with a workman and two antique looking-glasses of the proper size, which (a present of her own, and taxing her resources [37] highly) she fixed, one on each side of the recess, from whence they have ever since thrown a reflected light into the room, which makes it feel at times uncomfortable, like an ill-dressed person in great company. It is a trifling thing to mention to you, but very characteristic of her.

I have said nothing to you, Milverton, which can describe herself; and, indeed, I always look upon all descriptions of women, in books and elsewhere, as having something mean, poor, and sensuous about them. I may tell you that she always, from the first time I saw her, reminded me a little of the bust of Cicero. She had the same delicate critical look, though she was what you would call a great girl. She might have been a daughter of his, if he had married, what he would have called, a barbarian German woman. In nature, she has often recalled to me Jeanie Deans,[38] only that she has

more tenderness. She would have spoken falsely (I am sorry to say) for Effie; and would have died of it.

Milverton. You speak of her as if she were dead. Is it so?

Ellesmere. No: much the same thing—married. There was an opportunity for advancing her lover. It was done, not without my knowledge. She had by this time saved some money. They were married six months ago. I sent the wedding gown. Do not let us talk any more about it. I tell it you to show how deeply I care about the subject; for sometimes I think with terror, as I go along the streets, that but for my providential interference, Gretchen might have been like one of those tawdry girls who pass by me. Yes, she might. I observed that she had a pure horror of debt: and I do not know that circumstances might not have been too strong for her virtue. For by nature virtuous, if ever woman was, she was.

Ellesmere was silent for a few minutes. Then he said, " Let us have no more of this talk to-day, or, indeed, at any time, unless I should begin the subject. One of the greatest drawbacks upon making any confidence is that, as regards that topic, you have then lost the royal privilege of beginning the discourse about it yourself; and another can begin to speak to you, or to think (and you know that he is thinking) about the matter, when you do not wish it to be so much as thought of by any one."

The Value of Wealth

From "UNTO THIS LAST",
By JOHN RUSKIN

John Ruskin (1819–99) has given us an account of his own boyhood and youth in his last book *Praeterita* ("The Past"). Ruskin was equally famous as an art critic, as the master of a beautiful English style, and as a moralist. While the study of art was his first love, he wrote on many subjects, for example, on social and political philosophy, on the "woman" question, and on books. Whatever might be the particular subject under discussion, Ruskin never ceased to be a preacher of righteousness. "Art for him is closely and inseparably bound up with truth, with morals and with religion." In his social and economic teachings, perhaps not many of the schemes he advocated have been actually adopted. He exercised a profound influence, nevertheless; and he did much to humanize and Christianize the study of economics. He helped to develop also a love of the beauty of nature and a new interest in art. Perhaps his most popular book is *Sesame and Lilies*.

Suppose two sailors cast away on an uninhabited coast, and obliged to maintain themselves there by their own labour for a series of years.

If they both kept their health, and worked steadily and in amity with each other, they might build them-

selves a convenient house, and in time come to possess a certain quantity of cultivated land, together with various stores laid up for future use. All these things would be real riches or property; and supposing the men both to have worked equally hard, they would each have right to equal share or use of it. Their political economy would consist merely in careful preservation and just division of these possessions. Perhaps, however, after some time one or other might be dissatisfied with the results of their common farming; and they might in consequence agree to divide the land they had brought under the spade [1] into equal shares, so that each might thenceforward work in his own field, and live by it. Suppose that after this arrangement had been made, one of them were to fall ill, and be unable to work on his land at a critical time—say of sowing or harvest.

He would naturally ask the other to sow or reap for him.

Then his companion might say, with perfect justice, "I will do this additional work for you; but if I do it, you must promise to do as much for me at another time. I will count how many hours I spend on your ground, and you shall give me a written promise to work for the same number of hours on mine, whenever I need your help and you are able to give it."

Suppose the disabled man's sickness to continue, and that under various circumstances, for several years, requiring the help of the other, he on each occasion gave a written pledge to work, as soon as he was able, at his companion's order for the same number of hours which the other had given up to him. What will the positions

of the two men be when the invalid is able to resume work?

Considered as a " Polis " [2] or state they will be poorer than they would have been otherwise: poorer by the withdrawal of what the sick man's labour would have produced in the interval. His friend may perhaps have toiled with an energy quickened by the enlarged need, but in the end his own land and property must have suffered by the withdrawal of so much of his time and thought from them: and the united property of the two men will be certainly less than it would have been if both had remained in health and activity.

But the relations in which they stand to each other are also widely altered. The sick man has not only pledged his labour for some years, but will probably have exhausted his own share of the accumulated stores, and will be in consequence for some time dependent on the other for food, which he can only " pay " or reward him for by yet more deeply pledging his own labour.

Supposing the written promises to be held entirely valid (among civilized nations their validity is secured by legal measures), the person who had hitherto worked for both might now, if he chose, rest altogether, and pass his time in idleness, not only forcing his companion to redeem all the engagements he had already entered into, but exacting from him pledges for further labour, to an arbitrary amount, for what food he had to advance to him.

There might not, from first to last, be the least illegality (in the ordinary sense of the word) in the arrangement; but if a stranger arrived on the coast at this advanced

epoch of their political economy, he would find one man commercially Rich; the other commercially Poor. He would see, perhaps, with no small surprise, one passing his days in idleness; the other labouring for both, and living sparely, in the hope of recovering his independence at some distant period.

This is, of course, an example of one only out of many ways in which inequality of possession may be established between different persons, giving rise to the Mercantile forms of Riches and Poverty. In the instance before us, one of the men might from the first have deliberately chosen to be idle, and to put his life in pawn [3] for present ease; or he might have mismanaged his land, and been compelled to have recourse to his neighbour for food and help, pledging his future labour for it. But what I want the reader to note especially is the fact, common to a large number of typical cases of this kind, that the establishment of the mercantile wealth which consists in a claim upon labour, signifies a political diminution of the real wealth which consists in substantial possessions.

Take another example, more consistent with the ordinary course of affairs of trade. Suppose that three men, instead of two, formed the little isolated republic, and found themselves obliged to separate, in order to farm different pieces of land at some distance from each other along the coast: each estate furnishing a distinct kind of produce, and each more or less in need of the material raised on the other. Suppose that the third man, in order to save the time of all three, undertakes simply to superintend the transference of commodities from one farm to the other; on condition of receiving

some sufficiently remunerative share of every parcel of goods conveyed, or of some other parcel received in exchange for it.

If this carrier or messenger always brings to each estate, from the other, what is chiefly wanted, at the right time, the operations of the two farmers will go on prosperously, and the largest possible result in produce, or wealth, will be attained by the little community. But suppose no intercourse between the landowners is possible, except through the travelling agent; and that, after a time, this agent, watching the course of each man's agriculture, keeps back the articles with which he has been entrusted until there comes a period of extreme necessity for them, on one side or other, and then exacts in exchange for them all that the distressed farmer can spare of other kinds of produce: it is easy to see that by ingeniously watching his opportunities, he might possess himself regularly of the greater part of the superfluous produce of the two estates, and at last, in some year of severest trial or scarcity, purchase both for himself and maintain the former proprietors thenceforward as his labourers or servants.

This would be a case of commercial wealth acquired on the exactest principles of modern political economy. But more distinctly even than in the former instance, it is manifest in this that the wealth of the State, or of the three men considered as a society, is collectively less than it would have been had the merchant been content with juster profit. The operations of the two agriculturists have been cramped to the utmost; and the continual limitation of the supply of things they wanted

at critical times, together with the failure of courage consequent on the prolongation of a struggle for mere existence, without any sense of permanent gain, must have seriously diminished the effective results of their labour; and the stores finally accumulated in the merchant's hands will not in any wise be of equivalent value to those which, had his dealings been honest, would have filled at once the granaries of the farmers and his own.

The whole question, therefore, respecting not only the advantage, but even the quantity, of national wealth, resolves itself finally into one of abstract justice. It is impossible to conclude, of any given mass of acquired wealth, merely by the fact of its existence, whether it signifies good or evil to the nation in the midst of which it exists. Its real value depends on the moral sign attached to it, just as sternly as that of a mathematical quantity depends on the algebraical sign attached to it. Any given accumulation of commercial wealth may be indicative, on the one hand, of faithful industries, progressive energies, and productive ingenuities: or, on the other, it may be indicative of mortal luxury,[4] merciless tyranny, ruinous chicane. Some treasures are heavy with human tears, as an ill-stored harvest with untimely rain; and some gold is brighter in sunshine than it is in substance.

The Country Doctor

From "ADVENTURES IN CONTENTMENT",
By DAVID GRAYSON

The writings of David Grayson have attracted considerable attention and have received high praise from competent critics. *Adventures in Contentment* takes the form of the autobiography of an American gentleman, who, after the rush and hurry of city life, returned to the farm life which he had known as a boy, and there found peace. The story of Dr. North reminds one of some of the sketches of village life in Scotland, by Ian Maclaren and others, which were popular a generation ago.

Sunday afternoon, June 9.

We had a funeral to-day in this community, and the longest funeral procession, Charles Baxter [1] says, he has seen in all the years of his memory among these hills. A good man has gone away—and yet remains. In the comparatively short time I have been here I never came to know him well personally, though I saw him often in the country roads, a ruddy old gentleman with thick, coarse, iron-gray hair, somewhat stern of countenance, somewhat shabby of attire, sitting as erect as a trooper in his open buggy,[2] one muscular

hand resting on his knee, the other holding the reins of his familiar old white horse. I said I did not come to know him well personally, and yet no one who knows this community can help knowing Dr. John North. I never so desired the gift of moving expression [3] as I do at this moment, on my return from his funeral, that I may give some faint idea of what a good man means to a community like ours—as the more complete knowledge of it has come to me to-day.

In the district school that I attended when a boy we used to love to leave our mark, as we called it, wherever our rovings led us. It was a bit of boyish mysticism, unaccountable now that we have grown older and wiser (perhaps); but it had its meaning. It was an instinctive outreaching of the young soul to perpetuate the knowledge of its existence upon this forgetful earth. My mark, I remember, was a notch and a cross. With what secret fond diligence I carved it in the grey bark of beech trees, on fence posts or on barn doors; and once, I remember, on the roof-ridge of our home; and once, with high imaginings of how long it would remain, I spent hours chiselling it deep in a hard-headed old boulder in the pasture, where, if man has been as kind as nature, it remains to this day. If you should chance to see it you would not know of the boy who carved it there.

So Dr. North left his secret mark upon the neighbourhood—as all of us do, for good or for ill, upon *our* neighbourhoods, in accordance with the strength of that character which abides within us. For a long time I did not know that it was he, though it was not difficult to see

that some strong, good man had often passed this way I saw the mystic sign of him deep-lettered in the hearthstone of a home; I heard it speaking bravely from the weak lips of a friend; it is carved in the plastic heart of many a boy. No, I do not doubt the immortalities of the soul; in this community, which I have come to love so much, dwell more than one of John North's immortalities—and will continue to dwell. I, too, live more deeply because John North was here.

He was in no outward way an extraordinary man, nor was his life eventful. He was born in this neighbourhood: I saw him lying quite still this morning in the same sunny room of the same house where he first saw the light of day. Here among these common hills he grew up, and save for the few years he spent at school or in the army, he lived here all his life long. In old neighbourhoods, and especially farm neighbourhoods, people come to know one another—not clothes knowledge or money knowledge—but that sort of knowledge which reaches down into the hidden springs of human character. A country community may be deceived by a stranger, too easily deceived, but not by one of its own people. For it is not a studied knowledge; it resembles that slow geologic uncovering before which not even the deep-buried bones of the prehistoric saurian [4] remain finally hidden.

I never fully realized until this morning what a supreme triumph it is, having grown old, to merit the respect of those who know us best. Mere greatness offers no reward to compare with it, for greatness compels that homage which we freely bestow upon goodness. So long

as I live I shall never forget this morning. I stood in the door-yard outside of the open window of the old doctor's home. It was soft, and warm, and very still —a June Sunday morning. An apple tree not far off was still in blossom, and across the road on a grassy hillside sheep fed unconcernedly. Occasionally, from the roadway where the horses of the countryside were waiting, I heard the clink of a bit-ring [5] or the low voice of some new-comer seeking a place to hitch.[6] Not half those who came could find room in the house: they stood uncovered among the trees. From within, wafted through the window, came the faint odour of flowers, and the occasional minor intonation [7] of some one speaking—and finally our own Scotch preacher! I could not see him, but there lay in the cadences [8] of his voice a peculiar note of peacefulness, of finality. The day before he died, Dr. North had said—

"I want McAlway to conduct my funeral, not as a minister but as a man. He has been my friend for forty years; he will know what I mean."

The Scotch preacher did not say much. Why should he? Every one there *knew*: and speech would only have cheapened what we knew. And I do not now recall even the little he said, for there was so much all about me that spoke not of the death of a good man, but of his life. A boy who stood near me—a boy no longer, for he was as tall as a man—gave a more eloquent tribute than any preacher could have done. I saw him stand his ground for a time with that grim courage of youth which dreads emotion more than a battle: and then I saw him crying behind a tree! He was not a relative of the old

doctor's, he was only one of many into whose deep life the doctor had entered.

They sang "Lead, Kindly Light",[9] and came out through the narrow doorway into the sunshine with the coffin, the hats of the pall-bearers[10] in a row on top, and there was hardly a dry eye among us.

And as they came out through the narrow doorway, I thought how the doctor must have looked out daily through so many, many years upon this beauty of hills and fields and of sky above, grown dearer from long familiarity—which he would know no more. And Kate North, the doctor's sister, his only relative, followed behind, her fine old face grey and set, but without a tear in her eye. How like the doctor she looked: the same stern control!

In the hours which followed, on the pleasant, winding way to the cemetery, in the groups under the trees, on the way homeward again, the community spoke its true heart, and I have come back with the feeling that human nature, at bottom, is sound and sweet. I knew a great deal before about Dr. North, but I knew it as knowledge, not as emotion, and therefore it was not really a part of my life.

I hear again the stories of how he drove the country roads, winter and summer; how he had seen most of the population into the world[11] and had held the hands of many who went out! It was the plain, hard life of a country doctor, and yet it seemed to rise in our community like some great tree, its roots deep buried in the soil of our common life, its branches close to the sky. To those accustomed to the outward excitements of city life it

would have seemed barren and uneventful. It was significant that the talk was not so much of what the doctor did as of *how* he did it, not so much of his actions as of the natural expression of his character. And when we come to think of it, goodness *is* uneventful. It does not flash, it glows. It is deep, quiet, and very simple. It passes not with oratory, it is commonly foreign to riches, nor does it often sit in the places of the mighty: but may be felt in the touch of a friendly hand or the look of a kindly eye.

Outwardly, John North often gave the impression of brusqueness. Many a woman, going to him for the first time, and until she learned that he was in reality as gentle as a girl, was frightened by his manner. The country is full of stories of such encounters. We laugh yet over the adventure of a woman who formerly came to spend her summers here. She dressed very beautifully and was " nervous ". One day she went to call on the doctor. He made a careful examination and asked many questions. Finally he said, with portentous solemnity—

" Madam, you're suffering from a very common complaint."

The doctor paused, then continued impressively—

" You haven't enough work to do. This is what I would advise. Go home, discharge your servants, do your own cooking, wash your own clothes and make your own beds. You'll get well."

She is reported to have been much offended, and to-day there was a wreath of white roses in Dr. North's room sent from the city by that woman.

If he really hated anything in this world the doctor

hated whimperers.[12] He had a deep sense of the purpose and need of punishment, and he despised those who fled from wholesome discipline.

A young fellow once went to the doctor—so they tell the story—and asked for something to stop his pain.

" Stop it!" exclaimed the doctor: " why, it's good for you. You've done wrong, haven't you? Well, you're being punished; take it like a man. There's nothing more wholesome than good honest pain."

And yet how much pain he alleviated in this community —in forty years!

The deep sense that a man should stand up to his fate [13] was one of the keynotes [14] of his character; and the way he taught it, not only by word but by every action of his life, put heart into many a weak man and woman. Mrs. Patterson, a friend of ours, tells of a reply she once had from the doctor to whom she had gone with a new trouble. After telling him about it she said—

" I've left it all with the Lord." [15]

" You'd have done better," said the doctor, " to keep it yourself. Trouble is for your discipline: the Lord doesn't need it."

It was thus out of his wisdom that he was always telling people what they knew, deep down in their hearts, to be true. It sometimes hurt at first, but sooner or later, if the man had a spark of real manhood in him, he came back, and gave the doctor an abiding affection. There were those who, though they loved him, called him intolerant. I never could look at it that way. He *did* have the only kind of intolerance which is at all tolerable, and that is the intolerance of intolerance.

He always set himself with vigour against that unreason and lack of sympathy which are the essence of intolerance; and yet there was a rock of conviction on many subjects behind which he could not be driven. It was not intolerance: it was with him a reasoned certainty of belief. He had a phrase to express that not uncommon state of mind, in this age particularly, which is politely willing to yield its foothold within this universe to almost any reasoner who suggests some other universe, however shadowy, to stand upon. He called it a " mush of concession ".[16] I heard him say once—

" There are some things a man can't concede, and one is that a man who has broken a law, like a man who has broken a leg, has not got to suffer for it."

It was only with the greatest difficulty that he could be prevailed upon to present a bill. It was not because the community was poor, though some of our people are poor, and it was certainly not because the doctor was rich and could afford such philanthropy, for, saving a rather unproductive farm, which during the last ten years of his life lay wholly uncultivated, he was as poor as any man in the community. He simply seemed to forget that people owed him.

It came to be a common and humorous experience for people to go to the doctor and say—

" Now, Dr. North, how much do I owe you? You remember you attended my wife two years ago when the baby came—and John when he had the diphtheria——"

" Yes, yes," said the doctor, " I remember."

" I thought I ought to pay you."

" Well, I'll look it up when I get time."

But he wouldn't. The only way was to go to him and say—

"Doctor, I want to pay ten dollars on account."

"All right," he'd answer, and take the money.

To the credit of the community, I may say with truthfulness that the doctor never suffered. He was even able to supply himself with the best instruments that money could buy. To him nothing was too good for our neighbourhood. This morning I saw in a case at his home a complete set of oculist's instruments, said to be the best in the county—a very unusual equipment for a country doctor. Indeed he assumed that the responsibility for the health of the community rested upon him. He was a sort of self-constituted health officer. He was always sniffing about for old wells and damp cellars [17]—and somehow, with his crisp humour and sound sense, getting them cleaned. In his old age he even grew querulously particular about these things—asking a little more of human nature than it could quite accomplish. There were innumerable other ways—how they came out [18] to-day all glorified now that he is gone!—in which he served the community.

Horace tells how he once met the doctor driving his old white horse in the town road.

"Horace," called the doctor, "why don't you paint your barn?"

"Well," said Horace, "it *is* beginning to look a bit shabby."

"Horace," said the doctor, "you're a prominent citizen. We look to you to keep up the credit of the neighbourhood."

Horace painted his barn.

I think Dr. North was fonder of Charles Baxter than of any one else, save his sister. He hated sham and cant: if a man had a single *reality* in him the old doctor found it; and Charles Baxter in many ways exceeds any man I ever knew in the downright quality of genuineness. The doctor was never tired of telling—and with humour—how he once went to Baxter to have a table made for his office. When he came to get it he found the table upside down, and Baxter on his knees finishing off the under part of the drawer slides. Baxter looked up and smiled in the engaging [19] way he has, and continued his work. After watching him for some time, the doctor said—

" Baxter, why do you spend so much time on that table? Who's going to know whether or not the last touch has been put on the underside of it?"

Baxter straightened up and looked at the doctor in surprise.

" Why, I will," he said.

How the doctor loved to tell that story! I warrant there is no boy who ever grew up in this county who hasn't heard it.

It was a part of his pride in finding reality that made the doctor such a lover of true sentiment and such a hater of sentimentality. I prize one memory of him which illustrates this point. The district school gave a " speaking ",[20] and we all went. One boy with a fresh young voice spoke a " soldier piece "—the soliloquy of a one-armed veteran who sits at a window and sees the troops go by with dancing banners and glittering bayonets, and

the cheering and shouting. And the refrain went something like this—

Never again call " Comrade "
To the men who were comrades for years;
Never again call " Brother "
To the men we think of with tears.

I happened to look round while the boy was speaking, and there sat the old doctor with the tears rolling unheeded down his ruddy face; he was thinking, no doubt, of *his* war time and the comrades *he* knew.

On the other hand, how he despised fustian [21] and bombast. His " Bah!" delivered explosively, was often like a breath of fresh air in a stuffy room. Several years ago, before I came here—and it is one of the historic stories of the county—there was a semi-political Fourth of July [22] celebration with a number of ambitious orators. One of them, a young fellow of small worth who wanted to be elected to the legislature, made an impassioned address on " Patriotism." The doctor was present, for he liked gatherings: he liked people. But he did not like the young orator, and did not want him to be elected. In the midst of the speech, while the audience was being carried through the clouds of oratory, the doctor was seen to be growing more and more uneasy. Finally he burst out—

" Bah!"

The orator caught himself, and then swept on again.

" Bah!" said the doctor.

By this time the audience was really interested. The orator stopped. He knew the doctor, and he should have

known better than to say what he did. But he was very young, and he knew the doctor was opposing him.

"Perhaps," he remarked sarcastically, "the doctor can make a better speech than I can."

The doctor rose instantly to his full height—and he was an impressive-looking man.

"Perhaps," he said, "I can, and, what is more, I will." He stood up on a chair and gave them a talk on Patriotism—real partiotism—the patriotism of duty done in the small concerns of life. The speech, which ended the political career of the orator, is not forgotten to-day.

One thing I heard to-day about the old doctor impressed me deeply. I have been thinking about it ever since: it illuminates his character more than anything I have heard. It is singular, too, that I should not have known the story before. I don't believe it was because it all happened so long ago; it rather remained untold out of deference to a sort of neighbourhood delicacy.[23]

I had, indeed, wondered why a man of such capacities, so many qualities of real greatness and power, should have escaped a city career. I said something to this effect to a group of men with whom I was talking this morning. I thought they exchanged glances; one said—

"When he first came out of the army he'd made such a fine record as a surgeon that everyone urged him to go to the city and practise——"

A pause followed which no one seemed inclined to fill.

"But he didn't go," I said.

"No, he didn't go. He was a brilliant young fellow. He *knew* a lot, and he was popular, too. He'd have had a great success——"

Another pause.

" But he didn't go?" I asked promptingly.[24]

" No; he stayed here. He was better educated than any man in this county. Why, I've seen him more'n once pick up a book of Latin and read it *for pleasure*."

I could see that all this was purposely irrelevant, and I liked them for it. But walking home from the cemetery Horace gave me the story; the community knew it to the last detail. I suppose it is a story not uncommon among men, but this morning, told of the old doctor we had just laid away, it struck me with a tragic poignancy difficult to describe.

" Yes," said Horace, " he was to have been married, forty years ago, and the match was broken off because he was a drunkard."

" A drunkard!" I exclaimed, with a shock I cannot convey.

" Yes, sir," said Horace, " one o' the worst you ever see.[25] He got it in the army. Handsome, wild, brilliant —that was the doctor. I was a little boy, but I remember it mighty well."

He told me the whole distressing story. It was all a long time ago, and the details do not matter now. It was to be expected that a man like the old doctor should love, love once, and love as few men do. And that is what he did—and the girl left him because he was a drunkard!

" They all thought," said Horace, " that he'd up and kill himself.[26] He said he would, but he didn't. Instid[27] o' that he put an open bottle on his table and he looked at it and said: ' Which is stronger, now, you or John

North? We'll make that the test,' he said, ' we'll live or die by that.' Them was [28] his exact words. He couldn't sleep nights,[29] and he got haggard like a sick man, but he left the bottle there and never touched it."

How my heart throbbed with the thought of that old, silent struggle! How much it explained; how near it brought all these people around him! It made him so human. It is the tragic necessity (but the salvation) of many a man that he should come finally to an irretrievable experience, to the assurance that everything is lost. For with that moment, if he be strong, he is saved. I wonder if any one ever attains to real human sympathy who has not passed through the fire of some such experience. Or to humour either! For in the best laughter do we not hear constantly that deep minor note which speaks of the ache in the human heart? It seems to me I can understand Dr. North!

He died Friday morning. He had been lying very quiet all night; suddenly he opened his eyes and said to his sister: " Good-bye, Kate," and shut them again. That was all. The last call had come and he was ready for it. I looked at his face after death. I saw the iron lines of that old struggle in his mouth and chin; and the humour that it brought him in the lines around his deep-set eyes.

—And as I think of him this afternoon, I can see him —curiously, for I can hardly explain it—carrying a banner as in battle right here among our quiet hills. And those he leads seem to be the people we know, the men, and the women, and the boys! He is the hero of a new age. In olden days he might have been a pioneer,

carrying the light of civilization to a new land; here he has been a sort of moral pioneer—a pioneering far more difficult than any we have ever known. There are no heroics connected with it, the name of the pioneer will not go ringing down the ages; for it is a silent leadership and its success is measured by victories in other lives. We see it now, only too dimly, when he is gone. We reflect sadly that we did not stop to thank him. How busy we were with our own affairs when he was among us! I wonder is there any one here to take up the banner he has laid down!

—I forgot to say that the Scotch preacher chose the most impressive text in the Bible for his talk at the funeral—

> He that is greatest among you, let him be . . . as he that doth serve.[30]

And we came away with a nameless, aching sense of loss, thinking how, perhaps, in a small way, we might do something for somebody else—as the old doctor did.

The Storm

From " DAVID COPPERFIELD ",
By CHARLES DICKENS

Charles Dickens (1812–70) spoke right to the heart of the average man and woman as did no other writer of the nineteenth century, and was regarded as a personal friend by vast numbers of people. The publication of one of his novels was a great national event. It was as a humorist that he first sprang into fame when *The Pickwick Papers* was appearing in monthly parts. His pathos, though often much less successful than his humour, made a hardly less powerful appeal. Dickens was an optimist, and one explanation of the spell he cast over his readers was the tone of good-humour and cheerfulness that pervades his writings.

It is often said that his leading characters are " types " rather than persons, and it is the case that he is apt to dwell on a single feature in a character rather than to represent human nature as the complicated thing it is. Even so, the types are drawn with great power and fidelity, as is proved by the extent to which the names of some of them have become part of the national speech; and the number of characters in Dickens that we feel we should recognize if we met them is convincing evidence of the fertility of his imagination.

Like Charles Reade, Dickens used his novels as a weapon for reforming social abuses. In different novels he held up to ridicule and helped to destroy the system of sick-nursing then in vogue, the interminable delays of law-suits in the Court of Chancery, the scandal of the Debtors' Prison, the

cruelties of private schools conducted by incompetent teachers only for gain, and the folly of the " Separate and Silent System " in jails. One of his greatest services Dickens rendered by his sympathetic studies of child life, which helped to awaken the public conscience to the claim of the young for protection and nurture.

Dickens's greatest novel is *David Copperfield*. Much of it recounts his own history. He himself, as a small boy, had endured in a London factory the humiliating toil he ascribes to David Copperfield, and his father had experienced the confinement in the Marshalsea Prison for Debtors, which is there narrated of Mr. Micawber. The storm scene is one of the most famous in this famous novel.

Among his other well-known novels are: *Oliver Twist*, *Nicholas Nickleby*, *The Old Curiosity Shop*, *Barnaby Rudge*, *Martin Chuzzlewit*, *Little Dorrit*, *A Tale of Two Cities*, *Our Mutual Friend*, and *The Mystery of Edwin Drood* (unfinished).

" Don't you think that," I asked the coachman, in the first stage out of London, " a very remarkable sky? I don't remember to have seen one like it."

" Not I—not equal to it," he replied. " That's wind, sir. There'll be mischief done at sea, I expect, before long."

It was a murky confusion—here and there blotted with a colour like the colour of the smoke from damp fuel—of flying clouds tossed up into most remarkable heaps, suggesting greater heights in the clouds than there were depths below them to the bottom of the deepest hollows in the earth, through which the wild moon seemed to plunge headlong, as if, in a dread disturbance of the laws of nature, she had lost her way and were frightened. There had been a wind all day; and it was rising then, with an extraordinary great sound. In another

hour it had much increased, and the sky was more overcast, and blew hard.

But as the night advanced, the clouds rising in and densely over-spreading the whole sky, then very dark, it came on [1] to blow, harder and harder. It still increased, until our horses could scarcely face the wind. Many times, in the dark part of the night (it was then late September, when the nights were not short), the leaders [2] turned about, or came to a dead stop; and we were often in serious apprehension that the coach would be blown over. Sweeping gusts of rain came up before this storm, like showers of steel; and, at those times, when there was any shelter of trees or lee walls [3] to be got, we were fain to stop in a sheer impossibility of continuing the struggle.

When the day broke, it blew harder and harder. I had been in Yarmouth [4] when the seamen said it blew great guns,[5] but I had never known the like of this, or anything approaching to it. When at last we got into the town, the people came out to their doors, all aslant,[6] and with streaming hair, making a wonder of [7] the mail that had come through such a night.

I put up at the old inn, and went down to look at the sea; staggering along the street, which was strewn with sand and seaweed, and with flying blotches of sea-foam; afraid of falling slates [8] and tiles; and holding by people I met at angry corners. Coming near the beach, I saw, not only the boatmen, but half the people of the town, lurking behind buildings; some, now and then braving the fury of the storm to look away to sea, and blown sheer out of their course in trying to get zigzag back.

Joining these groups, I found bewailing women whose husbands were away in herring or oyster boats, which there was too much reason to think might have foundered before they could run in anywhere for safety. Grizzled old sailors were among the people, shaking their heads, as they looked from water to sky, and muttering to one another; shipowners, excited and uneasy; children, huddling together, and peering into older faces; even stout mariners, disturbed and anxious, levelling their glasses at the sea from behind places of shelter, as if they were surveying an enemy.

(In the evening) my dinner went away almost untasted, and I tried to refresh myself with a glass or two of wine. In vain. I walked to and fro, tried to read an old gazetteer,[9] listened to the awful noises: looked at faces, scenes, and figures in the fire. At length, the steady ticking of the undisturbed clock on the wall, tormented me to that degree that I resolved to go to bed. It was reassuring, on such a night, to be told that some of the inn-servants had agreed together to sit up until morning.

For hours, I lay there, listening to the wind and water; imagining, now, that I heard shrieks out at sea; now, that I distinctly heard the firing of signal guns; and now, the fall of houses in the town. I got up several times, and looked out; but could see nothing, except the reflection in the window-panes of the faint candle I had left burning, and of my own haggard face looking in at me from the black void. At length, my restlessness attained to such a pitch, that I hurried on my clothes, and went down-stairs.

There was a dark gloom in my solitary chamber, when

I at length returned to it; but I was tired now, and, getting into bed again, fell—off a tower and down a precipice [10]—into the depths of sleep. I have an impression that for a long time, though I dreamed of being elsewhere and in a variety of scenes, it was always blowing in my dream. At length, I lost that feeble hold upon reality, and was engaged with two dear friends, but who they were I don't know, at the siege of some town in a roar of cannonading. The thunder of the cannon was so loud and incessant, that I could not hear something I much desired to hear, until I made a great exertion and awoke. It was broad day—eight or nine o'clock; the storm raging, in lieu of the batteries; and someone knocking and calling at my door.

"What is the matter?" I cried.

"A wreck! Close by!"

I sprung out of bed, and asked, what wreck?

"A schooner,[11] from Spain or Portugal, laden with fruit and wine. Make haste, sir, if you want to see her! It's thought, down on the beach, she'll go to pieces every moment."

The excited voice went clamouring along the staircase; and I wrapped myself in my clothes as quickly as I could, and ran into the street. Numbers of people were there before me, all running in one direction, to the beach. I ran the same way, outstripping a good many, and soon came facing the wild sea.

In the difficulty of hearing anything but wind and waves, and in the crowd, and the unspeakable confusion, and my first breathless efforts to stand against the weather, I was so confused that I looked out to sea for the wreck,

and saw nothing but the foaming heads of the great waves. A half-dressed boatman, standing next me, pointed with his bare arm (a tattoo'd arrow [12] on it pointing in the same direction) to the left. Then, O great Heaven, I saw it, close in upon us!

One mast was broken short off, six or eight feet from the deck, and lay over the side, entangled in a maze of sail and rigging; and all that ruin, as the ship rolled and beat [13]—which she did without a moment's pause, and with a violence quite inconceivable—beat the side as if it would stave it in. Some efforts were even then being made, to cut this portion of the wreck away; for, as the ship, which was broadside on,[14] turned towards us in her rolling, I plainly descried her people at work with axes,[15] especially one active figure with long curling hair, conspicuous among the rest. But, a great cry, which was audible even above the wind and water, rose from the shore at this moment; the sea, sweeping over the rolling wreck, made a clean breach, and carried men, spars, casks, planks, bulwarks, heaps of such toys,[16] into the boiling surge.

The second mast was yet standing, with the rags of a rent sail, and a wild confusion of broken cordage flapping to and fro. The ship had struck [17] once, the same boatman hoarsely said in my ear, and then lifted in [18] and struck again. I understood him to add that she was parting amidships,[19] and I could readily suppose so, for the rolling and beating were too tremendous for any human work to suffer long. As he spoke, there was another great cry of pity from the beach; four men arose with the wreck out of the deep, clinging to the rigging

of the remaining mast; uppermost, the active figure with the curling hair.

There was a bell on board; and as the ship rolled and dashed, like a desperate creature driven mad, now showing us the whole sweep of her deck, as she turned on her beam-ends [20] towards the shore, now nothing but her keel, as she sprung wildly over and turned towards the sea, the bell rang; and its sound, the knell [21] of those unhappy men, was borne towards us on the wind. Again we lost her,[22] and again she rose. Two men were gone. The agony on shore increased. Men groaned, and clasped their hands; women shrieked, and turned away their faces. Some ran wildly up and down along the beach, crying for help where no help could be. I found myself one of these, frantically imploring a knot [23] of sailors whom I knew, not to let those two lost creatures perish before our eyes.

They were making out to me, in an agitated way—I don't know how, for the little I could hear I was scarcely composed enough to understand—that the life-boat [24] had been bravely manned an hour ago, and could do nothing; and that as no man would be so desperate as to attempt to wade off with a rope, and establish a communication with the shore, there was nothing left to try; when I noticed that some new sensation moved the people on the beach, and saw them part, and Ham [25] come breaking through them to the front.

I ran to him—as well as I know, to repeat my appeal for help. But, distracted though I was, by a sight so new to me and terrible, the determination in his face, and his look, out to sea—exactly the same look as I

remembered in connection with the morning after Emily's flight [26]—awoke me to a knowledge of his danger. I held him back with both arms; and implored the men with whom I had been speaking, not to listen to him, not to do murder, not to let him stir from off that sand!

Another cry arose on shore; and looking to the wreck, we saw the cruel sail, with blow on blow, beat off the lower of the two men, and fly up in triumph round the active figure left alone upon the mast. Against such a sight, and against such determination as that of the calmly desperate man who was already accustomed to lead half the people present, I might as hopefully have entreated the wind. "Mas'r Davy," he said, cheerily grasping me by both hands, "if my time is come, 'tis come. If 'tan't, I'll bide it.[27] Lord above bless you, and bless all! Mates, make ready! I'm agoing off!"

I was swept away, but not unkindly, to some distance, where the people around me made me stay; urging, as I confusedly perceived, that he was bent on going, with help or without, and that I should endanger the precautions for his safety by troubling those with whom they rested. I don't know what I answered, or what they rejoined; but, I saw hurry on the beach, and men running with ropes from a capstan [28] that was there, and penetrating into a circle of figures that hid him from me. Then, I saw him standing alone, in a seaman's frock [29] and trousers: a rope in his hand, or slung to his wrist: another round his body: and several of the best men holding, at a little distance, to the latter, which he laid out himself, slack upon the shore, at his feet.

The wreck, even to my unpractised eye, was breaking

up. I saw that she was parting in the middle, and that the life of the solitary man upon the mast hung by a thread.[30] Still, he clung to it. He had a singular red cap on—not like a sailor's cap, but of a finer colour; and as the few yielding planks between him and destruction rolled and bulged, and his anticipative death-knell rung, he was seen by all of us to wave it. I saw him do it now, and thought I was going distracted, when his action brought an old remembrance to my mind of a once dear friend.

Ham watched the sea, standing alone, with the silence of suspended breath behind him, and the storm before, until there was a great retiring wave, when, with a backward glance at those who held the rope which was made fast round his body, he dashed in after it, and in a moment was buffeting with the water; rising with the hills, lost beneath the valleys,[31] lost beneath the foam; then drawn again to land. They hauled in hastily.

He was hurt. I saw blood on his face, from where I stood; but he took no thought of that. He seemed hurriedly to give them some directions for leaving him more free—or so I judged from the motion of his arm—and was gone as before. And now he made for the wreck, rising with the hills, falling with the valleys, lost beneath the rugged foam, borne in towards the shore, borne on towards the ship, striving hard and valiantly. The distance was nothing, but the power of the sea and wind made the strife deadly. At length he neared the wreck. He was so near, that with one more of his vigorous strokes he would be clinging to it—when, a high, green, vast hill-side of water, moving on shoreward, from beyond the

ship, he seemed to leap up into it with a mighty bound, and the ship was gone!

Some eddying fragments I saw in the sea, as if a mere cask had been broken, in running to the spot where they were hauling in. Consternation was in every face. They drew him to my very feet—insensible—dead. He was carried to the nearest house; and, no one preventing me now, I remained near him, busy, while every means of restoration were tried; but he had been beaten to death by the great wave, and his generous heart was stilled for ever. As I sat beside the bed, when hope was abandoned and all was done, a fisherman, who had known me when Emily and I were children, and ever since, whispered my name at the door. "Sir," he said, with tears starting to his weather-beaten face, which, with his trembling lips, was ashy pale, "will you come over yonder?"

The old remembrance that had been recalled to me was in his look. I asked him, terror stricken, leaning on the arm he held out to support me—

"Has a body come ashore?"

He said, "Yes."

"Do I know it?" I asked then. He answered nothing.

But, he led me to the shore. And on that part of it where she and I had looked for shells, two children [32]—on that part of it where some lighter fragments of the old boat,[33] blown down last night, had been scattered by the wind—among the ruins of the house he had wronged—I saw him lying with his head upon his arm, as I had often seen him lie at school.

The Roadmender

From " THE ROADMENDER ",
By MICHAEL FAIRLESS

The Roadmender by Michael Fairless has passed through many editions, though its author is not among the most widely known of our time. It first appeared, in the form of a series of papers, in *The Pilot*. The book is an attractive study of the experiences of a highly educated man, a born lover of nature, who, perhaps for reasons of health, chooses to adopt the out-of-door life of an unskilled labourer, a stone-breaker.

There is always a little fire of wood on the open hearth in the kitchen when I get home at night; the old lady says it is " company " for her, and sits in the lonely twilight, her knotted hands lying quiet on her lap, her listening eyes fixed on the burning sticks.

I wonder sometimes whether she hears music in the leap and lick of the fiery tongues, music such as he of Bayreuth [1] draws from the violins till the hot energy of the fire spirit is on us, embodied in sound.

Surely she hears some voice, that lonely old woman on whom is set the seal of great silence?

It is a great truth tenderly said that God builds the nest for the blind bird; and may it not be that He opens

closed eyes and unstops deaf ears to sights and sounds from which others by these very senses are debarred?

Here the best of us see through a mist of tears men as trees walking;[2] it is only in the land which is very far off and yet very near that we shall have fulness of sight and see the King in His beauty;[3] and I cannot think that any listening ears listen in vain.

The coppice[4] at our back is full of birds, for it is far from the road and they nest there undisturbed year after year. Through the still night I heard the nightingales calling, calling, until I could bear it no longer and went softly out into the luminous dark.

The little wood was manifold with sound, I heard my little brothers[5] who move by night rustling in grass and tree. A hedgehog crossed my path with a dull squeak, the bats shrilled high to the stars, a white owl swept past me crying his hunting note, a beetle boomed suddenly in my face; and above and through it all the nightingales sang—and sang!

The night wind bent the listening trees, and the stars yearned earthward to hear the song of deathless love. Louder and louder the wonderful notes rose and fell in a passion of melody; and then sank to rest on that low thrilling call which it is said Death once heard, and stayed his hand.

They will scarcely sing again this year, these nightingales, for they are late on the wing as it is. It seems as if on such nights they sang as the swan sings, knowing it to be the last time—with the lavish note of one who bids an eternal farewell.

At last there was silence. Sitting under the big beech

tree, the giant of the coppice, I rested my tired self in the lap of mother earth, breathed of her breath and listened to her voice in the quickening silence until the flesh came again as the flesh of a little child,[6] for it is true recreation to sit at the footstool of God wrapped in a fold of his living robe, the while night smoothes our tired face with her healing hands.

The grey dawn awoke and stole with trailing robes across earth's floor. At her footsteps the birds roused from sleep and cried a greeting; the sky flushed and paled conscious of coming splendour; and overhead a file of swans passed with broad strong flight to the reeded waters of the sequestered pool.

Another hour of silence while the light throbbed and flamed in the east; then the larks rose harmonious from a neighbouring field, the rabbits scurried with ears alert to their morning meal, the day had begun.

I passed through the coppice and out into the fields beyond. The dew lay heavy on leaf and blade and gossamer, a cool fresh wind swept clear over dale and down from the sea, and the clover field rippled like a silvery lake in the breeze.

There is something inexpressibly beautiful in the unused day, something beautiful in the fact that it is still untouched, unsoiled; and town and country share alike in this loveliness. At half-past three on a June morning even London has not assumed her responsibilities, but smiles and glows lighthearted and smokeless under the caresses of the morning sun.

Five o'clock. The bell rings out crisp and clear from the monastery where the Bedesmen [7] of St. Hugh watch

and pray for the souls on this labouring forgetful earth. Every hour the note of comfort and warning cries across the land, tells the Sanctus,[8] the Angelus,[9] and the Hours of the Passion,[10] and calls to remembrance and prayer.

When the wind is north, the sound carries as far as my road and companies me through the day; and if to His dumb children God in His mercy reckons work as prayer,[11] most certainly those who have forged through the ages an unbroken chain of supplication and thanksgiving [12] will be counted among the stalwart labourers of the house of the Lord.

Sun and bell together are my only clock: it is time for my water drawing; and gathering a pile of mushrooms, children of the night, I hasten home.

The cottage is dear to me in its quaint untidiness and want of rectitude,[13] dear because we are to be its last denizens, last of the long line of toilers who have sweated and sown that others might reap, and have passed away leaving no trace.

I once saw a tall cross in a seaboard churchyard, inscribed, "To the memory of the unknown dead who have perished in these waters." There might be one in every village sleeping-place [14] to the unhonoured many who made fruitful the land with sweat and tears. It is a consolation to think that when we look back on this stretch of life's road from beyond the first milestone,[15] which, it is instructive to remember, is always a grave, we may hope to see the work of this world with open eyes, and to judge of it with a due sense of proportion.

A bee with laden honey-bag hummed and buzzed in the hedge as I got ready for work, importuning the

flowers for that which he could not carry, and finally giving up the attempt in despair fell asleep on a buttercup, the best place for his weary little velvet body. In five minutes—they may have been five hours to him—he awoke a new bee, sensible and clear-sighted, and flew blithely away to the hive with his sufficiency—an example this weary world would be wise to follow.

My road has been lonely to-day. A parson came by in the afternoon, a stranger in the neighbourhood, for he asked his way. He talked awhile, and with kindly rebuke said it was sad to see a man of my education brought so low, which shows how the outside appearance may mislead the prejudiced observer. "Was it misfortune?" "Nay, the best of good luck," I answered, gaily.

The good man with beautiful readiness sat down on a heap of stones and bade me say on. "Read me a sermon in stone,"[16] he said, simply; and I stayed my hand to read.

He listened with courteous intelligence.

"You hold a roadmender has a vocation?"[17] he asked.

"As the monk or the artist, for, like both, he is universal. The world is his home; he serves all men alike, ay, and for him the beasts have equal honour with the men. His soul is 'bound up with the bundle of life'[18] with all other souls, he sees his father, his mother, his brethren in the children of the road. For him there is nothing unclean, nothing uncommon;[19] the very stones cry out[20] that they serve."

Parson nodded his head.

"It is all true," he said; "beautifully true. But need such a view of life necessitate the work of roadmending? Surely all men should be roadmenders."

O wise parson, so to read the lesson of the road!

"It is true," I answered; "but some of us find our salvation in the actual work, and earn our bread better in this than in any other way. No man is dependent on our earning, all men on our work. We are 'rich beyond the dreams of avarice'[21] because we have all that we need, and yet we taste the life and poverty of the very poor. We are, if you will, uncloistered monks, preaching friars who speak not with the tongue, disciples who hear the wise words of a silent master."

"Robert Louis Stevenson was a roadmender," said the wise parson.

"Ay, and with more than his pen," I answered. "I wonder was he ever so truly great, so entirely the man we know and love, as when he inspired the chiefs to make a highway in the wilderness.[22] Surely no more fitting monument could exist to his memory than the Road of Gratitude, cut, laid, and kept by the pure-blooded tribe kings of Samoa."

Parson nodded.

"He knew that the people who make no roads are ruled out from intelligent participation in the world's brotherhood." He filled his pipe, thinking the while, then he held out his pouch to me.

"Try some of this baccy," he said; "Sherwood of Magdalen[23] sent it me from some outlandish place."

I accepted gratefully. It was such tobacco as falls to the lot of few roadmenders.

He rose to go.

"I wish I could come and break stones," he said, a little wistfully.

" Nay," said I, " few men have such weary roadmending as yours, and perhaps you need my road less than most men, and less than most parsons."

We shook hands, and he went down the road and out of my life.

He little guessed that I knew Sherwood, ay, and knew him [24] too, for had not Sherwood told me of the man he delighted to honour.

Ah, well! I am no Browning Junior, and Sherwood's name is not Sherwood.[25]

In Brussels, June, 1815

From "VANITY FAIR",
By W. M. THACKERAY

William Makepeace Thackeray (1822–63) is among the two or three greatest English novelists of the nineteenth century. An only child, he was born in Calcutta, his father being a Collector in the service of the East India Company, and he was sent to England when he was five years old. He spent two years in Cambridge University, but did not take a degree. He began the study of Law, but his real interest was in Art and Literature. As a student of Drawing he spent some time in Paris, but he came to see that Literature was his true profession. The great tragedy of his life was the breaking up of his home in the year 1840, when his wife became insane on the birth of their third daughter. Mrs. Thackeray lived till 1894.

Thackeray did much work for *Punch*, and in his later years was editor of *Cornhill* (a magazine); but it is as a novelist that he is best known. He sprang into fame with the publication of *Vanity Fair* (1847–48), which is still regarded as his greatest work. Among his other best-known novels are *The Newcomes*, *Pendennis*, *Henry Esmond* and *The Virginians*, the last two being historical novels.

Thackeray was a satirist, but a genial satirist with a kindly purpose. The most notable character in *Vanity Fair* is not Amelia, the faithful and affectionate wife of George Osborne, but the clever, seductive, unscrupulous adventuress, Becky

Sharp. Yet no one can doubt that Thackeray's sympathies were with Amelia rather than with Becky, and with the unassuming, loyal Major Dobbin (who always loved Amelia and married her some years after the death of her first husband) rather than with the dashing, rather stupid, fickle-minded young officer, George Osborne, who, in the last days of his life and not long after his marriage, carried on a flirtation with Becky Sharp though she was a married woman.

In the following passage, Thackeray describes war from the point of view of the non-combatants, a point of view too often neglected by historians. On 16th June, 1815, Wellington more than held his own against the French under Marshal Ney at Quatre Bras, a few miles south of Brussels. On the same day the Prussians, under Marshal Blücher, advancing from the east to join the English, were defeated but by no means crushed by Napoleon at Ligny, south-east of Quatre Bras. The war was decided on 18th June at Waterloo, between Quatre Bras and Brussels.

We of peaceful London City have never beheld—and please God never shall witness—such a scene of hurry and alarm, as that which Brussels presented. Crowds rushed to the Namur gate, from which direction the noise proceeded, and many rode along the level *chaussée*,[1] to be in advance of any intelligence [2] from the army. Each man asked his neighbour for news; and even great English lords and ladies condescended to speak to persons whom they did not know. The friends of the French went abroad, wild with excitement, and prophesying the triumph of their Emperor. The merchants closed their shops, and came out to swell the general chorus of alarm and clamour. Women rushed to the churches, and

crowded the chapels, and knelt and prayed on the flags [3] and steps. The dull sound of the cannon went on rolling, rolling. Presently carriages with travellers began to leave the town, galloping away by the Ghent barrier. The prophecies of the French partisans began to pass for facts. "He has cut the armies in two," it was said. "He is marching straight on Brussels. He will overpower the English and be here to-night." "He will overpower the English," shrieked Isidor to his master,[4] "and will be here to-night." The man bounded in and out from the lodgings to the street, always returning with some fresh particulars of disaster. Jos's face grew paler and paler. Alarm began to take entire possession of the stout civilian. All the champagne he drank brought no courage to him. Before sunset he was worked up to such a pitch of nervousness as gratified his friend Isidor to behold, who now counted surely upon the spoils of the owner of the laced coat.[5]

The women were away all this time. After hearing the firing for a moment, the stout Major's [6] wife bethought her of her friend in the next chamber, and ran in to watch, and if possible to console, Amelia.[7] The idea that she had that helpless and gentle creature to protect, gave additional strength to the natural courage of the honest Irishwoman. She passed five hours by her friend's side, sometimes in remonstrance, sometimes talking cheerfully, oftener in silence, and terrified mental supplication. "I never let go her hand once," said the stout lady afterwards, "until after sunset, when the firing was over." Pauline, the *bonne*,[8] was on her knees at church hard by, praying for *son homme à elle*.[9]

When the noise of the cannonading was over, Mrs. O'Dowd issued out of Amelia's room into the parlour adjoining, where Jos sate with two emptied flasks, and courage entirely gone. Once or twice he had ventured into his sister's bed-room, looking very much alarmed, and as if he would say something. But the Major's wife kept her place, and he went away without disburthening himself of his speech. He was ashamed to tell her that he wanted to fly.

But when she made her appearance in the dining-room, where he sate in the twilight in the cheerless company of his empty champagne-bottles, he began to open his mind to her.

"Mrs. O'Dowd," he said, "hadn't you better get Amelia ready?"

"Are you taking her out for a walk?" said the Major's lady; "sure she's too weak to stir."

"I—I've ordered the carriage," he said, "and—and post-horses; Isidor is gone for them," Jos continued.

"What do you want with driving to-night?" answered the lady. "Isn't she better on her bed? I've just got her to lie down."

"Get her up," said Jos; "she must get up, I say:" and he stamped his foot energetically. "I say the horses are ordered—yes, the horses are ordered. It's all over, and——"

"And what?" asked Mrs. O'Dowd.

"I'm off for Ghent," Jos answered. "Everybody is going; there's a place for you! We shall start in half-an-hour."

The Major's wife looked at him with infinite scorn.

"I don't move till O'Dowd gives me the route," [10] said she. "You may go if you like, Mr. Sedley; but, faith, Amelia and I stop here."

"She *shall* go," said Jos, with another stamp of his foot. Mrs. O'Dowd put herself with arms akimbo [11] before the bed-room door.

"Is it her mother you're going to take her to?" she said; "or do you want to go to mamma yourself, Mr. Sedley? Good marning [12]—a pleasant journey to ye, sir. *Bon voyage*,[13] as they say, and take my counsel, and shave off the mustachios,[14] or they'll bring you into mischief."

"D——n!" yelled out Jos, wild with fear, rage, and mortification; and Isidor came in at this juncture, swearing in his turn. "*Pas de chevaux, sacrebleu!*" [15] hissed out the furious domestic. All the horses were gone. Jos was not the only man in Brussels seized with panic that day.

But Jos's fears, great and cruel as they were already, were destined to increase to an almost frantic pitch before the night was over. It has been mentioned how Pauline, the *bonne*, had *son homme à elle* also in the ranks of the army that had gone out to meet the Emperor Napoleon. This lover was a native of Brussels, and a Belgian Hussar. The troops of his nation signalized themselves in this war for anything but courage, and young Van Cutsum, Pauline's admirer, was too good a soldier to disobey his Colonel's orders to run away. Whilst in garrison at Brussels young Regulus [16] (he had been born in the revolutionary times) found his great comfort, and passed almost all his leisure moments in Pauline's kitchen; and it was with pockets and holsters [17] crammed

full of good things from her larder, that he had taken leave of his weeping sweetheart, to proceed upon the campaign a few days before.

As far as his regiment was concerned, this campaign was over now. They had formed a part of the division under the command of his Sovereign apparent, the Prince of Orange,[18] and as respected length of swords and mustachios, and the richness of uniform and equipments, Regulus and his comrades looked to be as gallant a body of men as ever trumpet sounded for.

When Ney[19] dashed upon the advance of the allied troops, carrying one position after the other, until the arrival of the great body of the British army from Brussels changed the aspect of the combat of Quatre Bras,[20] the squadrons among which Regulus rode showed the greatest activity in retreating before the French, and were dislodged from one post and another which they occupied with perfect alacrity on their part. Their movements were only checked by the advance of the British in their rear. Thus forced to halt, the enemy's cavalry (whose bloodthirsty obstinacy cannot be too severely reprehended[21]) had at length an opportunity of coming to close quarters with the brave Belgians before them; who preferred to encounter the British rather than the French, and at once turning tail rode through the English regiments that were behind them, and scattered in all directions. The regiment in fact did not exist any more. It was nowhere. It had no head-quarters. Regulus found himself galloping many miles from the field of action, entirely alone; and whither should he fly for refuge so naturally as to that kitchen and those

faithful arms in which Pauline had so often welcomed him?

At some ten o'clock the clinking of a sabre might have been heard up the stair of the house where the Osbornes occupied a storey in the continental fashion. A knock might have been heard at the kitchen door; and poor Pauline, come back from church, fainted almost with terror as she opened it and saw before her her haggard hussar. He looked as pale as the midnight dragoon who came to disturb Leonora.[22] Pauline would have screamed, but that her cry would have called her masters, and discovered[23] her friend. She stifled her scream, then, and leading her hero into the kitchen, gave him beer, and the choice bits from the dinner, which Jos had not had the heart to taste. The hussar showed he was no ghost by the prodigious quantity of flesh and beer which he devoured—and during the mouthfuls he told his tale of disaster.

His regiment had performed prodigies of courage, and had withstood for a while the onset of the whole French army. But they were overwhelmed at last, as was the whole British army by this time. Ney destroyed each regiment as it came up. The Belgians in vain interposed to prevent the butchery of the English. The Brunswickers[24] were routed and had fled—their Duke was killed. It was a general *débâcle*.[25] He sought to drown his sorrow for the defeat in floods of beer.

Isidor, who had come into the kitchen, heard the conversation and rushed out to inform his master. "It is all over," he shrieked to Jos. "Milor[26] Duke is a prisoner; the Duke of Brunswick is killed; the British

army is in full flight; there is only one man escaped and he is in the kitchen now—come and hear him." So Jos tottered into that apartment where Regulus still sate on the kitchen table, and clung fast to his flagon of beer. In the best French which he could muster, and which was in sooth of a very ungrammatical sort, Jos besought the hussar to tell his tale. The disasters deepened as Regulus spoke. He was the only man of his regiment not slain on the field. He had seen the Duke of Brunswick fall, the black hussars fly, the Ecossais [27] pounded down by the cannon.

"And the —th?" [28] gasped Jos.

"Cut in pieces," said the hussar—upon which Pauline crying out, "O my mistress, *ma bonne petite dame*," [29] went off fairly into hysterics, and filled the house with her screams.

. . . . . .

Meanwhile Jos and Isidor went off to the stables to inspect the newly-purchased cattle. Jos bade his man saddle the horses at once. He would ride away that very night, that very hour. And he left the valet busy in getting the horses ready, and went homewards himself to prepare for his departure. It must be secret. He would go to his chamber by the back entrance. He did not care to face Mrs. O'Dowd and Amelia, and own to them that he was about to run.

By the time Jos's bargain with Rebecca was completed, and his horses had been visited and examined, it was almost morning once more. But though midnight was long passed, there was no rest for the city; the people were up, the lights in the houses flamed, crowds were

still about the doors, and the streets were busy. Rumours of various natures went still from mouth to mouth: one report averred that the Prussians had been utterly defeated; another that it was the English who had been attacked and conquered: a third that the latter had held their ground. This last rumour gradually got strength. No Frenchmen had made their appearance. Stragglers had come in from the army bringing reports more and more favourable: at last an aide-de-camp actually reached Brussels with despatches for the Commandant of the place, who placarded presently through the town an official announcement of the success of the allies at Quatre Bras, and the entire repulse of the French under Ney after a six hours' battle. The aide-de-camp must have arrived sometime while Jos and Rebecca were making their bargain together, or the latter was inspecting his purchase. When he reached his own hotel, he found a score of its numerous inhabitants on the threshold discoursing of the news; there was no doubt as to its truth. And he went up to communicate it to the ladies under his charge. He did not think it was necessary to tell them how he had intended to take leave of them, how he had bought horses, and what a price he had paid for them.

But success or defeat was a minor matter to them, who had only thought for the safety of those they loved. Amelia, at the news of the victory, became still more agitated even than before. She was for going that moment to the army. She besought her brother with tears to conduct her thither. Her doubts and terrors reached their paroxysm; and the poor girl, who for many hours

had been plunged into stupor, raved and ran hither and thither in hysteric insanity—a piteous sight. No man writhing in pain on the hard-fought field fifteen miles off, where lay, after their struggles, so many of the brave —no man suffered more keenly than this poor harmless victim of the war. Jos could not bear the sight of her pain. He left his sister in the charge of her stouter female companion, and descended once more to the threshold of the hotel, where everybody still lingered, and talked, and waited for more news.

It grew to be broad daylight as they stood here, and fresh news began to arrive from the war, brought by men who had been actors in the scene. Wagons and long country carts laden with wounded came rolling into the town; ghastly groans came from within them, and haggard faces looked up sadly from out of the straw. Jos Sedley was looking at one of those carriages with a painful curiosity—the moans of the people within were frightful—the wearied horses could hardly pull the cart. "Stop! stop!" a feeble voice cried from the straw, and the carriage stopped opposite Mr. Sedley's hotel.

"It is George, I know it is!" cried Amelia, rushing in a moment to the balcony, with a pallid face and loose flowing hair. It was not George, however, but it was the next best thing: it was news of him.

It was poor Tom Stubble,[30] who had marched out of Brussels so gallantly twenty-four hours before, bearing the colours of the regiment, which he had defended very gallantly upon the field. A French lancer had speared the young ensign in the leg, who fell, still bravely holding to his flag. At the conclusion of the engagement, a place

had been found for the poor boy in a cart, and he had been brought back to Brussels.

"Mr. Sedley, Mr. Sedley!" cried the boy, faintly, and Jos came up almost frightened at the appeal. He had not at first distinguished who it was that called him.

Little Tom Stubble held out his hot and feeble hand. "I'm to be taken in here," he said. "Osborne—and—Dobbin said I was; and you are to give the man two napoleons: [31] my mother will pay you."

This young fellow's thoughts, during the long feverish hours passed in the cart, had been wandering to his father's parsonage which he had quitted only a few months before, and he had sometimes forgotten his pain in that delirium.

The hotel was large, and the people kind, and all the inmates of the cart were taken in and placed on various couches. The young ensign was conveyed upstairs to Osborne's quarters. Amelia and the Major's wife had rushed down to him, when the latter had recognized him from the balcony. You may fancy the feelings of these women when they were told that the day was over, and both their husbands were safe; in what mute rapture Amelia fell on her good friend's neck, and embraced her; in what a grateful passion of prayer she fell on her knees, and thanked the Power which had saved her husband.

Our young lady, in her fevered and nervous condition, could have had no more salutary medicine prescribed for her by any physician than that which chance put in her way. She and Mrs. O'Dowd watched incessantly by the wounded lad, whose pains were very severe, and

in the duty thus forced upon her, Amelia had not time to brood over her personal anxieties, or to give herself to her own fears and forebodings after her wont. The young patient told in his simple fashion the events of the day, and the actions of our friends of the gallant —th. They had suffered severely. They had lost very many officers and men. The Major's horse had been shot under him as the regiment charged, and they all thought that O'Dowd was gone, and that Dobbin had got his majority,[32] until on their return from the charge to their old ground, the Major was discovered seated on Pyramus's [33] carcase, refreshing himself from a case-bottle.[34] It was Captain Osborne that cut down the French lancer who had speared the ensign. Amelia turned so pale at the notion, that Mrs. O'Dowd stopped the young ensign in this story. And it was Captain Dobbin who at the end of the day, though wounded himself, took up the lad in his arms and carried him to the surgeon, and thence to the cart that was to bring him back to Brussels. And it was he who promised the driver two louis if he would take his way to Mr. Sedley's hotel in the city; and tell Mrs. Captain Osborne that the action was over, and that her husband was unhurt and well.

" Indeed, but he has a good heart that William Dobbin," Mrs. O'Dowd said, " though he is always laughing at me."

Young Stubble vowed there was not such another officer in the army, and never ceased his praises of the senior captain, his modesty, his kindness, and his admirable coolness in the field. To these parts of the conversation, Amelia lent a very distracted attention: it was only when

Georgé was spoken of that she listened, and when he was not mentioned she thought about him.

In tending her patient, and in thinking of the wonderful escapes of the day before, her second day passed away not too slowly with Amelia. There was only one man in the army for her: and as long as he was well, it must be owned that its movements interested her little. All the reports which Jos brought from the streets fell very vaguely on her ears; though they were sufficient to give that timorous gentleman, and many other people then in Brussels, every disquiet. The French had been repulsed certainly, but it was after a severe and doubtful struggle, and with only a division of the French army. The Emperor, with the main body, was away at Ligny,[35] where he had utterly annihilated the Prussians, and was now free to bring his whole force to bear upon the allies. The Duke of Wellington was retreating upon the capital and a great battle must be fought under its walls probably, of which the chances were more than doubtful. The Duke of Wellington had but twenty thousand British troops on whom he could rely, for the Germans were raw militia,[36] the Belgians disaffected;[37] and with this handful his Grace had to resist a hundred and fifty thousand men that had broken into Belgium under Napoleon. Under Napoleon! What warrior was there, however famous and skilful, that could fight at odds with him?

. . . . . .

All that day from morning until past sunset, the cannon never ceased to roar. It was dark when the cannonading ceased all of a sudden.

All of us have read of what occurred during that interval. The tale is in every Englishman's mouth; and you and I, who were children when the great battle was won and lost,[38] are never tired of hearing and recounting the history of that famous action. Its remembrance rankles still in the bosoms of millions of the countrymen of those brave men who lost the day. They pant for an opportunity of revenging that humiliation; and if a contest, ending in a victory on their part, should ensue, elating them in their turn, and leaving its cursed legacy of hatred and rage behind to us, there is no end to the so-called glory and shame, and to the alternations of successful and unsuccessful murder, in which two high-spirited nations might engage. Centuries hence, we Frenchmen and Englishmen might be boasting and killing each other still, carrying out bravely the Devil's code of honour.

All our friends took their share and fought like men in the great field. All day long, while the women were praying ten miles away, the lines of the dauntless English infantry were receiving and repelling the furious charges of the French horsemen. Guns which were heard at Brussels were ploughing up their ranks, and comrades falling, and the resolute survivors closing in. Towards evening, the attack of the French, repeated and resisted so bravely, slackened in its fury. They had other foes besides the British to engage, or were preparing for a final onset. It came at last: the columns of the Imperial Guard marched up the hill of St. Jean, at length and at once to sweep the English from the height which they had maintained all day, and spite of all: unscared by the

thunder of the artillery, which hurled death from the English line—the dark rolling column pressed on and up the hill. It seemed almost to crest [39] the eminence, when it began to wave and falter. Then it stopped, still facing the shot. Then at last the English troops rushed from the post from which no enemy had been able to dislodge them, and the Guard turned and fled.

No more was firing heard at Brussels—the pursuit rolled miles away. Darkness came down on the field and city: and Amelia was praying for George, who was lying on his face, dead, with a bullet through his heart.

Wealth

From " THE PLEASURES OF LIFE ",
By SIR JOHN LUBBOCK

Sir John Lubbock (afterwards Lord Avebury) (1834–1913) was a banker, a man of science, and a man of affairs. He did pioneering work in the study of the life histories of insects, and his popular scientific books had extraordinary popularity. From 1880 he represented London University in the House of Commons. From 1872 till 1880 he was Vice-Chancellor of London University. In 1881 he was President of the British Association. The first series of *The Pleasures of Life* was published in 1887 and the second in 1889. The book consists of thoughts and quotations on the various sources of happiness open to us. It treats of such subjects as " The Choice of Books ", " The Blessing of Friends ", " Music " and " The Beauties of Nature ".

The rich and poor meet together: the Lord is the maker of them all (Proverbs of Solomon).

Ambition often takes the form of a love of money. There are many who have never attempted Art or Music, Poetry or Science; but most people do something for a livelihood, and consequently an increase of income is not only acceptable in itself, but gives a pleasant feeling of success.

Doubt is often expressed whether wealth is any advantage. I do not myself believe that those who are born, as the saying is, with a silver spoon in their mouth,[1] are necessarily any the happier for it. No doubt wealth entails almost more labour than poverty, and certainly more anxiety. Still it must, I think, be confessed that the possession of an income, whatever it may be, which increases somewhat as the years roll on, does add to the comfort of life.

Unquestionably the possession of wealth is by no means unattended by drawbacks. Money and the love of money often go together. The poor man, as Emerson[2] says, is the man who wishes to be rich; and the more a man has, the more he often longs to be richer. Just as drinking often does but increase thirst; so in many cases the craving for riches does grow with wealth.

This is, of course, especially the case when money is sought for its own sake. Moreover, it is often easier to make money than to keep or to enjoy it. Keeping it is dull and anxious drudgery. The dread of loss may hang like a dark cloud over life. Apicius,[3] when he had squandered most of his patrimony, but had still 250,000 crowns left, committed suicide, as Seneca[4] tells us, for fear he should die of hunger.

Wealth is certainly no sinecure. Moreover, the value of money depends partly on knowing what to do with it, partly on the manner in which it is acquired.

"Acquire money, thy friends say, that we also may have some. If I can acquire money and also keep myself modest, and faithful, and magnanimous, point out the way, and I will acquire it. But if you ask me to love the

things which are good and my own, in order that you may gain things that are not good, see how unfair and unwise you are. For which would you rather have? Money, or a faithful and modest friend? . . .

" What hinders a man, who has clearly comprehended these things, from living with a light heart, and bearing easily the reins,[5] quietly expecting everything which can happen, and enduring that which has already happened? Would you have me to bear poverty? Come, and you will know what poverty is when it has found one who can act well the part of a poor man." *

We must bear in mind Solon's [6] answer to Crœsus,[7] " Sir, if any other come that hath better iron than you, he will be master of all this gold."

Midas [8] is another case in point. *He* prayed that everything he touched might be turned into gold, and this prayer was granted. His wine turned to gold, his bread turned to gold, his clothes, his very bed.

> Attonitus novitate mali, divesque miserque,
> Effugere optat opes, et quae modo voverat, odit.[9]

He is by no means the only man who has suffered from too much gold.

The real truth I take to be that wealth is not necessarily an advantage, but that whether it is so or not depends on the use we make of it. The same, however, might be said of most other opportunities and privileges; Knowledge and Strength, Beauty and Skill, may all be abused; if we neglect or misuse them we are worse off than if we had never had them. Wealth is only a dis-

* Epictetus.

advantage in the hands of those who do not know how to use it. It gives the command of so many other things —leisure, the power of helping friends, books, works of art, opportunities and means of travel.

It would, however, be easy to exaggerate the advantages of money. It is well worth having, and worth working for, but it does not require too great a sacrifice; not indeed so great as is often offered up to it. A wise proverb tells us that gold may be bought too dear. If wealth is to be valued because it gives leisure, clearly it would be a mistake to sacrifice leisure in the struggle for wealth. Money has no doubt also a tendency to make men poor in spirit. But, on the other hand, what gift is there which is without danger?

Euripides [10] said that money finds friends for men, and has great (he said the greatest) power among Mankind, cynically adding, "A mighty person indeed is a rich man, especially if his heir be unknown."

Bossuet [11] tells us that "he had no attachment to riches, still if he had only what was barely necessary, he felt himself narrowed, and would lose more than half his talents."

Shelley [12] was certainly not an avaricious man, and yet, "I desire money," he said, "because I think I know the use of it. It commands labour, it gives leisure; and to give leisure to those who will employ it in the forwarding of truth is the noblest present an individual can make to the whole."

Many will have felt with Pepys [13] when he quaintly and piously says, "Abroad with my wife, the first time that ever I rode in my own coach; which do make my

heart rejoice and praise God, and pray him to bless it to me, and continue it."

This, indeed, was a somewhat selfish satisfaction. Yet the merchant need not quit nor be ashamed of his profession, bearing in mind only the inscription on the Church of St. Giacomo de Rialto at Venice: "Around this temple let the merchant's law be just, his weights true, and his covenants faithful." *

If life has been sacrificed to the rolling up of money for its own sake, the very means by which it was acquired will prevent its being enjoyed; the chill of poverty will have entered into the very bones. The term Miser [14] was happily chosen for such persons; they are essentially miserable.

"A collector peeps into all the picture shops of Europe for a landscape of Poussin,[15] a crayon sketch of Salvator;[16] but the Transfiguration, the Last Judgment, the Communion of St. Jerome, and what are as transcendent as these, are on the walls of the Vatican,[17] the Uffizi,[18] or the Louvre,[19] where every footman [20] may see them; to say nothing of Nature's pictures in every street, of sunsets and sunrises every day, and the sculpture of the human body never absent. A collector recently bought at public auction in London, for one hundred and fifty-seven guineas, an autograph of Shakespeare: but for nothing a schoolboy can read Hamlet, and can detect secrets of highest concernment yet unpublished therein." † And yet "What hath the owner but the sight of it with his eyes?" ††

We are really richer than we think. We often hear

* Ruskin. † Emerson. †† Solomon.

of Earth hunger. People envy a great Landlord, and fancy how delightful it must be to possess a large estate. But, as Emerson says, " if you own land, the land owns you." Moreover, have we not all, in a better sense—have we not all thousands of acres of our own? The commons,[21] and roads, and footpaths, and the sea-shore, our grand and varied coast—these are all ours. The sea-coast has, moreover, two great advantages. In the first place, it is for the most part but little interfered with by man, and in the second it exhibits most instructively the forces of Nature. We are all great landed proprietors, if we only knew it. What we lack is not land, but the power to enjoy it. Moreover, this great inheritance has the additional advantage that it entails no labour, requires no management. The landlord has the trouble, but the landscape belongs to every one who has eyes to see it. Thus Kingsley [22] called the heaths round Eversley [23] his " winter garden "; not because they were his in the eye of the law, but in that higher sense in which ten thousand persons may own the same thing.

Sir Peter and Lady Teazle

From "THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL",
By R. B. B. SHERIDAN

Richard Brinsley B. Sheridan (1751–1816) has a double claim to fame. He had an extraordinary gift of eloquence such as has seldom been equalled. He entered Parliament in 1780 and took a leading part in the impeachment of Warren Hastings. His first speech on the Begums of Oudh affected the members so powerfully that we are told "the House decided to adjourn as being still too much under the influence of this wonderful speech, to give a cool, impartial vote". In 1794 he made another memorable speech on the French Revolution.

In the earlier part of his life his interest was in the drama. In 1775 his play *The Rivals* was produced at Covent Garden theatre in London and soon won a striking success. With the help of his father-in-law he purchased the famous Drury Lane theatre and produced *The School for Scandal* (1777) and *The Critic* (1799). It has been claimed that "in genuine mirthful humour Sheridan has been surpassed by Shakespeare alone". The quarrel scene between Sir Peter and Lady Teazle is the best-known scene in *The School for Scandal*, in which the dramatist holds up to ridicule the frivolous and artificial life of the eighteenth-century fashionable world. The play has been described as "perhaps the most brilliant and most theatrically effective of all English comedies".

A wealthy old bachelor, Sir Peter Teazle, has married a young girl who has lived all her life in the country and has

been brought up in the most economical manner. Their quarrels, of which the following scene is a specimen, began almost before the wedding ceremony was over, and the bride plunged at once into all the fashionable town luxuries. Yet Sir Peter does not cease to love her. At the end of the play, Lady Teazle turns over a new leaf, and Sir Peter announces that they intend to live happily together.

ACT II

SCENE I. *A Room in Sir Peter Teazle's House*

Enter SIR PETER *and* LADY TEAZLE

Sir Pet. Lady Teazle, Lady Teazle, I'll not bear it.

Lady Teaz. Sir Peter, Sir Peter, you may bear it or not, as you please! but I ought to have my own way in everything, and, what's more, I will too. What! though I was educated in the country, I know very well that women of fashion in London are accountable to nobody after they are married.

Sir Pet. Very well, ma'am, very well; so a husband is to have no influence, no authority?

Lady Teaz. Authority! No, to be sure:—if you wanted authority over me, you should have adopted me, and not married me: I am sure you were old enough.

Sir Pet. Old enough!—ay, there it is. Well, well, Lady Teazle, though my life may be made unhappy by your temper, I'll not be ruined by your extravagance!

Lady Teaz. My extravagance! I'm sure I'm not more extravagant than a woman of fashion ought to be.

Sir Pet. No, no, madam, you shall throw away no

more sums on such unmeaning luxury. 'Slife![1] to spend as much to furnish your dressing-room with flowers in winter as would suffice to turn the Pantheon[2] into a greenhouse,[3] and give a *fête champêtre*[4] at Christmas.

Lady Teaz. And am I to blame, Sir Peter, because flowers are dear in cold weather? You should find fault with the climate, and not with me. For my part, I'm sure I wish it was spring all the year round, and that roses grew under our feet!

Sir Pet. Oons![5] madam—if you had been born to this I shouldn't wonder at your talking thus; but you forget what your situation was when I married you.

Lady Teaz. No, no, I don't; 'twas a very disagreeable one, or I should never have married you.

Sir Pet. Yes, yes, madam, you were then in somewhat a humbler style—the daughter of a plain country squire. Recollect, Lady Teazle, when I saw you first sitting at your tambour,[6] in pretty figured[7] linen gown, with a bunch of keys at your side, your hair combed smooth over a roll,[8] and your apartment hung round with fruits in worsted,[9] of your own working.

Lady Teaz. Oh, yes! I remember it very well, and a curious life I led. My daily occupation to inspect the dairy, superintend the poultry, make extracts from the family receipt-book,[10] and comb my aunt Deborah's lap-dog.

Sir Pet. Yes, yes, ma'am, 'twas so indeed.

Lady Teaz. And then, you know, my evening amusements! To draw patterns for ruffles,[11] which I had not materials to make up: to play Pope Joan[12] with the curate; to read a sermon to my aunt; or to be stuck down to an

old spinet [13] to strum [14] my father to sleep after a fox-chase.

Sir Pet. I am glad you have so good a memory. Yes, madam, these were the recreations I took you from; but now you must have your coach [15]—vis-à-vis—and three powdered [16] footmen [17] before your chair; and, in the summer, a pair of white cats [18] to draw you to Kensington Gardens. No recollection, I suppose, when you were content to ride double, behind the butler, on a docked [19] coach-horse.

Lady Teaz. No—I swear I never did that: I deny the butler and the coach-horse.

Sir Pet. This, madam, was your situation: and what have I done for you? I have made you a woman of fashion, of fortune, of rank—in short, I have made you my wife.

Lady Teaz. Well, then, and there is but one thing more you can make me to add to the obligation, that is——

Sir Pet. My widow, I suppose?

Lady Teaz. Hem! Hem!

Sir Pet. I thank you, madam—but don't flatter yourself; for, though your ill conduct may disturb my peace of mind, it shall never break my heart, I promise you; however, I am equally obliged to you for the hint.

Lady Teaz. Then why will you endeavour to make yourself so disagreeable to me, and thwart me in every little elegant expense?

Sir Pet. 'Slife, madam, I say, had you any of these little elegant expenses when you married me?

Lady Teaz. Lud, Sir Peter! would you have me be out of the fashion!

Sir Pet. The fashion, indeed! what had you to do with the fashion before you married me?

Lady Teaz. For my part, I should think you would like to have your wife thought a woman of taste.

Sir Pet. Ay—there again—taste! Zounds![20] madam, you had no taste when you married me!

Lady Teaz. That's very true, indeed, Sir Peter! and, after having married you, I should never pretend to taste again, I allow. But now, Sir Peter, having finished our daily jangle, I presume I may go to my engagement at Lady Sneerwell's.

Sir Pet. Ay, there's another precious circumstance—a charming set of acquaintance you have made there!

Lady Teaz. Nay, Sir Peter, they are all people of rank and fortune, and remarkably tenacious of reputation.

Sir Pet. Yes, egad,[21] they are tenacious of reputation with a vengeance; for they don't choose any body should have a character but themselves! Such a crew! Ah! many a wretch has rid on a hurdle[22] who has done less mischief than these utterers of forged tales,[23] coiners of scandal,[24] and clippers of reputation.[25]

Lady Teaz. What, would you restrain the freedom of speech?

Sir Pet. Ah! they have made you just as bad as any one of the society.

Lady Teaz. Why, I believe I do bear a part with a tolerable grace.

Sir Pet. Grace indeed!

Lady Teaz. But I vow I bear no malice against the people I abuse: when I say an ill-natured thing, 'tis out of pure good humour; and I take it for granted they

deal exactly in the same manner with me. But, Sir Peter, you know you promised to come to Lady Sneerwell's too.

Sir Pet. Well, well, I'll call in, just to look after my own character.

Lady Teaz. Then, indeed, you must make haste after me, or you'll be too late. So good-bye to ye. [*Exit.*

Sir Pet. So—I have gained much by my intended expostulation! [26] Yet with a charming air she contradicts everything I say, and how pleasantly she shows her contempt for my authority! Well, though I can't make her love me, there is a great satisfaction in quarrelling with her; and I think she never appears to such advantage as when she is doing everything in her power to plague me. [*Exit.*

The Boat Race

From " HARD CASH ",
By CHARLES READE

Charles Reade (1814–84) is not regarded as among the greatest novelists of the nineteenth century, but takes a high place in the second rank. His historical novel, *The Cloister and the Hearth*, was declared by Swinburne to be " among the very greatest masterpieces of narrative ". Charles Reade was a scholar and became a Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford. Like a true scholar, he was at great pains to secure the accuracy of his facts. He was a master of vivid narrative, and some of the more thrilling episodes in his novels can be read many times with undiminished pleasure.

Like Charles Dickens, he used his novels as a means of calling public attention to what he regarded as public scandals. For example, *It's Never Too Late to Mend* is in part a powerful attack on the " separate and silent system " then in vogue in English prisons; and one of the aims of *Hard Cash* is to expose the abuses of mental hospitals conducted by private persons for gain.

The boat-race scene comes near the beginning of the novel *Hard Cash*. Julia Dodd (the heroine of the story) and her mother are watching the boat-races at the Henley " Regatta " on the river Thames. In the race between boats representing Oxford and Cambridge Universities, Julia's brother, Edward, rows for Oxford, and Alfred Hardie (the hero of the story) is the " stroke " (the rower who sits in front and is practically " captain " of the boat). On this day the heroine for the first

time meets the hero, who is to become her lover and have many exciting adventures before the wedding takes place.

Few things in this vale of tears [1] are more worthy a pen of fire [2] than an English boat-race is, as seen by the runners; of whom I have often been one. But this race I am bound to indicate, not describe; I mean, to show how it appeared to two ladies [3] seated on the Henley [4] side of the Thames, nearly opposite the winning-post. These fair novices [5] then looked all down the river, and could just discern two whitish streaks on the water, one on each side the little fairy isle, and a great black patch on the Berkshire [6] bank. The threatening streaks were the two racing boats: the black patch was about a hundred Cambridge and Oxford men, ready to run and hallo with the boats all the way, or at least till the last puff of wind should be run plus halloed out of their young bodies.[7] Others less fleet and enduring, but equally clamorous, stood in knots at various distances, ripe for a shorter yell and run when the boats should come up to them. Of the natives and country visitors, those who were not nailed down by bounteous Fate [8] ebbed and flowed up and down the bank, with no settled idea but of getting in the way as much as possible, and of getting knocked into the Thames as little as might be.

There was a long uneasy suspense.

At last a puff of smoke issued from a pistol down at the island; two oars seemed to splash into the water from each white streak; and the black patch was moving; so were the threatening streaks. Presently was heard a faint, continuous, distant murmur, and the streaks began

to get larger, and larger, and larger; and the eight splashing oars looked four instead of two.

Every head was now turned down the river. Groups hung craning over it like nodding bulrushes.

Next the runners were swelled by the stragglers they picked up; so were their voices; and on came the splashing oars and roaring lungs.

Now the colours of the racing jerseys peeped distinct. The oarsmen's heads and bodies came swinging back like one, and the oars seemed to lash the water savagely, like a connected row of swords, and the spray squirted at each vicious stroke. The boats leaped and darted side by side, and, looking at them in front, Julia could not say which was ahead. On they came nearer and nearer, with hundreds of voices vociferating, "Go it, Cambridge!" "Well pulled, Oxford!" "You are gaining, hurrah!" "Well pulled, Trinity!" [9] "Hurrah!" "Oxford!" "Cambridge!" "Now is your time, Hardie; [10] pick her up!" [11] "Oh, well pulled, Six!" [12] "Well pulled, Stroke!" [13] "Up, up! lift her a bit!" "Cambridge!" "Oxford!" "Hurrah!"

At this Julia turned red and pale by turns. "O mamma!" said she, clasping her hands and colouring high, "would it be very wrong if I were to *pray* for Oxford to win?"

Mrs. Dodd had a monitory finger; it was on her left hand; she raised it; and that moment, as if she had given a signal, the boats, foreshortened [14] no longer, shot out to treble the length they had looked hitherto, and came broadside past our palpitating fair, the elastic rowers stretched like greyhounds in a chase, darting for-

ward at each stroke so boldly they seemed flying out of the boats, and surging back as superbly, an eightfold human wave: their nostrils all open, the lips of some pale and glutinous; their white teeth all clenched grimly, their young eyes all glowing, their supple bodies swelling, the muscles writhing beneath their jerseys, and the sinews starting on each bare brown arm; their little shrill coxswains [15] shouting imperiously at the young giants, and working to and fro [16] with them, like jockeys at a finish; [17] nine souls and bodies flung whole into each magnificent effort; water foaming and flying, row-locks ringing, crowd running, tumbling, and howling like mad; and Cambridge a boat's nose ahead.

They had scarcely passed our two spectators, when Oxford put on a furious spurt, and got fully even with the leading boat. There was a louder roar than ever from the bank. Cambridge spurted desperately in turn, and stole those few feet back; and so they went fighting every inch of water. Bang! A cannon on the bank sent its smoke over both competitors; it dispersed in a moment, and the boats were seen pulling slowly towards the bridge—Cambridge with four oars, Oxford with six, as if that gun had winged them both.[18]

The race was over. But who had won our party could not see, and must wait to learn.

(The story goes on to tell that it was Cambridge that had won the eight-oared race; but later in the day Edward Dodd won the "sculls", in which there is only one rower in each boat, and was stroke oar of the Oxford crew that won a hotly-contested victory over Cambridge in the four-oared race.)

Sir James

From "THE HOUSE OF QUIET",
By A. C. BENSON

A. C. Benson (1862-1925) was the eldest of three distinguished sons of an archbishop. He was a novelist, poet, biographer and essayist. His volume of essays *From a College Window* had great popularity in America. He was a Fellow of Magdalene College, Cambridge, and became Master of the College in 1915.

"The House of Quiet" the author describes as an autobiography. It is, however, the autobiography not of A. C. Benson, but of an imaginary character conceived by A. C. Benson. The book, he says, was meant as a message to the weak rather than as a challenge to the strong. He tries to imagine what would happen if a person of weak and gentle nature but with a strong sense of duty and responsibility were suddenly driven out of active life, as, for example, by some disabling disease. He pictures such a person as living a life which, though quiet and retired, is nevertheless wholesome, contented and helpful.

Now I will draw, carefully, faithfully, and lovingly, the portraits of some of my friends; they are not likely ever to set eyes on the delineation: and if by some chance they do, they will forgive me, I think.

I have chosen three or four of the most typical of my not very numerous neighbours, though there are many similar portraits scattered up and down my diaries.

It happened this morning that a small piece of parish business turned up which necessitated my communicating with Sir James, our chief landowner. Staunton is his name, and his rank is baronet. He comes of a typically English stock. As early as the fourteenth century the Stauntons seem to have held land in the parish; they were yeomen,[1] no doubt, owning a few hundred acres of freehold.[2] In the sixteenth century one of them drifted to London, made a fortune, and, dying childless, left his money to the head of the house, who bought more land, built a larger house, became esquire, and eventually knight; his brass [3] is in the church. They were unimaginative folk, and whenever the country was divided, they generally contrived to find themselves on the prosaic and successful side.

Early in the eighteenth century there were two brothers: the younger, a clergyman, by some happy accident became connected with the Court, made a fortunate marriage, and held a deanery first, and then a bishopric. Here he amassed a considerable fortune. His portrait, which hangs at the Park,[4] represents a man with a face of the shape and colour of a ripe plum, with hardly more distinction of feature, shrouded [5] in a full wig. Behind him, under a velvet curtain, stands his cathedral, in a stormy sky. The bishop's monument is one of the chief disfigurements, or the chief ornaments of our church, according as your taste is severe or catholic.[6] It represents the deceased prelate in a reclining attitude,

with a somewhat rueful expression, as of a man fallen from a considerable height. Over him bends a solicitous angel in the attitude of one inquiring what is amiss. One of the prelate's delicate hands is outstretched from a gigantic lawn sleeve, like a haggis,[7] which requires an iron support to sustain it; the other elbow is propped upon some marble volumes of controversial divinity.[8] In an alcove behind is a tumid mitre,[9] quite putting into the shade a meagre celestial crown with marble rays, which is pushed unceremoniously into the top of the recess.

The bishop succeeded his elder brother in the estate, and added largely to the property. The bishop's only son sat for [10] a neighbouring borough,[11] and was created a baronet for his services, which were of the most straightforward kind. At this point, by one of the strange freaks of which even county families are sometimes guilty, a curious gleam of romance flashed across the dull record. The baronet's eldest son developed literary tastes, drifted to London, became a hanger-on of the Johnsonian circle [12] —his name occurs in footnotes to literary memoirs of the period; married a lady of questionable reputation, and published two volumes of " Letters to a Young Lady of Quality ", which combine, to a quite singular degree, magnificence of diction with tenuity [13] of thought. This Jack Staunton was a spendthrift, and would have made strange havoc of the estate, but his father fortunately outlived him; and by the offer of a small pension to Mrs. Jack, who was left hopelessly destitute, contrived to get the little grandson and heir into his own hands. The little boy developed into the kind of person that

no one would desire as a descendant, but that all would envy as an ancestor. He was a miser pure and simple.[14] In his day the tenants were ground down, rents were raised, plantations were made, land was acquired in all directions; but the house became ruinous, and the miserable owner, in a suit of coarse cloth like a second-rate farmer, sneaked about his lands with a sly and secret smile,[15] avoiding speech with tenants and neighbours alike, and eating small and penurious meals in the dusty dining-room in company with an aged and drunken bailiff, the discovery of whose constant attempts to defraud his master of a few shillings was the delight and triumph of the baronet's life. He died a bachelor; at his death a cousin, a grandson of the first baronet, succeeded, and found that whatever else he had done, the miser had left immense accumulations of money behind him. This gentleman was in the army, and fought at Waterloo,[16] after which he imitated the example of his class, and became an unflinching Tory politician. The fourth baronet was a singularly inconspicuous person whom I can just remember, whose principal diversion was his kennel.[17] I have often seen him when, as a child, I used to lunch there with my mother, stand throughout the meal in absolute silence, sipping a glass of sherry on the hearthrug, and slowly munching a large biscuit, and, before we withdrew, producing from his pocket the envelopes which had contained the correspondence of the morning, and filling them with bones, pieces of fat, fag-ends of joints,[18] to bestow upon the dogs in the course of the afternoon. This habit I considered, as a child, to be distinctly agreeable, and I

should have been deeply disappointed if Sir John had ever failed to do it.

The present Sir James is now a man of forty. He was at Eton [19] and Trinity,[20] and for a short time in the Guards.[21] He married the daughter of a neighbouring baronet, and at the age of thirty, when his father died, settled down to the congenial occupation of a country gentleman. He is, in spite of the fact that he had a large landed estate, a very wealthy man. I imagine he has at least £20,000 a year. He has a London house, to which Lady Staunton goes for the season,[22] but Sir James who makes a point of accompanying her, soon finds that business necessitates his at once returning to the country; and I am not sure that the summer months, which he spends absolutely alone, are not the most agreeable part of the year for him. He has three stolid and healthy children—two boys and a girl. He takes no interest whatever in politics, religion, literature, or art. He takes in [23] the *Standard* [24] and the *Field*.[25] He hunts a little, and shoots a little but does not care about either. He spends his morning and afternoon in pottering about [26] the estate. In the evening he writes a few letters, dines well, reads the paper and goes to bed. He does not care about dining out; [27] indeed the prospect of a dinner-party or a dance clouds the pleasure of the day. He goes to Church once on Sunday; he is an active magistrate; he has, at long intervals, two or three friends of like tastes to stay with him, who accompany him, much to his dislike, in his perambulations, and stand about whistling, or staring at stacks and cattle, while he talks to the bailiff. But he is a kindly, cheery, generous

man, with a good head for business, and an idea of [28] his position. He is absolutely honourable and straightforward, and faces an unpleasant duty, when he has made up his mind to it, with entire tranquillity. No mental speculation [29] has ever come in his way; at school he was a sound, healthy boy, good at games, who did his work punctually, and was of blameless character. He made no particular friends; sat through school after school, under various sorts of masters, never inattentive and never interested. He had a preference for dull and sober teachers, men with whom, as he said, "you knew where you were"; [30] a stimulating teacher bewildered him,—"always talking about poetry and rot".[31] At Cambridge it was the same. He rowed in his College boat; he passed the prescribed examinations; he led a clean healthy decorous life; and no idea, small or great, no sense of beauty, no wonder at the scheme of things, ever entered his head. If by chance he ever found himself in the company of an undergraduate, whose mind and heart were full of burning, incomplete, fantastic thoughts, James listened politely to what he had to say, hazarded no statements, and said, in quiet after-comment, "Gad, how that chap does jaw!" [32] No one ever thought him stupid; he knew what was going on; he was sociable, kind, not the least egotistical, and far too much of a gentleman to exhibit the least complacency in his position or wealth—only he knew exactly what he liked, and had none of the pathetic admiration for talent that is sometimes found in the unintellectual. When he went into the Guards it was just the same. He was popular and respected, friendly with his men, perfectly punctual,

capable and respectable. He had no taste for wine or gambling or disreputable courses. He admired nobody and nothing, and no one ever obtained the slightest influence over him. At home he was perfectly happy, kind to his sisters, ready to do anything he was asked, and to join in anything that was going on. When he succeeded to the estate, he went quietly to work to find a wife, and married a pretty, contented girl, with the same notions as himself. He never said an unkind thing to her, or to any of his family, and expressed no extravagant affection for any one. He is trustee for all his relations, and always finds time to look after their affairs. He is always ready to subscribe to any good object, and has contrived never to squabble with an angular ritualistic [33] clergyman, who thinks him a devoted son of the Church. He has declined several invitations to stand for Parliament, and has no desire to be elevated to the Peerage. He will probably live to a green old age, and leave an immense fortune. I do not fancy that he is much given to meditate about his latter end; but if he ever lets his mind range over the life beyond the grave, he probably anticipates vaguely that, under somewhat airy conditions, he will continue to enjoy the consideration of his fellow-beings, and deserve their respect.

The Reunion Battalion Dinner

From " ENGLISH JOURNEY ",
By J. B. PRIESTLEY

Mr. John B. Priestley (born 1894) was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge. He has been a prolific writer as novelist and critic. His novel *The Good Companions* (1929) has been among the most striking successes of our time. Among his other novels are *Angel Pavement* and *Faraway*. He wrote the volumes on Meredith and on Peacock in the " English Men of Letters " series, and the volume on *Humour* in the " English Heritage " series. *English Journey* is an account of a journey through England made by the author in 1933. He discusses chiefly the mood, interests, occupations and outlook of the people and the social and economic conditions of the time.

The " battalion reunion " which Mr. Priestley describes in the following passage took place at Bradford in Yorkshire. Before the War, while each regiment had a headquarters, the soldiers who joined the regiment did not necessarily belong to the district of which that city was the headquarters. During the War " Pals Battalions " were formed (" pals " is slang for " intimate friends ") on the principle that men who knew each other very well were likely to fight better if they were kept together. Mr. Priestley, however, did not belong to one of these battalions.

Note.—During the War there was an indefinite number of battalions in a regiment. When at full strength, there are

four companies of two hundred men each in a battalion and four platoons of fifty men each in a company.

The re-union battalion dinner, which had brought me here when I ought to have been continuing my journey elsewhere, was held at a tavern on Saturday night. The battalion was the 10th Duke of Wellington's, of the 23rd Division, which did good work in France and then in the later stage of the war did equally good work on the Italian Front. It was not specifically a Bradford battalion. Most of the fellows I had known as a boy had not belonged to it, but had joined a Bradford " Pals " battalion that had been formed rather later. There were a number of these " Pals " battalions, and as a rule the young men in them were well above the average in intelligence, physique and enthusiasm. They were all sent to the attack on the Somme on July 1st, 1916, when they were butchered with remarkable efficiency. I spent my boyhood in a rapidly growing suburb of Bradford, and there was a gang of us there, lads who played football together, went " chumping " (i.e. collecting—frequently stealing—wood for the bonfires) just before the 5th of November,[1] played " tin-can squat " and " rally-ho " round the half-built houses, climbed and larked about on the builders' timber stacks,[2] exchanged penny dreadfuls,[3] and sometimes made plans for an adventurous future. If those plans had been more sensible, they would still have been futile; for out of this group there are, I think, only two of us left alive. There are great gaps in my acquaintance now;[4] and I

find it difficult to swop [5] reminiscences of boyhood. "The men who were boys when I was a boy," the poet chants; but the men who were boys when I was a boy are dead. Indeed they never even grew to be men. They were slaughtered in youth; and the parents of them have gone lonely, the girls they would have married have grown grey in spinsterhood, and the work they would have done has remained undone. It is an old worn topic: the choicer spirits begin to yawn at the sight of it; those of us who are left of that generation are, it seems, rapidly becoming mumbling old bores. It is, however, a subject that has strange ramifications; probably I should not be writing this book now if thousands of better men had not been killed; and if they had been alive still, it is certain that I should have been writing, if at all, about another and better England. I have had playmates, I have had companions, but all, all are gone; [6] and they were killed by greed and muddle and monstrous cross-purposes,[7] by old men gobbling [8] and roaring in clubs, by diplomats working underground [9] like monocled moles,[10] by journalists wanting a good story, by hysterical women waving flags,[11] by grumbling debenture-holders,[12] by strong silent [13] be-ribboned asses, by fear or apathy or downright lack of imagination. I saw a certain War Memorial not long ago; and it was a fine obelisk,[14] carefully flood-lit [15] after dark. On one side it said *Their Name Liveth For Evermore*; [16] and on the other side it said *Lest We Forget*.[17] The same old muddle,[18] you see: reaching down to the very grave, the mouldering bones.

I was with this battalion when it was first formed,

when I was a private just turned twenty; but I left it, as a casualty,[19] in the summer of 1916 and never saw it again, being afterwards transferred to another regiment. The very secretary who wrote asking me to attend this dinner was unknown to me, having joined the battalion after I had left it. So I did not expect to see many there who had belonged to the old original lot, because I knew only too well that a large number of them, some of them my friends, had been killed. But the thought of meeting again the few I would remember, the men who had shared with me those training camps in 1914 and the first half of 1915 and those trenches in the autumn and winter of 1915 and the spring of 1916 was very exciting. There were bound to be a few there from my old platoon, Number Eight. It was a platoon with a character of its own. Though there were some of us in it young and tender enough, the majority of the Number Eighters were rather older and grimmer than the run[20] of men in the battalion; tough factory hands, some of them of Irish descent, not without previous military service, generally in the old militia.[21] When the battalion was swaggering along, you could not get Eight Platoon to sing: it marched in grim, disapproving silence. But there came a famous occasion when the rest of the battalion, exhausted and blindly limping along, had not a note left in it;[22] gone now were the boasts about returning to Tipperary,[23] the loud enquiries about the Lady Friend;[24] the battalion was whacked and dumb. It was then that a strange sound was heard from the stumbling ranks of B Company, a sound never caught before; not very melodious perhaps nor light-hearted,

but miraculous: *Number Eight Platoon was singing.* Well, that was my old platoon, and I was eagerly looking forward to seeing a few old remaining members of it. But I knew that I should not see the very ones who had been closest to me in friendship, for they had been killed; though there was a moment, I think, when I told myself simply that I was going to see the old platoon, and, forgetting the cruelty of life, innocently hoped they would all be there, the dead as well as the living. After all, there was every excuse that I should dream so wildly for a moment, because all these fellows had vanished from my sight for years and years and in memory I had seen the dead more often than the living. And I think that if, when I climbed the stairs of the tavern, I had seen my friends Irving Ellis and Herbert Waddington and Charlie Burns waiting at the top, grinning at me over their glasses of ale, I would not have been shocked nor even surprised, would not have remembered that they had returned from distant graves. Sometimes I feel like a very old man and find it hard to remember who still walk the earth and who have left it: I have many vivid dreams, and the dead move casually through them: *they pass and smile, the children of the sword.*

Never have I seen a tavern stairs or a tavern upstairs so crowded, so tremendously alive with roaring masculinity, as I did that night. Most of the faces were strange to me, but here and there, miraculously, was a face that was not only instantly familiar but that at once succeeded in recalling a whole vanished epoch, as if I had spent long years with its owner in some earlier incarnation. We sat down, jammed together, in a dining-room that

can never have held more people in all its existence. It was not full,[25] it was bursting. We could hardly lift the roast beef and apple tart to our mouths. Under the coloured-paper decorations we sweated like bulls. The ale went down sizzling.[26] But we were happy, no doubt about that. We roared at one another across the narrow tables. The waiters squeezing past these lines of feasting warriors, looked terrified and about half life-size. The very bunting [27] steamed. I was between two majors, one of whom was the chairman (and no cool man at any time, except no doubt at a crisis in the front line) now quite red-hot. With him I exchanged reminiscences that seemed almost antediluvian,[28] so far away were those training camps and the figures that roared commands in them. The other major, unlike most of us there, was not a West Riding [29] man at all, but a South Country schoolmaster, known to all his men as " Daddy ", and whose character and reputation were such that through him the whole affected tittering South Country [30] was forgiven everything. In short, he was amazingly and deservedly popular. Rarely have I observed such waves of affectionate esteem rolling towards a man as I did that night. Those rough chaps, brought up in an altogether alien tradition, adored him; and his heart went out to them. I caught a glimpse then—and I am not likely to forget it—of what leadership can mean in men's lives. I had seen it, of course, in the war itself; but long years of a snarling peace, in which everybody tended to suspect everybody else, had made me forget almost its very existence. And I do not suppose that in all the years that had passed since the war any of those

men had found themselves moved by the emotion that compelled them that night to rush forward, at the earliest opportunity, and bring themselves to the notice of "good old Daddy". In other words they had known this quality of affectionate leadership in war but not in peace. It is more than sentimentality [31] that asks, urgently and bewilderedly, if they could not have been given an outlet for this deep feeling just as easily in a united effort to help England as in a similar effort to frustrate Germany. Are such emotions impossible except when we are slaughtering one another? It is the men . . . and good men too—who answer *Yes* to this who grow sentimental about war. They do not seem to see that it is not war that is right, for it is impossible to defend such stupid long-range butchery, but that it is peace that is wrong, the civilian life to which they returned, a condition of things in which they found their manhood stunted, their generous impulses baffled, their double instinct for leadership and loyalty completely checked. Men are much better than their ordinary life allows them to be.

The toast [32] in memory of the dead, which we drank at the end of the dinner, would have been very moving only unfortunately when we were all standing up, raising our glasses and silent, there came from a very tinny piano in the far corner of the room what sounded to me like a polka [33] very badly played. I tried to think, solemnly, tenderly, about my dead comrades, but this atrocious polka was terribly in the way. I sat down, bewildered. "Damn fool played it all wrong," growled the major, our chairman, in my ear. "Should have been much slower. Regimental march, y'know." That

little episode was just like life; and I suppose that is why I am at heart a comic writer. You stand up to toast your dead comrades; the moment is solemn and grand; and then the pianist must turn the regimental march into something idiotically frivolous, and ruin the occasion. I am certain that if my friends ever want to drink to my memory, something equally daft [34] will happen; and I shall murmur "What did I tell you?" from the great darkness. Now more men came in; the temperature rose another fifteen degrees; the waiters shrank another six inches; and there were songs and speeches. The chairman made a good speech, and in the course of it told the lads that the last battle in which the battalion had been engaged, on the Italian front, was the greatest pitched battle in the whole history of the world. As he talked about this battle and its momentous consequences, I stared at the rows of flushed faces in front of me, and thought how queer it was that these chaps from Bradford and Halifax and Keighley, woolcombers' and dyers' labourers, warehousemen and woolsorters, clerks and tram-conductors, should have gone out and helped to destroy for ever the power of the Hapsburgs,[35] closing a gigantic chapter of European history. What were the wildest prophecies of old Mother Shipton [36] compared with this!

I had arranged to meet, in a little ante-room, the survivors of my original platoon, and as soon as I decently could I escaped from the press of warriors in the big room, to revisit my own past. There were about eight of us present, and we ordered in some drinks and settled down to remember aloud. I had not seen any of these

fellows for seventeen years. I knew them all, of course, and they seemed little older. The difference was that before they had all been soldiers, whereas their respective status in civilian life set its mark upon them, and now one was a clerk, another a tram-conductor, another a mill-hand, and so forth. Nearly all of them remembered more than I did, although I have an exceptionally good memory. Details that had vanished for ever from my mind were easily present to theirs. Why? Was it because a defensive mechanism in my mind had obliterated as much as it could from my memory; [37] or was it because much more had happened to me since the war than had happened to them and, unlike them, I had not gone back over and over again to those war years? (A third explanation, of course, is that, living in the same district and often running across one another, they had talked over those years far more than I had.) As figure after figure, comic and tragic, came looming up through the fog of years, as place after place we had been in caught the light again, our talk became more and more eager and louder, until we shouted and laughed in triumph, as one always does when 'Time' seems to be suffering a temporary defeat. Frensham, Aldershot, Folkestone, Maidstone, Bully Grenay, Neuve Chapelle, Souchez,[38] how they returned to us! Once again the water was rising round our gum boots.[39] We remembered the fantastic places: that trench which ran in front of a graveyard, where the machine-gun bullets used to ricochet[40] off the tombstones; that first sight of Vimy Ridge in the snow, like a mountain of despair. We recalled to one another the strange coincidences and dark premonitions

poor melancholy B. who muttered, "I'll be lying out there to-night," and was, a dead man, that very night; grim sergeant W. who said to the draft,[41] "This is where you can expect to have your head blown off," and had his own shattered by a rifle-grenade[42] within three hours. And little Paddy O., who had always seemed such a wisp of a chap,[43] with everything about him drooping, who looked the same as ever, ready to drop at any moment, though he never had dropped and the Central Powers must have spent hundreds of thousands of marks trying to kill him, little Paddy,[44] I say, came close to me, finished his beer, and asked me, stammeringly as ever, if I remembered sending him from the first line for some water for the platoon, on a summer morning in 1916. "Nay," he stammered, "I wasn't gone more than t-ten minutes, and when I c-come back, where you'd been, Jack lad, there was n-nobbut a bloody big hole and I n-never set eyes on you again till to-night." And it was true. I had sent him away on a ten minutes' errand; immediately afterwards a giant trench mortar had exploded in the very entrance to the little dug-out where I was dividing up the platoon rations; I had been rushed away, and was gone before he returned; and it had taken us more than seventeen years to find one another again.

Several of us had arranged with the secretary to see that original members of the battalion to whom the price of the dinner was prohibitive[45] were provided with free tickets. But this, he told me, had not worked very well; and my old platoon comrades confirmed this, too, when I asked about one or two men. They were so

poor, these fellows, that they said they could not attend the dinner even if provided with free tickets because they felt that their clothes were not good enough. They ought to have known that they would have been welcome in the sorriest rags; but their pride would not allow them to come. (It was not a question of evening clothes; [46] this dinner was largely for ordinary working men.) I did not like to think then how bad their clothes, their whole circumstances, were: it is not, indeed, a pleasant subject. They were with us, swinging along while the women and old men cheered, in that early battalion of Kitchener's New Army,[47] were with us when kings, statesmen, general officers, all reviewed us, when the crowds threw flowers, blessed us, cried over us; and then they stood in the mud and water, scrambled through the broken strands of barbed wire, saw the sky darken and the earth open with red-hot steel, and came back as official heroes [48] and also as young-old workmen wanting to pick up their jobs and their ordinary life again; and now, in 1933, they could not even join us in a tavern because they had not decent coats to their backs. We could drink to the tragedy of the dead; but we could only stare at one another, in pitiful embarrassment, over this tragi-comedy of the living, who had fought for a world that did not want them, who had come back to exchange their uniforms for rags. And who shall restore to them the years that the locust hath eaten? [49]

The Revenge

From " ENGLAND'S FORGOTTEN WORTHIES ",
By J. A. FROUDE

James Anthony Froude (1818 94) was for a time under the influence of Newman and the High Church Movement in Oxford known as the Tractarian Movement. Later his religious outlook changed and he became the chief disciple of Carlyle. As Carlyle's literary executor he edited his " Reminiscences ", Mrs. Carlyle's " Letters " and Carlyle's " Life ". The frankness of his revelation about the Carlyles has led many to distrust his judgment. From 1892 Froude was Regius Professor of Modern History at Oxford. It has been claimed that " in the art of making history as fascinating as fiction Macaulay is his only rival ". *Short Studies on Great Subjects*, in four volumes, is a reproduction of articles he had published in magazines (1867–83). Among his other works are: *History of England from the Fall of Wolsey to the Defeat of the Spanish Armada* (1869), *The English in Ireland in the Eighteenth Century* (1874–74), and *The Life and Letters of Erasmus* (1894). Froude was a master of English prose, but as an historian he has been accused of inaccuracy and partiality. The story of the *Revenge* is taken from one of the finest things Froude ever wrote, the essay on " England's Forgotten Worthies ", in *Short Studies*. The story is also the theme of one of Tennyson's best-known ballads.

(The John Huighen von Linschoten whom Froude quotes was a Dutch voyager at that time returning from a voyage to India. He was not himself present at the *Revenge* fight.)

In August, 1591, Lord Thomas Howard,[1] with six English line-of-battle ships,[2] six victuallers,[3] and two or three pinnaces,[4] was lying at anchor under the Island of Florez.[5] Light in ballast [6] and short of water, with half his men disabled by sickness, Howard was unable to pursue the aggressive purpose on which he had been sent out. Several of the ships' crews were on shore: the ships themselves "all pestered and rommaging",[7] with everything out of order. In this condition they were surprised by a Spanish fleet consisting of fifty-three men of war. Eleven out of the twelve English ships obeyed the signal of the admiral, to cut or weigh their anchors [8] and escape as they might. The twelfth, the *Revenge*, was unable for the moment to follow. Of her crew of 190, ninety were sick on shore, and, from [9] the position of the ship, there was some delay and difficulty in getting them on board. The *Revenge* was commanded by Sir Richard Grenville,[10] of Bideford,[11] a man well-known in the Spanish seas,[12] and the terror of the Spanish sailors; so fierce he was said to be, that mythic stories passed from lip to lip about him, and, like Earl Talbot [13] or Cœur de Lion,[14] the nurses at the Azores frightened children with the sound of his name. "He was of great revenues, of his own inheritance," [15] they said, "but of unquiet mind, and greatly affected to wars;" and from his uncontrollable propensities for blood-eating,[16] he had volunteered his services to the queen; [17] "of so hard a complexion [18] was he, that I (John Huighen von Linschoten, who is our authority here, and who was with the Spanish fleet after the action) have been told by divers [19] credible persons who stood and beheld

him, that he would carouse [20] three or four glasses of wine, and take the glasses between his teeth and crush them in pieces and swallow them down ". Such Grenville was to [21] the Spaniard. To the English he was a goodly and gallant gentleman, who had never turned his back upon an enemy, and was remarkable in that remarkable time for his constancy and daring. In this surprise at Florez he was in no haste to fly. He first saw all his sick on board [22] and stowed away [23] on the ballast; and then, with no more than 100 men left him to fight and work the ship, he deliberately weighed, uncertain, as it seemed at first, what he intended to do. The Spanish fleet were by this time on his weather bow,[24] and he was persuaded [25] (we here take his cousin Raleigh's [26] beautiful narrative, and follow it in Raleigh's words) " to cut his mainsail and cast about, and trust to the sailing of the ship ":—[27]

" But Sir Richard utterly refused to turn from the enemy, alleging that he would rather choose to die than to dishonour himself, his country, and her Majesty's ship, persuading his company that he would pass through their two squadrons in spite of them, and enforce [28] those of Seville [29] to give him way: which he performed upon diverse of the foremost, who, as the mariners term it, sprang their luff,[30] and fell under the lee [31] of the *Revenge*. But the other course had been the better; and might right well have been answered in so great an impossibility of prevailing: [32] notwithstanding, out of the greatness of his mind, he could not be persuaded."

The wind was light; the *San Philip*, " a huge, high-carged ship " [33] of 1,500 tons, came up to windward of

him,[34] and, taking the wind out of his sails, ran aboard him.[35]

" After the *Revenge* was entangled with the *San Philip*, four others boarded her, two on her larboard [36] and two on her starboard.[37] The fight thus beginning at three o'clock in the afternoon continued very terrible all that evening. But the great *San Philip*, having received the lower tier [38] of the *Revenge*, shifted herself with all diligence from her sides, utterly misliking her first entertainment.[39] The Spanish ships were filled with soldiers, in some 200, besides the mariners, in some 500, in others 800. In ours there were none at all, besides the mariners, but the servants of the commander and some few voluntary gentlemen only. After many interchanged volleys of great ordnance and small shot, the Spaniards deliberated to enter the *Revenge*, and made divers attempts, hoping to force her by the multitude of their armed soldiers and musketeers; but were still repulsed again and again, and at all times beaten back into their own ship or into the sea. In the beginning of the fight the *George Noble*, of London, having received some shot through her by the Armadas, fell under the lee of the *Revenge*, and asked Sir Richard what he would command him; but being one of the victuallers, and of small force, Sir Richard bade him save himself and leave him [40] to his fortune."

This last was a little touch of gallantry, which we should be glad to remember with the honour due to the brave English sailor who commanded the *George Noble*; but his name has passed away, and his action is an *in memoriam*,[41] on which time has effaced the writing.[42] All

that August night the fight continued, the stars rolling over in their sad majesty, but unseen through the sulphurous clouds which hung over the scene. Ship after ship of the Spaniards came on upon the *Revenge*, "so that never less than two mighty galleons were at her side and aboard her," washing up like waves upon a rock, and falling foiled and shattered back amidst the roar of the artillery. Before morning fifteen several Armadas [43] had assailed her, and all in vain; some had been sunk at her side; and the rest, "so ill approving of their entertainment, that, at break of day they were far more willing to hearken to a composition,[44] than hastily to make more assaults or entries". "But as the day increased," says Raleigh, "so our men decreased; and as the light grew more and more, by so much the more grew our discomfort, for none appeared in sight but enemies, save one small ship called the *Pilgrim*, commanded by Jacob Whiddon, who hovered all night to see the success,[45] but in the morning, bearing with the *Revenge*,[46] was hunted like a hare among many ravenous hounds—but escaped.

All the powder in the *Revenge* was now spent, all her pikes were broken, forty out of her 100 men killed, and a great number of the rest wounded. Sir Richard, though badly hurt early in the battle, never forsook the deck till an hour before midnight; and was then shot through the body while his wounds were being dressed, and again in the head. His surgeon was killed while attending on him; the masts were lying over the side, the rigging cut or broken, the upper works all shot in pieces, and the ship herself, unable to move, was settling slowly in

the sea; the vast fleet of Spaniards lying round her in a ring, like dogs round a dying lion, and wary of approaching him in his last agony. Sir Richard, seeing that it was past hope, having fought for fifteen hours, and "having by estimation eight hundred shot of great artillery through him," "commanded the master gunner, whom he knew to be a most resolute man, to split and sink the ship, that thereby nothing might remain of glory or victory to the Spaniards; seeing in so many hours they were not able to take her, having had above fifteen hours' time, above ten thousand men, and fifty-three men of war to perform it withal;[47] and persuaded the company, or as many as he could induce, to yield themselves unto God and to the mercy of none else; but as they had, like valiant resolute men, repulsed so many enemies, they should not now shorten the honour of their nation by prolonging their own lives for a few hours or a few days."

The gunner and a few others consented. But such *daemoniē aretē*[48] was more than could be expected of ordinary seamen. They had dared to do all which did become men, and they were not more than men. Two Spanish ships had gone down, above 1500 of their crew were killed, and the Spanish admiral could not induce any one of the rest of his fleet to board the *Revenge* again, "doubting lest Sir Richard would have blown up himself and them, knowing his dangerous disposition". Sir Richard lying disabled below, the captain, "finding the Spaniards as ready to entertain a composition as they could be to offer it," gained over the majority of the surviving company; and the remainder then drawing

back from the master gunner, they all, without further consulting their dying commander, surrendered on honourable terms. If unequal to the English in action, the Spaniards were at least as courteous in victory. It is due to them to say, that the conditions were faithfully observed; and "the ship being marvellous unsavourie,"[49] Alonzo de Baçon, the Spanish admiral, sent his boat to bring Sir Richard on board his own vessel.

Sir Richard, whose life was fast ebbing away, replied that "he might do with his body what he list,[50] for that he esteemed it not"; and as he was carried out of the ship he swooned, and reviving again, desired the company to pray for him.

The admiral used him with all humanity, "commending his valour and worthiness, being unto them a rare spectacle, and a resolution seldom approved".[51] The officers of the fleet, too, John Higgins tells us, crowded round to look at him; and a new fight had almost broken out between the Biscayans[52] and the "Portugals",[53] each claiming the honour of having boarded the *Revenge*.

"In a few hours Sir Richard, feeling his end approaching, showed not any sign of faintness, but spake these words in Spanish, and said, 'Here die I, Richard Grenville, with a joyful and quiet mind, for that I have ended my life as a true soldier ought to do that hath fought for his country, queen, religion, and honour. Whereby my soul most joyfully departeth out of this body, and shall always leave behind it an everlasting fame of a valiant and true soldier that hath done his duty as he was bound to do.' When he had finished these or other such-like words, he gave up the ghost[54] with great and stout courage,

and no man could perceive any sign of heaviness in him."

Such was the fight at Florez in that August of 1591, without its equal in such of the annals of mankind as the thing which we call history has preserved to us; scarcely equalled by the most glorious fate which the imagination of Barrère could invent for the *Vengeur*.[55] Nor did the matter end without a sequel awful as itself. Sea battles have been often followed by storms, and without a miracle; but with a miracle, as the Spaniards and the English alike believed, or without one, as we moderns would prefer believing, " there ensued on this action a tempest so terrible as was never seen or heard the like before ". A fleet of merchantmen joined the Armada immediately after the battle, forming in all 140 sail; and of these 140, only thirty-two ever saw Spanish harbour. The rest foundered, or were lost on the Azores. The men-of-war had been so shattered by shot as to be unable to carry sail; and the *Revenge* herself, disdaining to survive her commander, or as if to complete his own last baffled purpose, like Samson,[56] buried herself and her 200 prize crew under the rocks of St. Michael's.[57]

The Sequel to an Accident

From "THE ROMANY RYE",
By GEORGE BORROW

George Borrow (1803-81) was a wanderer from his birth His father was a captain of militia who, in the unsettled conditions of those days, had to accompany his regiment to Scotland, Ireland, and many parts of England. From 1816 till 1818 the father was settled at Norwich (in Norfolk) and George had the opportunity of attending school there. He had previously studied at Edinburgh High School. He had an extraordinary capacity for learning languages and was nicknamed "Lavengro" (a gipsy word meaning "word-master") by a Norfolk gipsy acquaintance. A splendid figure of a man, deeply religious, loving the open air, and full of vitality, he travelled widely and met a great variety of people. For a time he pursued the legal profession but afterwards he turned to literature. In the capacity of an agent of the British and Foreign Bible Society, he visited Russia, Portugal, Spain and Morocco. In Spain he acted as correspondent of *The Times* (London). His travels extended also to the south-east of Europe and to Wales. He is said to have known Irish, French, German, Danish, Welsh, Latin, Greek and the Romany (gipsy) language.

His principal books are full of reminiscences of his own wide and unconventional experiences, often with very unconventional people. *Lavengro*, from which the following passage is taken, purports to be the autobiography of one who,

like Borrow himself, was the son of a military officer and a born traveller. *Romany Rye* (i.e. "The Gipsy Gentleman", a gipsy name which had also been applied to Borrow himself) is a sequel to *Lavengro*, published six years earlier. Just before the following passage opens, the author has been describing how one night, in the course of his travels, he was making merry with a party of harvesters in an inn on the borders of Lincolnshire. After dark, he had a long talk with a rat-catcher who told him some of the secrets of his trade. Then he mounted his horse to ride in the dark to a town, six miles away, when suddenly a light was flashed in the face of the horse, which became terrified and flung the rider out of the saddle.

How long I remained senseless I cannot say—for a considerable time I believe; at length, opening my eyes, I found myself lying on a bed in a middle-sized chamber, lighted by a candle, which stood on a table. An elderly man stood near me, and a yet more elderly female was holding a phial of very pungent salts to my olfactory organ.[1] I attempted to move, but felt very stiff; my right arm appeared nearly paralysed, and there was a strange dull sensation in my head. "You had better remain still, young man," said the elderly individual, "the surgeon will be here presently; I have sent a messenger for him to the neighbouring village." "Where am I?" said I, "and what has happened?" "You are in my house," said the old man, "and you have been flung from a horse. I am sorry to say that I was the cause. As I was driving home, the lights of my gig[2] frightened the animal." "Where is the horse?" said I. "Below, in my stable," said the elderly individual. "I

saw you fall, but knowing that on account of my age I could be of little use to you, I instantly hurried home, —the accident did not occur more than a furlong off—and procuring the assistance of my lad, and two or three neighbouring cottagers, I returned to the spot where you were lying senseless. We raised you up and brought you here. My lad then went in quest of the horse, who had run away as we drew nigh. When we saw him first, he was standing near you; he caught him with some difficulty, and brought him home. What are you about?" said the old man, as I strove to get off the bed. "I want to see the horse," said I. "I entreat you to be still," said the old man; "the horse is safe, I assure you." "I am thinking about his knees," said I. "Instead of thinking about your horse's knees," said the old man, "be thankful that you have not broke your own neck." "You do not talk wisely," said I; "when a man's neck is broke he is provided for; but when his horse's knees are broke he is a lost jockey, that is, if he has nothing but his horse to depend upon. A pretty figure I should cut[3] at Horncastle,[4] mounted on a horse blood-raw at the knees." "Oh, you are going to Horncastle," said the old man seriously, "then I can sympathise with you in your anxiety about your horse, being a Lincolnshire man, and the son of one who bred horses. I will myself go down into the stable, and examine into the condition of your horse, so pray remain quiet till I return; it would certainly be a terrible thing to appear at Horncastle on a broken-kneed horse."

He left the room, and returned at the end of about ten minutes, followed by another person. "Your horse

is safe," said he, " and his knees are unblemished; not a hair ruffled. He is a fine animal, and will do credit to Horncastle; but here is the surgeon come to examine into your own condition." The surgeon was a man about thirty-five, thin, and rather tall; his face was long and pale, and his hair, which was light, was carefully combed back as much as possible from his forehead. He was dressed very neatly, and spoke in a very precise tone. " Allow me to feel your pulse, friend," said he, taking me by the right wrist. I uttered a cry, for at the motion which he caused, a thrill of agony darted through my arm. " I hope your arm is not broke, my friend," said the surgeon, " allow me to see; first of all, we must divest you of this cumbrous frock." [5]

The frock was removed with some difficulty, and then the upper vestments of my frame with more difficulty still. The surgeon felt my arm, moving it up and down, causing me unspeakable pain. " There is no fracture," said he at last, " but a contusion [6]—a violent contusion. I am told you were going to Horncastle; I am afraid you will be hardly able to ride your horse thither in time to dispose of him; however, we shall see—your arm must be bandaged, friend; after which I will bleed you, and administer a composing draught."

To be short, the surgeon did as he proposed, and when he had administered the composing draught, he said, " Be of good cheer; I should not be surprised if you are yet in time for Horncastle." He then departed with the master of the house, and the woman, leaving me to my repose. I soon began to feel drowsy, and was just composing myself to slumber, lying on my back

as the surgeon had advised me, when I heard steps ascending the stairs, and in a moment more the surgeon entered again, followed by the master of the house. "I hope we don't disturb you," said the former; "my reason for returning is to relieve your mind from any anxiety with respect to your horse. I am by no means sure that you will be able, owing to your accident, to reach Horncastle in time: to quiet you, however, I will buy your horse for any reasonable sum. I have been down to the stable and approve of his figure. What do you want for him?" "This is a strange time of night," said I, "to come to me about purchasing my horse, and I am hardly in a fitting situation to be applied to about such a matter. What do you want him for?" "For my own use," said the surgeon; "I am a professional man, and am obliged to be continually driving about; I cover at least one hundred and fifty miles every week." "He will never answer your purpose," said I, "he is not a driving horse, and was never between the shafts in his life; he is for riding, more especially for trotting, at which he has few equals." "It matters not to me whether he is for riding or driving," said the surgeon, "sometimes I ride, sometimes drive; so if we can come to terms, I will buy him, though remember it is chiefly to remove any anxiety from your mind about him." "This is no time for bargaining," said I, "if you wish to have the horse for a hundred guineas, you may; if not——" "A hundred guineas," said the surgeon, "my good friend, you must surely be light-headed—allow me to feel your pulse," and he attempted to feel my left wrist. "I am not light-headed," said I, "and I require no one to feel my pulse;

but I should be light-headed if I were to sell my horse for less than I have demanded; but I have a curiosity to know what you would be willing to offer." "Thirty pounds," said the surgeon, "is all I can afford to give; and that is a great deal for a country surgeon to offer for a horse." "Thirty pounds!" said I, "why he cost me nearly double that sum. To tell you the truth, I am afraid you want to take advantage of my situation." "Not in the least, friend," said the surgeon; "not in the least; I only wish to set your mind at rest about your horse; but as you think he is worth more than I can afford to offer, take him to Horncastle by all means; I will do my best to cure you in time. Good-night, I will see you again on the morrow." Thereupon he once more departed with the master of the house. "A sharp one," I heard him say with a laugh, as the door closed upon him.

Left to myself, I again essayed to compose myself to rest, but for some time in vain. I had been terribly shaken by my fall, and had subsequently, owing to the incision of the surgeon's lancet, been deprived of much of the vital fluid; [7] it is when the body is in such a state that the merest trifles affect and agitate the mind; no wonder, then, that the return of the surgeon and the master of the house for the purpose of inquiring whether I would sell my horse struck me as being highly extraordinary, considering the hour of the night, and the situation in which they knew me to be. What could they mean by such conduct—did they wish to cheat me of the animal? "Well, well," said I, "if they did, what matters, they found their match; [8] yes, yes,"

said I, "but I am in their power, perhaps"—but I instantly dismissed the apprehension which came into my mind, with a pooh, nonsense![9] In a little time, however, a far more foolish and chimerical idea began to disturb me—the idea of being flung from my horse; was I not disgraced for ever as a horseman by being flung from my horse? Assuredly, I thought; and the idea of being disgraced as a horseman, operating on my nervous system, caused me very acute misery. "After all," said I to myself, "it was perhaps the contemptible opinion which the surgeon must have formed of my equestrian powers, which induced him to offer to take my horse off my hands;[10] he perhaps thought I was unable to manage a horse, and therefore in pity returned in the dead of night to offer to purchase the animal which had flung me;" and then the thought that the surgeon had conceived a contemptible opinion of my equestrian powers caused me the acutest misery, and continued tormenting me until some other idea (I have forgot what it was, but doubtless equally foolish,) took possession of my mind. At length, brought on by the agitation of my spirits, there came over me the same feeling of horror that I had experienced of old when I was a boy, and likewise of late within the dingle;[11] it was, however, not so violent as it had been on those occasions, and I struggled manfully against it, until by degrees it passed away, and then I fell asleep; and in my sleep I had an ugly dream. I dreamt that I had died of the injuries I had received from my fall, and that no sooner had my soul departed from my body than it entered that of a quadruped, even my own horse in

the stable—in a word, I was, to all intents and purposes, my own steed; and as I stood in the stable chewing hay (and I remember that the hay was exceedingly tough), the door opened, and the surgeon who had attended me came in. "My good animal," said he, "as your late master has scarcely left enough to pay for the expenses of his funeral, and nothing to remunerate me for my trouble, I shall make bold to take possession of you. If your paces are good, I shall keep you for my own riding; if not, I shall take you to Horncastle, your original destination." He then bridled and saddled me, and, leading me out, mounted, and then trotted me up and down before the house, at the door of which the old man, who now appeared to be dressed in regular jockey fashion, was standing. "I like his paces well," said the surgeon; "I think I shall take him for my own use." "And what am I to have for all the trouble his master caused me?" said my late entertainer, on whose countenance I now observed, for the first time, a diabolical squint. "The consciousness of having done your duty to a fellow-creature in succouring him in a time of distress must be your reward," said the surgeon. "Pretty gammon,[12] truly," said my late entertainer. "What would you say if I were to talk in that way to you? Come, unless you choose to behave jonnock,[13] I shall take the bridle and lead the horse back into the stable." "Well," said the surgeon, "we are old friends, and I don't wish to dispute with you, so I'll tell you what I will do: I will ride the animal to Horncastle, and we will share what he fetches like brothers." "Good," said the old man, "but if you say you have sold him for less than a hundred, I shan't

consider you jonnock; remember what the young fellow said—that young fellow——" I heard no more, for the next moment I found myself on a broad road, leading as I supposed in the direction of Horncastle, the surgeon still in the saddle, and my legs moving at a rapid trot. "Get on," said the surgeon, jerking my mouth with the bit; whereupon, full of rage, I instantly set off at a full gallop, determined, if possible, to dash my rider to the earth. The surgeon, however, kept his seat, and so far from attempting to abate my speed, urged me on to greater efforts with a stout stick, which methought he held in his hand. In vain did I rear and kick, attempting to get rid of my foe; but the surgeon remained as saddle-fast [14] as ever the Maugrabin sorcerer [15] in the Arabian tale, what time he rode the young prince transformed into a steed to his enchanted palace in the wilderness. At last, as I was still madly dashing on, panting and blowing, and had almost given up all hope, I saw at a distance before me a heap of stones by the side of the road, probably placed there for the purpose of repairing it; a thought appeared to strike me—I will shy at those stones, and if I can't get rid of him so, resign myself to my fate. So I increased my speed, till, arriving within about ten yards of the heap, I made a desperate start,[16] turning half round with nearly the velocity of a mill-stone. Oh, the joy I experienced when I felt my enemy canted over my neck, and saw him lying senseless in the road. "I have you now in my power," I said, or rather neighed, as going up to my prostrate foe, I stood over him. "Suppose I were to rear now, and let my fore feet fall upon you, what would your

life be worth? that is, supposing you are not killed already; but lie there, I will do you no further harm, but trot to Horncastle without a rider, and when there——" and without further reflection off I trotted in the direction of Horncastle, but had not gone far before my bridle, falling from my neck, got entangled with my off fore foot. I felt myself falling, a thrill of agony shot through me—my knees would be broken, and what should I do at Horncastle with a pair of broken knees! I struggled, but I could not disengage my off fore foot, and downward I fell, but before I had reached the ground I awoke, and found myself half out of bed, my bandaged arm in considerable pain, and my left hand just touching the floor.

With some difficulty I readjusted myself in bed. It was now early morning, and the first rays of the sun were beginning to penetrate the white curtains of a window on my left, which probably looked into a garden, as I caught a glimpse or two of the leaves of trees through a small uncovered part at the side. For some time I felt uneasy and anxious, my spirits being in a strange fluttering state. At last my eyes fell upon a small row of tea-cups, seemingly of china, which stood upon a mantelpiece exactly fronting the bottom of the bed. The sight of these objects, I know not why, soothed and pacified me; I kept my eyes fixed upon them, as I lay on my back on the bed, with my head upon the pillow, till at last I fell into a calm and refreshing sleep.

Brother Jacob

From " BROTHER JACOB ",
By GEORGE ELIOT

The lady who wrote under the pen-name of George Eliot was baptized as Mary Ann Evans. Her father was agent to a landed proprietor, and her early life in Warwickshire was uneventful. After the death of her parents, she settled in London as a journalist. She became attached to Mr. George Henry Lewes, a member of the literary circle in which she moved. For many years, until the death of Mr. Lewes, she lived with him as his wife; but she could not be legally married to him, as his wife, who had deserted him, was still living; and there was a technical legal difficulty which made it impossible for him to obtain a divorce. " George Eliot " believed that the law was unjust and that she was guilty of no immorality when she defied it. The moral struggle which she must have passed through is reflected in a number of her books, and she strenuously maintained the sacredness of the marriage tie. It was Mr. Lewes who encouraged her to become a novelist. In the year in which she died, she married Mr. John Walter Cross, a friend of herself and Mr. Lewes, some twenty years her junior.

As a novelist, George Eliot displayed deep thought, a rich vein of humour, mastery over the dialogue of villagers, and a wonderful insight into the mind and life of the lower middle classes. *Brother Jacob* is one of her shorter, less serious, and less well-known books. The passage selected

admirably illustrates the quality of her humour. A conceited and unscrupulous young confectioner, David Faux, one of the seven sons of an English peasant, resolves to steal from his mother twenty guineas that she has carefully kept in a drawer for many years, and with this sum to seek his fortune in the West Indies. He is about to bury the guineas in a hole in the ground when his idiot brother, Jacob, armed as usual with a pitchfork, appears on the scene. David happened to have with him a box of lozenges (sweet-meats) which he was about to present to his sweetheart. To divert Jacob's attention from the guineas, he pretends to turn them into lozenges, which he gives to Jacob. The only result is that Jacob is so charmed with the lozenges that he will lose no chance of getting more.

Other novels of George Eliot are: *The Mill on the Floss*, *Adam Bede*, *Daniel Deronda*, *Middlemarch*, and *Silas Marner*.

It may seem to you rather a blundering contrivance for a clever young man to bury the guineas. But, if everything had turned out as David had calculated, you would have seen that his plan was worthy of his talents. The guineas would have lain safely in the earth while the theft was discovered, and David, with the calm of conscious innocence, would have lingered at home, reluctant to say good-bye to his dear mother while she was in grief about her guineas; till at length, on the eve of his departure, he would have disinterred them in the strictest privacy, and carried them on his own person without inconvenience. But David, you perceive, had reckoned without his host,[1] or, to speak more precisely, without his idiot brother—an item of so uncertain and fluctuating a character, that I doubt whether he would

not have puzzled the astute heroes of M. de Balzac,[2] whose foresight is so remarkably at home in the future.

It was clear to David now that he had only one alternative before him: he must either renounce the guineas, by quietly putting them back in his mother's drawer (a course not unattended with difficulty); or he must leave more than a suspicion behind him, by departing early the next morning without giving notice, and with the guineas in his pocket. For if he gave notice that he was going, his mother, he knew, would insist on fetching from her box of guineas the three she had always promised him as his share; indeed, in his original plan, he had counted on this as a means by which the theft would be discovered under circumstances that would themselves speak for his innocence; but now, as I need hardly explain, that well-combined plan was completely frustrated. Even if David could have bribed Jacob with perpetual lozenges, an idiot's secrecy is itself betrayal.[3] He dared not even go to tea at Mr. Lunn's,[4] for in that case he would have lost sight of Jacob, who, in his impatience for the crop of lozenges, might scratch up the box again while he was absent, and carry it home —depriving him at once of reputation and guineas. No! he must think of nothing all the rest of the day, but of coaxing Jacob and keeping him out of mischief. It was a fatiguing and anxious evening to David; nevertheless, he dared not go to sleep without tying a piece of string to his thumb and great toe, to secure his frequent waking; for he meant to be up with the first peep of dawn, and be far out of reach before breakfast-time. His father, he thought, would certainly cut him off

with a shilling;[5] but what then? Such a striking young man as he, would be sure to be well received in the West Indies: in foreign countries there are always openings —even for cats. It was probable that some Princess Yarico[6] would want him to marry her, and make him presents of very large jewels beforehand; after which, he needn't marry her unless he liked. David had made up his mind not to steal any more, even from people who were very fond of him: it was an unpleasant way of making your fortune in a world where you were likely to be surprised in the act by brothers. Such alarms did not agree with David's constitution, and he had felt so much nausea this evening that no doubt his liver was affected. Besides, he would have been greatly hurt not to be thought well of in the world: he always meant to make a figure,[7] and be thought worthy of the best seats and the best morsels.

Ruminating to this effect on the brilliant future in reserve for him, David by the help of his check-string[8] kept himself on the alert to seize the time of earliest dawn for his rising and departure. His brothers, of course, were early risers, but he should anticipate them by at least an hour and a half, and the little room which he had to himself as only an occasional visitor, had its window over the horse-block,[9] so that he would slip out through the window without the least difficulty. Jacob, the horrible Jacob, had an awkward trick of getting up before everybody else, to stem his hunger by emptying the milk-bowl that was "duly set" for him; but of late he had taken to sleeping in the hay-loft,[10] and if he came into the house, it would be on the opposite

side to that from which David was making his exit. There was no need to think of Jacob; yet David was liberal enough to bestow a curse on him—it was the only thing he ever did bestow gratuitously. His small bundle of clothes was ready packed, and he was soon treading lightly on the steps of the horse-block, soon walking at a smart pace across the fields towards the thicket. It would take him no more than two minutes to get out the box; he could make out the tree it was under by the pale strip where the bark was off, although the dawning light was rather dimmer in the thicket. But what, in the name of—burnt pastry [11]—was that large body with a staff planted beside it, close at the foot of the ash-tree? David paused, not to make up his mind as to the nature of the apparition—he had not the happiness of doubting for a moment that the staff was Jacob's pitchfork—but to gather the self-command necessary for addressing his brother with a sufficiently honeyed accent. Jacob was absorbed in scratching up the earth, and had not heard David's approach.

"I say, Jacob," said David in a loud whisper, just as the tin box was lifted out of the hole.

Jacob looked up, and discerning his sweet-flavoured brother, nodded and grinned in the dim light in a way that made him seem to David like a triumphant demon. If he had been of an impetuous disposition, he would have snatched the pitchfork from the ground and impaled this fraternal demon. But David was by no means impetuous; he was a young man greatly given to calculate consequences, a habit which has been held to be the foundation of virtue.[12] But somehow it had not precisely

that effect in David: he calculated whether an action would harm himself, or whether it would only harm other people. In the former case he was very timid about satisfying his immediate desires, but in the latter he would risk the result with much courage.

"Give it *me*, Jacob," he said, stooping down and patting his brother. "Let us see."

Jacob, finding the lid rather tight, gave the box to his brother in perfect faith. David raised the lid, and shook his head, while Jacob put his finger in and took out a guinea to taste whether the metamorphosis [13] into lozenges was complete and satisfactory.

"No, Jacob; too soon, too soon," said David, when the guinea had been tasted. "Give it me; we'll go and bury it somewhere else; we'll put it in yonder," he added, pointing vaguely toward the distance.

David screwed on the lid, while Jacob, looking grave, rose and grasped his pitchfork. Then, seeing David's bundle, he snatched it, like a too officious Newfoundland,[14] stuck his pitchfork into it and carried it over his shoulder in triumph as he accompanied David and the box out of the thicket.

What on earth was David to do? It would have been easy to frown at Jacob, and kick him, and order him to get away; but David dared as soon have kicked the bull. Jacob was quiet as long as he was treated indulgently; but on the slightest show of anger, he became unmanageable, and was liable to fits of fury which would have made him formidable even without his pitchfork. There was no mastery to be obtained over him except by kindness or guile. David tried guile.

"Go, Jacob," he said, when they were out of the thicket—pointing towards the house as he spoke; "go and fetch me a spade—a spade. But give *me* the bundle," he added, trying to reach it from the fork, where it hung high above Jacob's tall shoulder.

But Jacob showed as much alacrity in obeying as a wasp shows in leaving a sugar-basin.[15] Near David, he felt himself in the vicinity of lozenges: he chuckled and rubbed his brother's back, brandishing the bundle higher out of reach. David, with an inward groan, changed his tactics, and walked on as fast as he could. It was not safe to linger. Jacob would get tired of following him, or, at all events, could be eluded. If they could once get to the distant highroad, a coach would overtake them, David would mount it, having previously by some ingenious means secured his bundle, and then Jacob might howl and flourish his pitchfork as much as he liked. Meanwhile he was under the fatal necessity of being very kind to this ogre, and of providing a large breakfast for him when they stopped at a roadside inn. It was already three hours since they had started, and David was tired. Would no coach be coming up soon? he inquired. No coach for the next two hours. But there was a carrier's cart[16] to come immediately, on its way to the next town. If he could slip out, even leaving his bundle behind, and get into the cart without Jacob! But there was a new obstacle. Jacob had recently discovered a remnant of sugar-candy in one of his brother's tail-pockets;[17] and, since then, had cautiously kept his hold on that limb of the garment, perhaps with the expectation that there would be a further development

of sugar-candy after a longer or shorter interval. Now every one who has worn a coat will understand the sensibilities that must keep a man from starting away in a hurry when there is a grasp on his coat-tail. David looked forward to being well received among strangers, but it might make a difference if he had only one tail to his coat.

He felt himself in a cold perspiration. He could walk no more: he must get into the cart and let Jacob get in with him. Presently a cheering idea occurred to him: after so large a breakfast, Jacob would be sure to go to sleep in the cart; you see at once that David meant to seize his bundle, jump out and be free. His expectation was partly fulfilled: Jacob did go to sleep in the cart, but it was in a peculiar attitude—it was with his arms tightly fastened round his dear brother's body; and if ever David attempted to move, the grasp tightened with the force of an affectionate boa-constrictor.

" Th' innicent's [18] fond on [19] you," observed the carrier, thinking that David was probably an amiable brother, and wishing to pay him a compliment.

David groaned. The ways of thieving were not ways of pleasantness.[20] Oh, why had he an idiot brother? Or why, in general, was the world so constituted that a man could not take his mother's guineas comfortably? David became grimly speculative.

Copious dinner at noon for Jacob; but little dinner, because little appetite, for David. Instead of eating, he plied Jacob with beer; [21] for through this liberality he descried a hope. Jacob fell into a dead sleep, at last, *without* having his arms round David, who paid the

reckoning,[22] took his bundle, and walked off. In another half-hour he was on the coach on his way to Liverpool, smiling the smile of the triumphant. He was rid of Jacob—he was bound for the Indies, where a gullible [23] princess awaited him. He would never steal any more, but there would be no need; he would show himself so deserving, that people would give him presents freely. He must give up the notion of his father's legacy; but it was not likely he would ever want that trifle; and even if he did—why, it was a compensation to think that in being for ever divided from his family he was divided from Jacob, more terrible than Gorgon [24] or Demogorgon [25] to David's timid green eyes. Thank heaven, he should never see Jacob any more!

The Parson's Love-making

From "PRIDE AND PREJUDICE",
By JANE AUSTEN

One of the astonishing achievements in English literature is that of Jane Austen (1775–1817). The youngest of seven children of an English country clergyman, she never married and never left home, except on an occasional visit to a watering-place. She was a fine needlewoman and never allowed her literary work to interfere with her domestic duties. Not only was her experience of life very limited; but the life she knew would appear to many to be very uninteresting, and it was what most people might call the most uninteresting part of that uninteresting life on which she chose to concentrate. Leaving aside the big human problems which the great dramatists and novelists have discussed, she wrote of the ordinary saying and doings of commonplace people. She lived at a time when the novel was still, comparatively speaking, in its infancy. Her best-known novel, *Pride and Prejudice*, in its earliest form, was begun when she was only twenty-one, and she died in early middle age. In spite of all this, such were her powers of observation, her ironic humour, her sympathy and imagination, her dramatic gift, in short, such was her genius that she holds an assured place in the front rank, or just behind the front rank, of English authors, and, in her own special sphere, perhaps even yet she has no rival.

In the long controversy between realism and romance,

Jane Austen chose the side of realism. Like the dramatist, Ben Jonson, two centuries earlier, turning aside from the distinguished and the solemn, the unusual and the distant, she invited her readers to laugh in a good-natured way at the homely doings of homely people, and some of England's greatest writers have acclaimed the result as a triumph. Everyone will enjoy the story of the love-making of the conceited, grandiloquent, sycophantic and rather stupid Mr. Collins.

The next day opened a new scene at Longbourn.[1] Mr. Collins [2] made his declaration [3] in form.[4] Having resolved to do it without loss of time, as his leave of absence extended only to the following Saturday,[5] and having no feelings of diffidence to make it distressing to himself even at the moment, he set about it in a very orderly manner, with all the observances, which he supposed a regular part of the business. On finding Mrs. Bennet,[6] Elizabeth,[7] and one of the younger girls together, soon after breakfast, he addressed the mother in these words: " May I hope, madam, for your interest [8] with your fair daughter Elizabeth, when I solicit for the honour of a private audience with her in the course of this morning?"

Before Elizabeth had time for anything but a blush of surprise, Mrs. Bennet instantly answered, " Oh dear! —Yes—certainly. I am sure Lizzie will be very happy—I am sure she can have no objection. Come, Kitty,[9] I want you upstairs." And, gathering her work [10] together, she was hastening away, when Elizabeth called out,

" Dear ma'am, do not go. I beg you will not go. Mr. Collins must excuse me. He can have nothing to say to

me that anybody need not hear. I am going away myself."

"No, no, nonsense, Lizzy. I desire you will stay where you are." And upon Elizabeth's seeming really, with vexed and embarrassed looks, about to escape, she added, "Lizzy, I *insist* upon your staying and hearing Mr. Collins."

Elizabeth would not oppose such an injunction—and a moment's consideration making her also sensible that it would be wisest to get it over as soon and as quietly as possible, she sat down again, and tried to conceal, by incessant employment, the feelings which were divided between distress and diversion. Mrs. Bennet and Kitty walked off, and as soon as they were gone, Mr. Collins began.

"Believe me, my dear Miss Elizabeth, that your modesty, so far from doing you any disservice, rather adds to your other perfections. You would have been less amiable in my eyes had there *not* been this little unwillingness; but allow me to assure you, that I have your respected mother's permission for this address. You can hardly doubt the purport of my discourse, however your natural delicacy may lead you to dissemble; my attentions have been too marked to be mistaken.[11] Almost as soon as I entered the house, I singled you out as the companion of my future life. But before I am run away with by my feelings [12] on this subject, perhaps it would be advisable for me to state my reasons for marrying—and, moreover, for coming into Hertfordshire with the design of selecting a wife, as I certainly did."

The idea of Mr. Collins, with all his solemn composure,

being run away with by his feelings, made Elizabeth so near laughing, that she could not use the short pause he allowed in any attempt to stop him farther, and he continued:—

"My reasons for marrying are, first, that I think it a right thing for every clergyman in easy circumstances (like myself) to set the example of matrimony in his parish; secondly, that I am convinced it will add very greatly to my happiness; and thirdly—which perhaps I ought to have mentioned earlier, that it is the particular advice and recommendation of the very noble lady whom I have the honour of calling patroness.[13] Twice has she condescended to give me her opinion (unasked too!) on this subject; and it was but the very Saturday night before I left Hunsford—between our pools at quadrille,[14] while Mrs. Jenkinson was arranging Miss de Bourgh's [15] footstool, that she said, 'Mr. Collins, you must marry. A clergyman like you must marry—Choose properly, choose a gentlewoman for *my* sake; and for your *own*, let her be an active, useful sort of person, not brought up high,[16] but able to make a small income go a good way. This is my advice. Find such a woman as soon as you can, bring her to Hunsford, and I will visit her.' Allow me, by the way, to observe, my fair cousin, that I do not reckon the notice and kindness of Lady Catherine de Bourgh as among the least of the advantages in my power to offer. You will find her manners beyond anything I can describe; and your wit and vivacity, I think, must be acceptable to her, especially when tempered with the silence and respect which her rank will inevitably excite. Thus much for my general intention in favour

of matrimony; it remains to be told why my views were directed to Longbourn instead of my own neighbourhood, where I assure you there are many amiable young women. But the fact is, that being, as I am, to inherit this estate after the death of your honoured father (who, however, may live many years longer), I could not satisfy myself without resolving to choose a wife from among his daughters, that the loss to them might be as little as possible, when the melancholy event takes place—which, however, as I have already said, may not be for several years. This has been my motive, my fair cousin, and I flatter myself it will not sink me in your esteem. And now nothing remains for me but to assure you in the most animated language of the violence of my affection. To fortune I am perfectly indifferent, and shall make no demand of that nature on your father, since I am well aware that it could not be complied with; and that one thousand pounds in the 4 per cents, which will not be yours till after your mother's decease, is all that you may ever be entitled to. On that head, therefore, I shall be uniformly silent; and you may assure yourself that no ungenerous reproach shall ever pass my lips when we are married."

It was absolutely necessary to interrupt him now.

"You are too hasty, sir," she cried. "You forget that I have made no answer. Let me do it without further loss of time. Accept my thanks for the compliment you are paying me. I am very sensible of the honour of your proposals, but it is impossible for me to do otherwise than decline them."

"I am not now to learn," [17] replied Mr. Collins, with

a formal wave of the hand, " that it is usual with young ladies to reject the addresses of the man whom they secretly mean to accept, when he first applies for their favour; and that sometimes the refusal is repeated a second or even a third time. I am therefore by no means discouraged by what you have just said, and shall hope to lead you to the altar [18] ere long."

" Upon my word, sir," cried Elizabeth, " your hope is rather an extraordinary one after my declaration. I do assure you that I am not one of those young ladies (if such young ladies there are) who are so daring as to risk their happiness on the chance of being asked a second time. I am perfectly serious in my refusal. You could not make *me* happy, and I am convinced that I am the last woman in the world who could make *you* so. Nay, were your friend Lady Catherine to know me, I am afraid she would find me in every respect ill qualified for the situation."

" Were it certain that Lady Catherine would think so," said Mr. Collins very gravely—" but I cannot imagine that her ladyship would at all disapprove of you. And you may be certain that when I have the honour of seeing her again, I shall speak in the highest terms of your modesty, economy, and other amiable qualifications."

" Indeed, Mr. Collins, all praise of me will be unnecessary. You must give me leave to judge for myself, and pay me the compliment of believing what I say. I wish you very happy and very rich, and by refusing your hand, do all in my power to prevent you being otherwise. In making me the offer, you must have satisfied the delicacy of your feelings with regard to my family,

and may take possession of Longbourn estate whenever it falls,[19] without any self-reproach. This matter may be considered, therefore, as finally settled." And rising as she thus spoke, she would have quitted the room, had not Mr. Collins thus addressed her:

"When I do myself the honour of speaking to you next on the subject, I shall hope to receive a more favourable answer than you have now given me; though I am far from accusing you of cruelty at present, because I know it to be the established custom of your sex to reject a man on the first application, and perhaps you have even now said as much to encourage my suit as would be consistent with the true delicacy of the female character."

"Really, Mr. Collins," said Elizabeth with some warmth, "you puzzle me exceedingly. If what I have hitherto said can appear to you in the form of encouragement, I know not how to express my refusal in such a way as may convince you of its being one."

"You must give me leave to flatter myself, my dear cousin, that your refusal of any addresses is merely words of course. My reasons for believing it are briefly these: it does not appear to me that my hand is unworthy your acceptance, or that the establishment[20] I can offer would be any other than highly desirable. My situation in life, my connections with the family of De Bourgh, and my relationship to your own, are circumstances highly in my favour; and you should take it into further consideration, that in spite of your manifold attractions, it is by no means certain that another offer of marriage may ever be made you. Your portion[21]

is unhappily so small, that it will in all likelihood undo the effects of your loveliness and amiable qualifications. As I must therefore conclude that you are not serious in your rejection of me, I shall choose to attribute it to your wish of increasing my love by suspense, according to the usual practice of elegant females."

"I do assure you, sir, that I have no pretensions whatever to that kind of elegance which consists of tormenting a respectable man. I would rather be paid the compliment of being believed sincere. I thank you again and again for the honour you have done me in your proposals, but to accept them is absolutely impossible. My feelings in every respect forbid it. Can I speak plainer? Do not consider me now as an elegant female, intending to plague you, but as a rational creature, speaking the truth from her heart."

"You are uniformly charming!" cried he, with an air of awkward gallantry; "and I am persuaded that when sanctioned by the express authority of both your excellent parents, my proposals will not fail of being acceptable."

To such perverseness in wilful self-deception, Elizabeth would make no reply, and immediately and in silence withdrew; determined, that if he persisted in considering her repeated refusals as flattering encouragement, to apply to her father, whose negative might be uttered in such a manner as must be decisive, and whose behaviour at least could not be mistaken for the affectation and coquetry [22] of an elegant female.

About Dr. Johnson

From BOSWELL'S "LIFE OF JOHNSON"

A very large number of people know a great deal about Dr. Samuel Johnson (1709–84); very few now read his writings. The disproportion between the knowledge of the man and the knowledge of his writings is greater than in the case of any other author. The explanation lies in part in the fact that, though Johnson's books have a distinct place in literature, the man himself was bigger than any of his writings. All through his early life, he knew the bitterness of poverty, sometimes abject poverty, but he faced it without self-pity and with noble courage. Soon after the accession of George III he obtained a Government pension of £300 a year and lived in comparative comfort. For the last forty years of his life he was the dominant figure in literary London.

But the wide-spread knowledge of Johnson's personality is largely due to the Scottish "laird", James Boswell, who made him the subject of the best biography in the English language. Boswell met Johnson in 1763, and noted and recorded with dog-like fidelity the words, gestures, and actions of his hero; so that all the world knows of Johnson's slovenly dress, his ungainly appearance, his loud voice and overbearing manner, his outspokenness and occasional rudeness. But all the world also knows of his manliness and courage, his honesty and piety, his tenderness to the weak and the suffering. If Johnson is not more loved in our day than he was in his own, perhaps he is even more admired. We are especially indebted to Boswell for long and full accounts of Johnson's

conversation which his biographer noted and recorded with great skill and accuracy.

Perhaps Johnson's best-known work is his *English Dictionary* (1755). Among his other works are the satires *London* (1738) and *The Vanity of Human Wishes* (1749) and the didactic story *Rasselas* (1759), while he did much magazine work. In connexion with the passage quoted about the effect of a lawyer's work on his character, it is noteworthy that Johnson himself at one time wanted to be a lawyer but was prevented by his want of a University degree.

To the Right Honourable the Earl of Chesterfield.[1]

February 7, 1775.

" My Lord, I have been lately informed, by the proprietors of ' The World ', that two papers, in which my Dictionary is recommended to the public, were written by your Lordship. To be so distinguished is an honour, which, being very little accustomed to favours from the great, I know not well how to receive, or in what terms to acknowledge.

" When, upon some slight encouragement, I first visited your Lordship, I was overpowered, like the rest of mankind, by the enchantment of your address,[2] and could not forbear to wish that I might boast myself *Le vainqueur du vainqueur de la terre*;[3]—that I might obtain that regard for which I saw the world contending; but I found my attendance so little encouraged, that neither pride nor modesty would suffer me to continue it. When I had once addressed your Lordship in public, I had exhausted all the art of pleasing which a retired and uncourtly scholar can possess. I had done all that

I could; and no man is well pleased to have his all neglected, be it ever so little.

" Seven years, my Lord, have now past, since I waited in your outward rooms, or was repulsed from your door; during which time I have been pushing on my work through difficulties, of which it is useless to complain, and have brought it, at last to the verge of publication, without one act of assistance, or one smile of favour. Such treatment I did not expect, for I never had a Patron [4] before.

" ' The shepherd in Virgil grew at last acquainted with Love, and found him a native of the rocks.' [5]

" Is not a Patron, my Lord, one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the water, and, when he has reached ground, encumbers him with help? The notice which you have been pleased to take of my labours, had it been early, had been kind; but it has been delayed till I am indifferent, and cannot enjoy it; till I am known, and do not want it. I hope it is no very cynical asperity not to confess obligations where no benefit has been received, or to be unwilling that the public should consider me as owing that to a Patron, which Providence has enabled me to do for myself.

" Having carried on my work thus far with so little obligation to any favourer of learning, I shall not be disappointed though I should conclude it, if less be possible, with less; for I have been long wakened from the dream of hope, in which I once boasted myself with so much exultation, my Lord, Your Lordship's most humble, most obedient servant,

SAM. JOHNSON."

. . . . . .

I asked him whether, as a moralist, he did not think that the practice of the law, in some degree, hurt the nice feeling of honesty. *Johnson*: "Why no, sir, if you act properly. You are not to deceive your clients with false representations of your opinion: you are not to tell lies to a judge." *Boswell*: "But what do you think of supporting a cause which you know to be bad?" *Johnson*: "Sir, you do not know it to be good or bad till the judge determines it. I have said that you are to state facts fairly; so that your thinking, or what you call knowing, a cause to be bad, must be from reasoning, must be from supposing your arguments to be weak and inconclusive. But, Sir, that is not enough. An argument which does not convince yourself, may convince the judge to whom you urge it: and if it does convince him, why, then, Sir, you are wrong, and he is right. It is his business to judge; and you are not to be confident in your own opinion that a cause is bad, but to say all you can for your client, and then hear the judge's opinion." *Boswell*: "But, Sir, does not affecting [6] a warmth when you have no warmth,[7] and appearing to be clearly of one opinion when you are in reality of another opinion, does not such dissimulation impair one's honesty; Is there not some danger that a lawyer may put on the same mask in common life, in the intercourse with his friends?" *Johnson*: "Why no, Sir. Every body knows you are paid for affecting warmth for your client; and it is, therefore, properly no dissimulation: the moment you come from the bar, you resume your usual behaviour. Sir, a man will no more carry the artifice of the bar into the common intercourse of society,

than a man who is paid for tumbling upon his hands [8] will continue to tumble upon his hands when he should walk on his feet."

. . . . . .

"I (Dr. Johnson) received one morning a message from poor Goldsmith that he was in great distress, and as it was not in his power to come to me, begging that I would come to him as soon as possible. I sent him a guinea, and promised to come to him directly. I accordingly went as soon as I was drest, and found that his landlady had arrested him for his rent, at which he was in a violent passion. I perceived that he had already changed my guinea, and had got a bottle of Madeira and a glass before him. I put the cork into the bottle, desired he would be calm, and began to talk to him of the means by which he might be extricated. He then told me that he had a novel [9] ready for the press, which he produced to me. I looked into it, and saw its merit; told the landlady I should soon return, and having gone to a bookseller, sold it for sixty pounds. I brought Goldsmith the money, and he discharged his rent, not without rating [10] his landlady in a high tone for having used him so ill."

. . . . . .

His defence of tea against Mr. Jonas Hanway's [11] violent attack upon that elegant and popular beverage, shows how very well a man of genius can write upon the slightest subject, when he writes as the Italians say, *con amore*: [12] I suppose no person ever enjoyed with more relish the infusion of that fragrant leaf [13] than Johnson. The quantities which he drank of it at all hours were so

great, that his nerves must have been uncommonly strong, not to have been extremely relaxed by such an intemperate use of it. (In this review [14] Johnson describes himself as "A hardened and shameless tea-drinker, who has for many years diluted his meals with only the infusion of this fascinating plant; whose kettle has scarcely time to cool; who with tea amuses the evening, with tea solaces the midnight, and with tea welcomes the morning.") He assured me, that he never felt the least inconvenience from it; which is a proof that the fault of his constitution was rather a too great tension of fibres, than the contrary.[15] Mr. Hanway wrote an angry answer to Johnson's review of his "Essay on Tea", and Johnson, after a full and deliberate pause, made a reply to it; the only instance, I believe in the whole course of his life, when he condescended to oppose any thing that was written against him.

. . . . . .

It was in Butcher Row that this meeting happened. Mr. Edwards, who was a decent-looking elderly man in gray clothes and a wig of many curls, accosted Johnson with familiar confidence, knowing who he was, while Johnson returned his salutation with a courteous formality, as to a stranger. But as soon as Edwards had brought to his recollection their having been at Pembroke College [16] together nine-and-forty years ago, he seemed much pleased, asked where he lived, and said he should be glad to see him at Bolt Court.[17] *Edwards*: "Ah, Sir! we are old men now." *Johnson* (who never liked to think of being old): "Don't let us discourage one another." *Edwards*: "Why, doctor, you look stout and hearty.[18] I

am happy to see you so; for the newspapers told us you were very ill." *Johnson*: "Ay, Sir, they are always telling lies of *us old fellows*."

Wishing to be present at more of so singular a conversation as that between two fellow-collegians, who had lived forty years in London without ever having chanced to meet, I whispered to Mr. Edwards that Dr. Johnson was going home, and that he had better accompany him now. So Edwards walked along with us, I eagerly assisting to keep up the conversation. Mr. Edwards informed Dr. Johnson that he had practised long as a solicitor in Chancery,[19] but that he now lived in the country upon a little farm, about sixty acres, just by Stevenage in Hertfordshire,[20] and that he came to London (to Barnard's Inn,[21] No. 6) generally twice a week. Johnson appearing to me (to be) in a reverie, Mr. Edwards addressed himself to me, and expatiated on the pleasure of living in the country. *Boswell*: "I have no notion of[22] this, Sir. What you have to entertain you, is, I think, exhausted in half an hour." *Edwards*: "What! don't you love to have hope realized? I see my grass, and my corn, and my trees growing. Now, for instance, I am curious to see if this frost has not nipped my fruit-trees." *Johnson* (who we did not imagine was attending): "You find, Sir, you have fears as well as hopes."—So well did he see the whole, when another saw but the half of a subject.

When we got to Dr. Johnson's house and were seated in his library, the dialogue went on admirably. *Edwards*: "Sir, I remember that you would not let us say *prodigious*[23] at College. For even then, Sir (turning to me), he was delicate in language, and we all feared him."

Johnson (to Edwards): "From your having practised the law long, Sir, I presume you must be rich." *Edwards*: "No, Sir; I got a good deal of money; but I had a number of poor relations to whom I gave great part of it." *Johnson*: "Sir, you have been rich in the most valuable sense of the word." *Edwards*: "But I shall not die rich." *Johnson*: "Nay, sure, Sir, it is better to *live* rich than to *die* rich." *Edwards*: "I wish I had continued at College." *Johnson*: "Why do you wish that, Sir?" *Edwards*: "Because I think I should have had a much easier life than mine has been. I should have been a parson, and had a good living,[24] like Bloxham and several others, and lived comfortably." *Johnson*: "Sir, the life of a parson, of a conscientious clergyman, is not easy. I have always considered a clergyman as the father of a larger family than he is able to maintain. I would rather have Chancery suits upon my hands than the cure of [25] souls. No, Sir, I do not envy a clergyman's life as an easy life, nor do I envy the clergyman who makes it an easy life." *Edwards*: "You are a philosopher, Dr. Johnson. I have tried too in my time to be a philosopher; but, I don't know how, cheerfulness was always breaking in." [26]

. . . . . .

Many instances of his resolution [27] may be mentioned. One day, at Mr. Beauclerk's house in the country, when two large dogs were fighting, he went up to them, and beat them till they separated; and at another time, when told of the danger there was that a gun might burst if charged with too many balls, he put in six or seven, and fired it off against a wall. Mr. Langton told me, that when they were swimming together near Oxford, he

cautioned Dr. Johnson against a pool, which was reckoned particularly dangerous; upon which Johnson directly swam into it. He told me himself that one night he was attacked in the street by four men, to whom he would not yield, but kept them all at bay,[28] till the watch [29] came up, and carried both him and them to the round-house.[30] In the play-house [31] at Lichfield,[32] as Mr. Garrick [33] informed me, Johnson having for a moment quitted a chair which was placed for him between the side-scenes, a gentleman took possession of it, and when Johnson on his return civilly demanded his seat, rudely refused to give it up; upon which Johnson laid hold of it, and tossed him and the chair into the pit.[34] Foote, who so successfully revived the old comedy by exhibiting living characters, had resolved to imitate Johnson on the stage, expecting great profits from his ridicule of so celebrated a man. Johnson being informed of his intention, and being at dinner at Mr. Thomas Davies's the bookseller, from whom I had the story, he asked Mr. Davies, "What was the common price of an oak stick;" and being answered sixpence, "Why, then, Sir," said he, "give me leave to send your servant to purchase me a shilling one. I'll have a double quantity; for I am told Foote means to *take me off*,[35] as he calls it, and I am determined the fellow shall not do it with impunity." Davies took care to acquaint Foote of (with) this, which effectually checked the wantonness of the mimic.

. . . . . .

In February, 1767, there happened one of the most remarkable incidents of Johnson's life, which gratified his monarchical enthusiasm, and which he loved to

relate with all its circumstances, when requested by his friends. This was his being honoured by a private conversation with his Majesty, in the library at the Queen's house. He had frequently visited those splendid rooms and noble collection of books, which he used to say was more numerous and curious than he supposed any person could have made in the time which the King had employed. Mr. Barnard, the librarian, took care that he should have every accommodation that could contribute to his ease and convenience, while indulging his literary taste in that place; so that he had a very agreeable resource at leisure hours.

His Majesty [36] having been informed of his occasional visits, was pleased to signify a desire that he should be told when Dr. Johnson came next to the Library. Accordingly, the next time that Johnson did come, as soon as he was fairly engaged with a book, on which, while he sat by the fire, he seemed quite intent, Mr. Barnard stole round to the apartment where the King was, and, in obedience to his Majesty's commands, mentioned that Dr. Johnson was then in the library. His Majesty said he was at leisure, and would go to him; upon which Mr. Barnard took one of the candles that stood on the King's table, and lighted his Majesty through a suite of rooms, till they came to a private door into the Library, of which his Majesty had the key. Being entered, Mr. Barnard stepped forward hastily to Dr. Johnson, who was still in a profound study,[37] and whispered him, "Sir, here is the King." Johnson started up, and stood still. His Majesty approached him, and at once was courteously easy.

His Majesty began by observing that he understood he came sometimes to the Library; and then mentioned his having heard that the Doctor had been lately at Oxford, and asked him if he was not fond of going thither. To which Johnson answered, that he was indeed fond of going to Oxford sometimes, but was likewise glad to come back again. The King then asked him what they were doing at Oxford. Johnson answered, he could not much commend their diligence, but that in some respects they were amended, for they had put their press [38] under better regulations, and were at that time printing Polybius.[39] . . .

His Majesty inquired if he was then writing anything. He answered, he was not, for he had pretty well told the world what he knew, and must now read to acquire more knowledge. The King, as it should seem with a view to urge him to rely on his own stores as an original writer, and to continue his labours, then said, "I do not think you borrow much from any body." Johnson said, he thought he had already done his part as a writer. "I should have thought so too," said the King, "if you had not written so well."—Johnson observed to me, upon this, that "No man could have paid a handsomer compliment; and it was fit for a King to pay. It was decisive." When asked by another friend, at Sir Joshua Reynolds's, whether he made any reply to this high compliment, he answered, "No, Sir. When the King had said it, it was to be so. It was not for me to bandy civilities [40] with my Sovereign." Perhaps no man who had spent his whole life in courts could have shewn a more nice and dignified sense of true politeness, than Johnson did in this instance. . . .

During the whole of this interview, Johnson talked to his Majesty with profound respect, but still in his firm, manly manner, with a sonorous voice, and never in that subdued tone which is commonly used at the levee and in the drawing-room. After the King withdrew, Johnson shewed himself highly pleased with his Majesty's conversation, and gracious behaviour. He said to Mr. Barnard, "Sir, they may talk of the King as they will; but he is the finest gentleman I have ever seen." . . .

During all the time in which Dr. Johnson was employed in relating to the circle at Sir Joshua Reynolds's [41] the particulars of what passed between the King and him, Dr. Goldsmith remained unmoved upon a sofa at some distance, affecting not to join in the least in the eager curiosity of the company. He assigned as a reason for his gloom and seeming inattention, that he apprehended Johnson had relinquished his purpose of furnishing him with a Prologue to his play, with the hopes of which he had been flattered; but it was strongly suspected that he was fretting with chagrin and envy at the singular honour Dr. Johnson had lately enjoyed. At length, the frankness and simplicity of his natural character prevailed. He sprung from the sofa, advanced to Johnson, and in a kind of flutter, from imagining himself in the situation which he had just been hearing described, exclaimed, "Well, you have acquitted yourself in this conversation better than I should have done, for I should have bowed and stammered through the whole of it."

Dr. Lanyon's Narrative

From "DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE",
By R. L. STEVENSON

In Arthur Mee's *Hero Book*, he chooses Robert Louis Stevenson as his type of the "Hero of Literature". He reminds us how this writer has the distinction of being known by his initials, "R.L.S.", and how, through his books of adventure like *Treasure Island* and his children's verses, he is beloved of boys and girls as well as of men and women. His father wanted him to be a builder of lighthouses, like himself; and, when that proved impracticable, as a second-best he wanted his son to be a lawyer. But R.L. chose the profession for which nature destined him, that of a student and a writer.

As in the case of Charles Lamb, it is his brave spirit almost more than his actual works that has endeared him to multitudes. A life-long invalid, a victim of tuberculosis, he refused to be crushed by the feebleness of his health. He was not only a great reader and a great writer, but he wrote such books as would bring courage and good cheer to those who were down-hearted. In his later years, in search of health he settled in Samoa where he died. In a wonderful way he won the hearts of the Samoans, who loved and trusted him, looked on him as a great chief, and called him "Tusitala" (the teller of tales). After his death Samoa became a German possession; but the first naval victory of the Allies in the

Great War was the capture of Samoa by the New Zealand men in August, 1914. It was taken without the firing of a gun and with the goodwill of the Samoans.

Stevenson was an essayist as well as a poet and a novelist. He published *Virginibus Puerisque* in 1881, the *New Arabian Nights* in 1882, *The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* (1886), *Kidnapped* (1886), *The Master of Ballantrae* (1889), and *Catriona* (1893).

The struggle between the tendency to good and the tendency to evil in human nature is familiar to all. The classic expression of it is in the seventh chapter of Paul's Epistle to the Romans (in the New Testament). Stevenson conceived the idea of a medical man discovering some drug by which the evil part of his nature might develop a separate personality in which his better nature had no part. Dr. Jekyll is represented in this story as using such a drug at times. By and by he makes the terrible discovery that the drug by which he resumes his ordinary nature is losing its power, while his evil personality (which Stevenson calls Mr. Hyde) begins to develop without the use of a drug. On one occasion, when under the influence of the degrading drug, he had committed a brutal murder.

The story is told by Dr. Jekyll's colleague and old school friend, Dr. Lanyon.

On the ninth of January, now four days ago, I received by the evening delivery a registered envelope, addressed in the hand of my colleague and old school-companion, Henry Jekyll. I was a good deal surprised by this; for we were by no means in the habit of correspondence; I had seen the man, dined with him, indeed, the night before; and I could imagine nothing in our intercourse that should justify the formality of registration. The contents increased my wonder; for this is how the letter ran:

10th December, 18—

"Dear Lanyon,—You are one of my oldest friends; and although we may have differed at times on scientific questions, I cannot remember, at least on my side, any break in our affection. There was never a day when, if you had said to me, 'Jekyll, my life, my honour, my reason, depend upon you,' I would not have sacrificed my fortune or my left hand to help you. Lanyon, my life, my honour, my reason, are all at your mercy; if you fail me to-night, I am lost. You might suppose, after this preface, that I am going to ask you for something dishonourable to grant. Judge for yourself.

"I want you to postpone all other engagements for to-night—aye, even if you were summoned to the bedside of an emperor; to take a cab, unless your carriage should be actually at the door; and, with this letter in your hand for consultation, to drive straight to my house. Poole, my butler, has his orders; you will find him waiting your arrival with a locksmith. The door of my cabinet is then to be forced; and you are to go in alone; to open the glazed press (letter E) on the left hand, breaking the lock if it be shut; and to draw out, *with all its contents as they stand*, the fourth drawer from the top or (which is the same thing) the third from the bottom. In my extreme distress of mind, I have a morbid fear of misdirecting you; but even if I am in error, you may know the right drawer by its contents: some powders, a phial, and a paper book. This drawer I beg of you to carry back with you to Cavendish Square exactly as it stands.

"That is the first part of the service: now for the

second. You should be back, if you set out at once on the receipt of this, long before midnight; but I will leave you that amount of margin, not only in the fear of one of those obstacles that can neither be prevented nor foreseen, but because an hour when your servants are in bed is to be preferred for what will then remain to do. At midnight, then, I have to ask you to be alone in your consulting room, to admit with your own hand into the house a man who will present himself in my name, and to place in his hands the drawer that you will have brought with you from my cabinet. Then you will have played your part, and earned my gratitude completely. Five minutes afterwards, if you insist upon an explanation, you will have understood that these arrangements are of capital importance; and that by the neglect of one of them, fantastic as they must appear, you might have charged your conscience with my death or the shipwreck of my reason.

"Confident as I am that you will not trifle with this appeal, my heart sinks and my hand trembles at the bare thought of such a possibility. Think of me at this hour, in a strange place, labouring under a blackness of distress that no fancy can exaggerate, and yet well aware that if you will but punctually serve me, my troubles will roll away like a story that is told. Serve me, my dear Lanyon, and save

"Your friend,

"H. J."

"*P.S.*—I had already sealed this up when a fresh terror struck upon my soul. It is possible that the post office may fail me, and this letter not come into your

hands until to-morrow morning. In that case, dear Lanyon, do my errand when it shall be most convenient for you in the course of the day; and once more expect my messenger at midnight. It may then already be too late; and if that night passes without event, you will know that you have seen the last of Henry Jekyll."

Upon the reading of this letter, I made sure my colleague was insane; but till that was proved beyond the possibility of doubt, I felt bound to do as he requested. The less I understood of this farrago,[1] the less I was in a position to judge of its importance; and an appeal so worded could not be set aside without a grave responsibility. I rose accordingly from table, got into a hansom,[2] and drove straight to Jekyll's house. The butler was awaiting my arrival; he had received by the same post as mine a registered letter of instruction, and had sent at once for a locksmith and a carpenter. The tradesmen came while we were yet speaking; and we moved in a body to old Dr. Denman's surgical theatre, from which (as you are doubtless aware) Jekyll's private cabinet is most conveniently entered. The door was very strong, the lock excellent; the carpenter avowed he would have great trouble, and have to do much damage if force were to be used; and the locksmith was near despair. But this last was a handy fellow, and after two hours' work, the door stood open. The press marked E was unlocked; and I took out the drawer, had it filled up with straw and tied in a sheet, and returned with it to Cavendish Square.

Here I proceeded to examine its contents. The powders were neatly enough made up, but not with the nicety

of the dispensing chemist; so that it was plain they were of Jekyll's private manufacture; and when I opened one of the wrappers, I found what seemed to me a simple crystalline salt of a white colour. The phial, to which I next turned my attention, might have been about half-full of a blood-red liquor, which was highly pungent to the sense of smell, and seemed to me to contain phosphorus and some volatile ether. At the other ingredients I could make no guess. The book was an ordinary version book,[3] and contained little but a series of dates. These covered a period of many years; but I observed that the entries ceased nearly a year ago, and quite abruptly. Here and there a brief remark was appended to a date, usually no more than a single word; " double " occurring perhaps six times in a total of several hundred entries; and once very early in the list, and followed by several marks of exclamation, " total failure! ! ! !" All this, though it whetted my curiosity, told me little that was definite. Here were a phial of some tincture, a paper of some salt, and the record of a series of experiments that had led (like too many of Jekyll's investigations) to no end of practical usefulness. How could the presence of these articles in my house affect either the honour, the sanity, or the life of my flighty colleague? If his messenger could go to one place, why could he not go to another? And even granting some impediment, why was this gentleman to be received by me in secret? The more I reflected, the more convinced I grew that I was dealing with a case of cerebral disease; and though I dismissed my servants to bed, I loaded an old revolver, that I might be found in some posture of self-defence.

Twelve o'clock had scarce rung out over London, ere the knocker sounded very gently on the door. I went myself at the summons, and found a small man crouching against the pillars of the portico.

" Are you come from Dr. Jekyll?" I asked.

He told me " yes " by a constrained gesture; [4] and when I had bidden him enter, he did not obey me without a searching backward glance into the darkness of the square. There was a policeman not far off, advancing with his bull's-eye [5] open; and at the sight, I thought my visitor started and made greater haste.

These particulars struck me, I confess, disagreeably; and as I followed him into the bright light of the consulting room, I kept my hand ready on my weapon. Here, at last, I had a chance of clearly seeing him. I had never set eyes on him before, so much was certain. He was small, as I have said; I was struck besides with the shocking expression of his face, with his remarkable combination of great muscular activity and great apparent debility of constitution, and—last but not least—with the odd, subjective disturbance caused by his neighbourhood.[6] This bore some resemblance to incipient rigor,[7] and was accompanied by a marked sinking of the pulse. At the time, I set it down to some idiosyncratic,[8] personal distaste, and merely wondered at the acuteness of the symptoms; but I have since had reason to believe the cause to lie much deeper in the nature of man, and to turn on some nobler hinge than the principle of hatred.[9]

This person (who had thus, from the first moment of his entrance, struck in me what I can only describe as a disgustful curiosity) was dressed in a fashion that would

have made an ordinary person laughable; his clothes, that is to say, although they were of rich and sober fabric, were enormously too large for him in every measurement —the trousers hanging on his legs and rolled up to keep them from the ground, the waist of the coat below his haunches, and the collar sprawling wide upon his shoulders. Strange to relate, this ludicrous accoutrement was far from moving me to laughter. Rather, as there was something abnormal and misbegotten in the very essence of the creature that now faced me—something seizing, surprising, and revolting—this fresh disparity seemed but to fit in with and to reinforce it; so that to my interest in the man's nature and character, there was added a curiosity as to his origin, his life, his fortune and status in the world. These observations, though they have taken so great a space to be set down in, were yet the work of a few seconds. My visitor was, indeed, on fire with sombre excitement.

"Have you got it?" he cried. "Have you got it?' And so lively was his impatience that he even laid his hand upon my arm and sought to shake me.

I put him back, conscious at his touch of a certain icy pang along my blood. "Come, sir," said I. "You forget that I have not yet the pleasure of your acquaintance. Be seated, if you please." And I showed him an example, and sat down myself in my customary seat and with as fair an imitation of my ordinary manner to a patient, as the lateness of the hour, the nature of my preoccupations,[10] and the horror I had of my visitor, would suffer me to muster.

"I beg your pardon, Dr. Lanyon," he replied, civilly

enough. "What you say is very well founded; and my impatience has shown its heels to my politeness.[11] I come here at the instance of your colleague, Dr. Henry Jekyll, on a piece of business of some moment; and I understood . . ." he paused and put his hand to his throat, and I could see, in spite of his collected manner, that he was wrestling against the approaches of the hysteria—"I understood, a drawer . . ."

But here I took pity on my visitor's suspense, and some perhaps on my own growing curiosity.

"There it is, sir," said I, pointing to the drawer, where it lay on the floor behind a table, and still covered with the sheet.

He sprang to it, and then paused, and laid his hand upon his heart; I could hear his teeth grate with the convulsive action of his jaws; and his face was so ghastly to see that I grew alarmed both for his life and reason.

"Compose yourself," said I.

He turned a dreadful smile to me, and, as if with the decision of despair, plucked away the sheet. At sight of the contents he uttered one loud sob of such immense relief that I sat petrified. And, the next moment, in a voice that was already fairly well under control, "Have you a graduated glass?" [12] he asked.

I rose from my place with something of an effort, and gave him what he asked.

He thanked me with a smiling nod, measured out a few minims of the red tincture and added one of the powders. The mixture, which was at first of a reddish hue, began, in proportion as the crystals melted, to brighten in colour, to effervesce audibly, and to throw off small

fumes of vapour. Suddenly, and at the same moment, the ebullition ceased, and the compound changed to a dark purple, which faded again more slowly to a watery green. My visitor, who had watched these metamorphoses with a keen eye, smiled, set down the glass upon the table, and then turned and looked upon me with an air of scrutiny.

"And now," said he, "to settle what remains. Will you be wise? will you be guided? will you suffer me to take this glass in my hand, and to go forth from your house without further parley? or has the greed of curiosity too much command of you? Think before you answer, for it shall be done as you decide. As you decide, you shall be left as you were before, and neither richer nor wiser, unless the sense of service rendered to a man in mortal distress may be counted as a kind of riches of the soul. Or, if you shall so prefer to choose, a new province of knowledge and new avenues to fame and power shall be laid open to you, here, in this room, upon the instant; and your sight shall be blasted by a prodigy to stagger the unbelief of Satan."

"Sir," said I, affecting a coolness that I was far from truly possessing, "you speak enigmas, and you will perhaps not wonder that I hear you with no very strong impression of belief. But I have gone too far in the way of inexplicable services to pause before I see the end."

"It is well," replied my visitor. "Lanyon, you remember your vows:[18] what follows is under the seal of our profession. And now, you who have so long been bound to the most narrow and material views, you who

have denied the virtue of transcendental medicine,[14] you who have derided your superiors—behold!"

He put the glass to his lips, and drank at one gulp. A cry followed; he reeled, staggered, clutched at the table and held on, staring with injected [15] eyes, gasping with open mouth; and as I looked, there came, I thought, a change—he seemed to swell—his face became suddenly black, and the features seemed to melt and alter—and the next moment I had sprung to my feet and leaped back against the wall, my arm raised to shield me from that prodigy, my mind submerged in terror.

"O God!" I screamed, and "O God!" again and again; for there before my eyes—pale and shaken—and half fainting, and groping before him with his hands, like a man restored from death—there stood Henry Jekyll!

What he told me in the next hour I cannot bring my mind to set on paper. I saw what I saw, I heard what I heard, and my soul sickened at it; and yet, now when that sight has faded from my eyes I ask myself if I believe it, and I cannot answer. My life is shaken to its roots; sleep has left me; the deadliest terror sits by me at all hours of the day and night; I feel that my days are numbered, and that I must die; and yet I shall die incredulous. As for the moral turpitude that man unveiled to me, even with tears of penitence, I cannot, even in memory, dwell on it without a start of horror. I will say but one thing, Utterson,[16] and that (if you can bring your mind to credit it) will be more than enough. The creature who crept into my house that night was, on Jekyll's own confession, known by the name of Hyde,[17] and hunted for in every corner of the land as the murderer of Carew.[18]

The Blue Carbuncle

"THE ADVENTURE OF THE BLUE CARBUNCLE",
By SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle (1859–1930) was educated at Edinburgh University and practised as a physician at Southsea in England from 1882 till 1890. He was a keenly patriotic citizen of Britain. He wrote two books in defence of the conduct of the British Army during the South African War; he also did propagandist writing in favour of the Allies during the Great War. He was the author of several plays, in one of which Sir Henry Irving took the leading part. He achieved considerable popularity by his historical romances, *The White Company* (1891), for example, being a most virile and attractive story, while *The Exploits of Brigadier Gerard* introduces us to a fascinating young officer of Napoleon's army.

But Conan Doyle will be best remembered as the inventor of the famous private detective, Sherlock Holmes, and his invariable companion, Doctor Watson, whose questions give the detective the opportunity of explaining his methods. Among these methods, the use of deduction and careful attention to the evidence provided by trifles usually overlooked play a prominent part.

Conan Doyle was knighted in the year 1902. In his later years he gave much attention to spiritualism and wrote a book on the subject.

I had called upon my friend Sherlock Holmes upon the second morning after Christmas, with the intention

of wishing him the compliments of the season.[1] He was lounging upon the sofa in a purple dressing-gown, a pipe-rack [2] within his reach upon the right, and a pile of crumpled morning papers, evidently newly studied, near at hand. Beside the couch was a wooden chair, and on the angle of the back hung a very seedy and disreputable hard felt hat, much the worse for wear, and cracked in several places. A lens and a forceps lying upon the seat of the chair suggested that the hat had been suspended in this manner for the purpose of examination.

"You are engaged," said I; "perhaps I interrupt you."

"Not at all. I am glad to have a friend with whom I can discuss my results. The matter is a perfectly trivial one" (he jerked his thumb in the direction of the old hat), "but there are points in connection with it which are not entirely devoid of interest and even of instruction."

I seated myself in his arm-chair, and warmed my hands before his crackling fire, for a sharp frost had set in, and the windows were thick with the ice crystals. "I suppose," I remarked, "that, homely as it looks, this thing has some deadly story linked on to it—that it is the clue which will guide you in the solution of some mystery, and the punishment of some crime."

"No, no. No crime," said Sherlock Holmes, laughing. "Only one of those whimsical little incidents which will happen when you have four million human beings all jostling each other within the space of a few square miles. Amid the action and reaction of so dense a swarm of humanity, every possible combination of events may be

expected to take place, and many a little problem will be presented which may be striking and bizarre [3] without being criminal. We have already had experience of such."

"So much so," I remarked, "that, of the last six cases which I have added to my notes, three have been entirely free from any legal crime."

"Precisely. You allude to my attempt to recover the Irene Adler papers, to the singular case of Miss Mary Sutherland, and to the adventure of the man with the twisted lip.[4] Well, I have no doubt that this small matter will fall into the same innocent category. You know Peterson, the commissionaire?" [5]

"Yes."

"It is to him that this trophy belongs."

"It is his hat?"

"No, no; he found it. Its owner is unknown. I beg that you will look upon it, not as a battered billycock,[6] but as an intellectual problem. And, first, as to how it came here. It arrived on Christmas morning, in company with a good fat goose, which is, I have no doubt, roasting at this moment in front of Peterson's fire. The facts are these. About four o'clock on Christmas morning, Peterson, who, as you know, is a very honest fellow, was returning from some small jollification, and was making his way homewards down Tottenham Court-Road.[7] In front of him he saw, in the gas-light, a tallish man, walking with a slight stagger, and carrying a white goose slung over his shoulder. As he reached the corner of Goodge Street a row broke out between this stranger and a little knot of roughs. One of the latter knocked off the man's hat, on

which he raised his stick to defend himself, and, swinging it over his head, smashed the shop window behind him. Peterson had rushed forward to protect the stranger from his assailants, but the man, shocked at having broken the window and seeing an official-looking person in uniform rushing towards him, dropped his goose, took to his heels, and vanished amid the labyrinth of small streets which lie at the back of Tottenham Court-Road. The roughs had also fled at the appearance of Peterson, so that he was left in possession of the field of battle, and also of the spoils of victory in the shape of this battered hat and a most unimpeachable Christmas goose."

"Which surely he restored to their owner?"

"My dear fellow, there lies the problem. It is true that 'For Mrs. Henry Baker' was printed upon a small card which was tied to the bird's left leg, and it is also true that the initials 'H.B.' are legible upon the lining of this hat; but, as there are some thousands of Bakers, and some hundreds of Henry Bakers in this city of ours, it is not easy to restore lost property to any one of them."

"What, then, did Peterson do?"

"He brought round both hat and goose to me on Christmas morning, knowing that even the smallest problems are of interest to me. The goose we retained until this morning, when there were signs that, in spite of the slight frost, it would be well that it should be eaten without unnecessary delay.[8] Its finder has carried it off therefore to fulfil the ultimate destiny of a goose,[9] while I continue to retain the hat of the unknown gentleman who lost his Christmas dinner."

"Did he not advertise?"

" No."

" Then what clue could you have as to his identity?"

" Only such as we can deduce."

" From his hat?"

" Precisely."

" But you are joking. What can you gather from this old battered felt?"

" Here is my lens. You know my methods. What can you gather yourself as to the individuality of the man who has worn this article?"

I took the tattered object in my hands and turned it over rather ruefully.[10] It was a very ordinary black hat of the usual round shape, and hard and much the worse for wear. The lining had been of red silk, but was a good deal discoloured. There was no maker's name; but, as Holmes had remarked, the initials " H.B." were scrawled upon one side. It was pierced in the brim for a hat-securer,[11] but the elastic was missing. For the rest, it was cracked, exceedingly dusty, and spotted in several places, although there seemed to have been some attempt to hide the discoloured patches by smearing them with ink.

" I can see nothing," said I, handing it back to my friend.

" On the contrary, Watson, you can see everything. You fail, however, to reason from what you see. You are too timid in drawing your inferences."

" Then pray tell me what it is that you can infer from this hat?"

He picked it up, and gazed at it in the peculiar fashion which was characteristic of him. " It is perhaps less

suggestive than it might have been," he remarked, "and yet there are a few inferences which are very distinct, and a few others which represent at least a strong balance of probability. That the man is highly intellectual is of course obvious upon the face of it, and also that he was fairly well-to-do within the last three years, although he has now fallen upon evil days. He had foresight, but has less now than formerly, pointing to a moral retrogression, which, when taken with the decline of his fortunes, seems to indicate some evil influence, probably drink, at work upon him. This may account also for the obvious fact that his wife has ceased to love him."

"My dear Holmes!"

"He has, however, retained some degree of self-respect," he continued, disregarding my remonstrance. "He is a man who leads a sedentary life, goes out little, is out of training [12] entirely, is middle-aged, has grizzled hair which he has had cut within the last few days, and which he anoints with lime-cream. These are the more patent facts which are to be deduced from his hat. Also, by the way, that it is extremely improbable that he has gas laid on in his house."

"You are certainly joking, Holmes."

"Not in the least. Is it possible that even now when I give you these results you are unable to see how they are attained?"

"I have no doubt that I am very stupid; but I must confess that I am unable to follow you. For example, how did you deduce that this man was intellectual?"

For answer Holmes clapped [13] the hat upon his head. It came right over the forehead and settled upon the

bridge of his nose. "It is a question of cubic capacity," said he: "a man with so large a brain must have something in it."

"The decline of his fortunes, then?"

"This hat is three years old. These flat brims curled at the edge came in [14] then. It is a hat of the very best quality. Look at the band of ribbed silk, and the excellent lining. If this man could afford to buy so expensive a hat three years ago, and has had no hat since, then he has assuredly gone down in the world." [15]

"Well, that is clear enough certainly. But how about the foresight, and the moral retrogression?"

Sherlock Holmes laughed. "Here is the foresight," said he, putting his finger upon the little disc and loop of the hat-securer. "They are never sold upon hats. If this man ordered one, it is a sign of a certain amount of foresight, since he went out of his way to take this precaution against the wind. But since we see that he has broken the elastic, and has not troubled to replace it, it is obvious that he has less foresight now than formerly, which is a distinct proof of a weakening nature. On the other hand, he has endeavoured to conceal some of these stains upon the felt by daubing them with ink, which is a sign that he has not entirely lost his self-respect."

"Your reasoning is certainly plausible."

"The further points, that he is middle-aged, that his hair is grizzled, that it has been recently cut, that he uses lime-cream, are all to be gathered from a close examination of the lower part of the lining. The lens discloses a large number of hair ends, clean cut by the

scissors of the barber. They all appear to be adhesive, and there is a distinct odour of lime-cream. This dust, you will observe, is not the gritty, grey dust of the street, but the fluffy brown dust of the house, showing that it has been hung up indoors most of the time; while the marks of moisture upon the inside are proof positive that the wearer perspired very freely, and could, therefore, hardly be in the best of training."

"But his wife—you said that she had ceased to love him."

"This hat has not been brushed for weeks. When I see you, my dear Watson, with a week's accumulation of dust upon your hat, and when your wife allows you to go out in such a state, I shall fear that you also have been unfortunate enough to lose your wife's affection."

"But he might be a bachelor."

"Nay, he was bringing home the goose as a peace-offering to his wife. Remember the card upon the bird's leg."

"You have an answer to everything. But how on earth do you deduce that the gas is not laid on [16] in his house?"

"One tallow stain, or even two, might come by chance; but, when I see no less than five, I think there can be little doubt that the individual must be brought into frequent contact with burning tallow—walks upstairs at night probably with his hat in one hand and a guttering [17] candle in the other. Anyhow, he never got tallow stains from a gas jet. Are you satisfied?"

"Well, it is very ingenious," said I, laughing; "but since, as you said just now, there has been no crime

committed, and no harm done save the loss of a goose, all this seems to be rather a waste of energy."

Sherlock Holmes had opened his mouth to reply, when the door flew open, and Peterson the commissionaire rushed into the compartment with flushed cheeks and the face of a man who is dazed with astonishment.

"The goose, Mr. Holmes! The goose, sir?" he gasped.

"Eh! What of it, then? Has it returned to life, and flapped off through the kitchen window?" Holmes twisted himself round upon the sofa to get a fairer view of the man's excited face.

"See here, sir! See what my wife found in its crop!" He held out his hand, and displayed upon the centre of the palm a brilliantly scintillating blue stone, rather smaller than a bean in size, but of such purity and radiance that it twinkled like an electric point in the dark hollow of his hand.

Sherlock Holmes sat up with a whistle. "By Jove, Peterson," said he, "this is treasure-trove [18] indeed! I suppose you know what you have got?"

"A diamond, sir! A precious stone! It cuts into stone as though it were putty."

"It's more than a precious stone. It's *the* precious stone."

"Not the Countess of Morcar's blue carbuncle?" I ejaculated.

"Precisely so. I ought to know its size and shape, seeing that I have read the advertisement about it in *The Times* [19] every day lately. It is absolutely unique, and its value can only be conjectured, but the reward offered

of a thousand pounds is certainly not within a twentieth part of the market price."

"A thousand pounds! Great Lord of mercy!" the commissionaire plumped down into a chair, and stared from one to the other of us.

"That is the reward, and I have reason to know that there are sentimental considerations in the background [20] which would induce the Countess to part with half of her fortune if she could but recover the gem."

"It was lost, if I remember aright, at the Hotel Cosmopolitan," I remarked.

"Precisely so, on the twenty-second of December, just five days ago. John Horner, a plumber, was accused of having abstracted it from the lady's jewel-case. The evidence against him was so strong that the case has been referred to the Assizes.[21] I have some account of the matter here, I believe." He rummaged amid his newspapers, glancing over the dates, until at last he smoothed one out, doubled it over, and read the following paragraph:

"Hotel Cosmopolitan Jewel Robbery. John Horner, 26, plumber, was brought up upon the charge of having upon the 22nd inst. abstracted from the jewel-case of the Countess of Morcar the valuable gem known as the blue carbuncle. James Ryder, upper-attendant at the hotel, gave his evidence to the effect that he had shown Horner up to the dressing-room of the Countess of Morcar upon the day of the robbery, in order that he might solder the second bar of the grate,[22] which was loose. He had remained with Horner some little time but had finally been called away. On returning he found that Horner had disappeared, that the bureau had been

forced open, and that the small morocco casket in which, as it afterwards transpired, the Countess was accustomed to keep her jewel, was lying empty upon the dressing-table. Ryder instantly gave the alarm, and Horner was arrested the same evening; but the stone could not be found either upon his person or in his rooms. Catherine Cusack, maid to the Countess, deposed to having heard Ryder's cry of dismay on discovering the robbery, and to having rushed into the room, where she found matters as described by the last witness. Inspector Bradstreet, B Division, gave evidence as to the arrest of Horner, who struggled frantically, and protested his innocence in the strongest terms. Evidence of a previous conviction for robbery having been given against the prisoner, the magistrate refused to deal summarily with the offence, but referred it to the Assizes. Horner, who had shown signs of intense emotion during the proceedings, fainted away at the conclusion, and was carried out of court."

"Hum! So much for the police-court," said Holmes thoughtfully, tossing aside his paper. "The question for us now to solve is the sequence of events leading from a rifled jewel-case at one end to the crop of a goose in Tottenham Court-Road at the other. You see, Watson, our little deductions have suddenly assumed a much more important and less innocent aspect. Here is the stone; the stone came from the goose, and the goose came from Mr. Henry Baker, the gentleman with the bad hat and all the other characteristics with which I have bored you. So now we must set ourselves very seriously to finding this gentleman, and ascertaining what part he has played in this little mystery. To do this, we must try the simplest

means first, and these lie undoubtedly in an advertisement in all the evening papers. If this fail, I shall have recourse to other methods."

"What will you say?"

"Give me a pencil, and that slip of paper. Now, then: 'Found at the corner of Goodge Street, a goose and a black felt hat. Mr. Henry Baker can have the same by applying at 6.30 this evening at 221B Baker-Street.' That is clear and concise."

"Very. But will he see it?"

"Well, he is sure to keep an eye on the papers, since, to a poor man, the loss was a heavy one. He was clearly so scared by his mischance in breaking the window, and by the approach of Peterson, that he thought of nothing but flight; but since then he must have bitterly regretted the impulse which caused him to drop his bird. Then, again, the introduction of his name will cause him to see it, for every one who knows him will direct his attention to it. Here you are, Peterson, run down to the advertising agency, and have this put in the evening papers."

"In which, sir?"

"Oh, in the *Globe*, *Star*, *Pall Mall*, *St. James's Gazette*, *Evening News*, *Standard*, *Echo*, and any others that occur to you."

"Very well, sir. And this stone?"

"Ah, yes, I shall keep the stone. Thank you. And, I say, Peterson, just buy a goose on your way back, and leave it here with me, for we must have one to give to this gentleman in place of the one which your family is now devouring."

When the commissionaire had gone, Holmes took up

the stone and held it against the light. "It's a bonny thing," said he. "Just see how it glints and sparkles. Of course it is a nucleus and focus of crime. Every good stone is. They are the devil's pet baits.[23] In the larger and older jewels every facet may stand for a bloody deed. This stone is not yet twenty years old. It was found in the bank of the Amoy river in Southern China, and is remarkable in having every characteristic of the carbuncle, save that it is blue in shade instead of ruby red. In spite of its youth, it has already a sinister history. There have been two murders, a vitriol-throwing,[24] a suicide, and several robberies brought about for the sake of this forty-grain weight of crystallised charcoal. Who would think that so pretty a toy would be a purveyor to the gallows and the prison? I'll lock it up in my strong-box now, and drop a line to the Countess to say that we have it."

"Do you think this man Horner is innocent?"

"I cannot tell."

"Well, then, do you imagine that this other one, Henry Baker, had anything to do with the matter?"

"It is, I think, much more likely that Henry Baker is an absolutely innocent man who had no idea that the bird which he was carrying was of considerably more value than if it were made of solid gold. That, however, I shall determine by a very simple test, if we have an answer to our advertisement."

"And you can do nothing till then?"

"Nothing."

"In that case I shall continue my professional round.[25] But I shall come back in the evening at the hour you have

mentioned, for I should like to see the solution of so tangled a business."

"Very glad to see you. I dine at seven. There is a woodcock, I believe.[26] By the way, in view of recent occurrences, perhaps I ought to ask Mrs. Hudson to examine its crop."

I had been delayed at a case, and it was a little after half-past six when I found myself in Baker-Street once more. As I approached the house I saw a tall man in a Scotch bonnet, with a coat which was buttoned up to his chin, waiting outside in the bright semicircle which was thrown from the fanlight.[27] Just as I arrived, the door was opened, and we were shown up together to Holmes' room.

"Mr. Henry Baker, I believe," said he, rising from his arm-chair, and greeting his visitor with the easy air of geniality which he could so readily assume. "Pray take this chair by the fire, Mr. Baker. It is a cold night, and I observe that your circulation [28] is more adapted for summer than for winter. Ah, Watson, you have just come at the right time. Is that your hat, Mr. Baker?"

"Yes, sir, that is undoubtedly my hat."

He was a large man, with rounded shoulders, a massive head, and a broad, intelligent face, sloping down to a pointed beard of grizzled brown. A touch of red in nose and cheeks, with a slight tremor of his extended hand, recalled Holmes' surmise as to his habits.[29] His rusty black frock-coat was buttoned right up in front, with the collar turned up, and his lank wrists protruded from his sleeves without a sign of cuff or shirt. He spoke in a low staccato fashion, choosing his words with care,

and gave the impression generally of a man of learning and letters who had had ill-usage at the hands of fortune.

"We have retained these things for some days," said Holmes, "because we expected to see an advertisement from you giving your address. I am at a loss to know why you did not advertise."

Our visitor gave a rather shame-faced laugh. "Shillings have not been so plentiful with me as they once were," he remarked. "I had no doubt that the gang of roughs who assaulted me had carried off both my hat and the bird. I did not care to spend more money in a hopeless attempt at recovering them."

"Very naturally. By the way, about the bird—we were compelled to eat it."

"To eat it!" Our visitor half rose from his chair in his excitement.

"Yes; it would have been no use to anyone had we not done so. But I presume that this other goose upon the sideboard, which is about the same weight and perfectly fresh, will answer your purpose equally well?"

"Oh, certainly, certainly!" answered Mr. Baker, with a sigh of relief.

"Of course, we still have the feathers, legs, crop, and so on of your own bird, if you so wish——"

The man burst into a hearty laugh. "They might be useful to me as relics of my adventure," said he, "but beyond that I can hardly see what use the *disjecta membra* [30] of my late acquaintance are going to be to me. No, sir, I think that, with your permission, I will confine my attentions to the excellent bird which I perceive upon the sideboard." [31]

Sherlock Holmes glanced sharply across at me with a slight shrug of his shoulders.

" There is your hat, then, and there your bird," said he. " By the way, would it bore [32] you to tell me where you got the other one from? I am somewhat of a fowl fancier,[33] and I have seldom seen a better-grown goose."

" Certainly, sir," said Baker, who had risen and tucked his newly-gained property under his arm. " There are a few of us who frequent the Alpha Inn near the Museum —we are to be found in the Museum itself during the day,[34] you understand. This year our good host, Windigate by name, instituted a goose-club, by which, on consideration of some few pence every week, we were to receive a bird at Christmas. My pence were duly paid, and the rest is familiar to you. I am much indebted to you, sir, for a Scotch bonnet is fitted neither to my years nor my gravity." [35] With a comical pomposity of manner he bowed solemnly to both of us, and strode off upon his way.

" So much for Mr. Henry Baker," said Holmes, when he had closed the door behind him. " It is quite certain that he knows nothing whatever about the matter. Are you hungry, Watson?"

" Not particularly."

" Then I suggest that we turn our dinner into a supper,[36] and follow up this clue while it is still hot." [37]

" By all means."

It was a bitter [38] night, so we drew on our ulsters [39] and wrapped cravats about our throats. Outside, the stars were shining coldly in a cloudless sky, and the breath of the passers-by blew out into smoke like so

many pistol shots. Our footfalls rang out crisply and loudly as we swung through the doctors' quarter,[40] Wimpole-Street, Harley-Street, and so through Wigmore-Street into Oxford-Street. In a quarter of an hour we were in Bloomsbury at the Alpha Inn, which is a small public-house at the corner of one of the streets which run down into Holborn. Holmes pushed open the door of the private bar, and ordered two glasses of beer from the ruddy-faced, white-aproned landlord.

"Your beer should be excellent if it is as good as your geese," he said.

"My geese!" The man seemed surprised.

"Yes. I was speaking only half an hour ago to Mr. Henry Baker, who was a member of your goose-club."

"Ah! yes, I see. But you see, sir, them's not *our* geese."[41]

"Indeed! Whose, then?"

"Well, I got the two dozen from a salesman in Covent Garden."[42]

"Indeed! I know some of them. Which was it?"

"Breckinridge is his name."

"Ah! I don't know him. Well, here's your good health, landlord, and prosperity to your house. Good night."

"Now for Mr. Breckinridge," he continued, buttoning up his coat, as we came into the frosty air. "Remember, Watson, that though we have so homely a thing as a goose at one end of this chain, we have at the other a man who will certainly get seven years' penal servitude, unless we can establish his innocence. It is possible that our inquiry may but confirm his guilt; but, in any case, we have a line of investigation which has been missed

by the police, and which a singular chance has placed in our hands. Let us follow it out to the bitter end.[43] Faces to the south, then, and quick march!"

We passed down Holborn, down Endell-Street, and so through a zigzag of slums to Covent Garden Market. One of the largest stalls bore the name of Breckinridge upon it, and the proprietor, a horsey-looking man,[44] with a sharp face and trim side-whiskers, was helping a boy to put up the shutters.

" Good evening. It's a cold night," said Holmes.

The salesman nodded, and shot a questioning glance at my companion.

" Sold out of geese, I see," continued Holmes, pointing at the bare slabs of marble.

" Let you have five hundred to-morrow morning."

" That's no good."

" Well, there are some on the stall with the gas flare."[45]

" Ah, but I was recommended to you."

" Who by?"

" The landlord of the ' Alpha '."

" Ah, yes; I sent him a couple of dozen."

" Fine birds they were, too. Now where did you get them from?"

To my surprise the question provoked a burst of anger from the salesman.

" Now then, mister," said he, with his head cocked and his arms akimbo,[46] " what are you driving at? Let's have it straight, now."

" It is straight enough. I should like to know who sold you the geese which you supplied to the ' Alpha '."

" Well, then, I shan't tell you. So now!"

" Oh, it's a matter of no importance; but I don't know why you should be so warm [47] over such a trifle."

" Warm! You'd be as warm, maybe, if you were as pestered as I am. When I pay good money for a good article there should be an end of the business; but it's ' Where are the geese?' and ' Who did you sell the geese to?' and ' What will you take for the geese?' One would think they were the only geese in the world, to hear the fuss that is made over them."

" Well, I have no connection with other people who have been making enquiries," said Holmes carelessly. " If you won't tell us, the bet is off,[48] that is all. But I'm always ready to back my opinion [49] on a matter of fowls, and I have a fiver [50] on it that the bird I ate is country bred."

" Well, then, you've lost your fiver, for it's town bred," snapped the salesman.

" It's nothing of the kind."

" I say it is."

" I don't believe you."

" D'you think you know more about fowls than I, who have handled them ever since I was a nipper? [51] I tell you, all those birds that went to the ' Alpha ' were town bred."

" You'll never persuade me to believe that."

" Will you bet, then?"

" It's merely taking your money, for I know that I am right. But I'll have a sovereign on with you, just to teach you not to be obstinate."

The salesman chuckled grimly. " Bring me the books, Bill," said he.

The small boy brought round a small thin volume and a great greasy-backed one, laying them out together beneath the hanging lamp.

"Now then, Mr. Cocksure,"[52] said the salesman, "I thought that I was out of geese,[53] but before I finish you'll find that there is still one left in my shop.[54] You see this little book?"

"Well?"

"That's the list of the folk from whom I buy. D'you see? Well, then, here on this page are the country folk, and the numbers after their names are where their accounts are in the big ledger.[55] Now, then! You see this other page in red ink? Well, that is a list of my town suppliers. Now, look at that third name. Just read it out to me."

"Mrs. Oakshott, 117 Brixton-road—249," read Holmes.

"Quite so. Now turn that up in the ledger."

Holmes turned to the page indicated. "Here you are, 'Mrs. Oakshott, 117, Brixton-road, egg and poultry supplier.'"

"Now, then, what's the last entry?"

"'December 22. Twenty-four geese at 7*s.* 6*d.*'"

"Quite so. There you are. And underneath?"

"'Sold to Mr. Windigate of the "Alpha" at 12*s.*'"

"What have you to say now?"

Sherlock Holmes looked deeply chagrined. He drew a sovereign from his pocket and threw it down upon the slab,[56] turning away with the air of a man whose disgust is too deep for words. A few yards off he stopped under a lamp-post, and laughed in the hearty, noiseless fashion which was peculiar to him.

" When you see a man with whiskers of that cut and the ' pink 'un '[57] protruding out of his pocket, you can always draw him by a bet," said he. " I dare say that if I had put a hundred pounds down in front of him that man would not have given me such complete information as was drawn from him by the idea that he was doing me [58] on a wager. Well, Watson, we are, I fancy, nearing the end of our quest, and the only point which remains to be determined is whether we should go on to this Mrs. Oakshott to-night, or whether we should reserve it for to-morrow. It is clear from what that surly fellow said that there are others besides ourselves who are anxious about the matter, and I should——"

His remarks were suddenly cut short by a loud hubbub which broke out from the stall which we had just left Turning round we saw a little rat-faced fellow standing in the centre of the circle of yellow light which was thrown by the swinging lamp, while Breckinridge the salesman, framed in the door of his stall, was shaking his fists fiercely at the cringing figure.

" I've had enough of you and your geese," he shouted. " I wish you were all at the devil together. If you come pestering me any more with your silly talk I'll set the dog at you. You bring Mrs. Oakshott here and I'll answer her, but what have you to do with it? Did I buy the geese off [59] you?"

" No; but one of them was mine all the same," whined the little man.

" Well, then, ask Mrs. Oakshott for it."

" She told me to ask you."

" Well, you can ask the King of Proosia [60] for all I care.

I've had enough of it. Get out of this!" He rushed fiercely forward, and the inquirer flitted away into the darkness.

"Ha, this may save us a visit to Brixton-road," whispered Holmes. "Come with me, and we will see what is to be made of this fellow." Striding through the scattered knots of people who lounged round the flaring stalls, my companion speedily overtook the little man and touched him upon the shoulder. He sprang round, and I could see in the gaslight that every vestige of colour had been driven from his face.

"Who are you, then? What do you want?" he asked in a quavering voice.

"You will excuse me," said Holmes blandly, "but I could not help overhearing the questions which you put to the salesman just now. I think I could be of assistance to you."

"You? Who are you? How could you know anything of the matter?"

"My name is Sherlock Holmes. It is my business to know what other people don't know."

"But you can know nothing of this?"

"Excuse me, I know everything of it. You were endeavouring to trace some geese which were sold by Mrs. Oakshott, of Brixton-Road, to a salesman named Breckinridge, by him in turn to Mr. Windigate, of the 'Alpha', and by him to his club, of which Mr. Henry Baker is a member."

"Oh, sir, you are the very man that I have longed to meet," cried the little fellow, with outstretched hands and quivering fingers. "I can hardly explain to you how interested I am in this matter."

Sherlock Holmes hailed a four-wheeler [61] which was passing. "In that case we had better discuss it in a cosy room rather than in this windswept market-place," said he. "But pray tell me, before we go further, who it is that I have the pleasure of assisting."

The man hesitated for an instant. "My name is John Robinson," [62] he answered with a sidelong glance.

"No, no; the real name," said Holmes sweetly. "It is always awkward doing business with an *alias*."

A flush sprang to the white cheeks of the stranger. "Well, then," said he, "my real name is James Ryder."

"Precisely so. Head attendant at the Hotel Cosmopolitan. Pray step into the cab, and I shall soon be able to tell you everything which you would wish to know."

The little man stood glancing from one to the other of us with half-frightened, half-hopeful eyes, as one who is not sure whether he is on the verge of a windfall [63] or of a catastrophe. Then he stepped into the cab, and in half an hour we were back in the sitting-room at Baker-Street. Nothing had been said during our drive, but the high, thin breathings of our new companion, and the claspings and unclaspings of his hands, spoke of the nervous tension within him.

"Here we are!" said Holmes cheerily, as we filed into the room. "The fire looks very seasonable in this weather. You look cold, Mr. Ryder. Pray take the basket chair. I will just put on my slippers [64] before we settle this little matter of yours. Now, then! You want to know what became of those geese?"

"Yes, sir."

" Or rather, I fancy, of that goose. It was one bird, I imagine, in which you were interested—white, with a black bar across the tail."

Ryder quivered with emotion. " Oh, sir," he cried, " can you tell me where it went to?"

" It came here."

" Here?"

" Yes, and a most remarkable bird it proved. I don't wonder that you should take an interest in it. It laid an egg after it was dead—the bonniest, brightest little blue egg that ever was seen. I have it here in my museum."

Our visitor staggered to his feet, and clutched the mantelpiece with his right hand. Holmes unlocked his strong box, and held up the blue carbuncle, which shone out like a star, with a cold, brilliant, many-pointed radiance. Ryder stood glaring with a drawn face, uncertain whether to claim or to disown it.

" The game's up, Ryder," said Holmes quietly. " Hold up, man, or you'll be into the fire. Give him an arm back into his chair, Watson. He's not got blood enough to go in for felony with impunity. Give him a dash [65] of brandy. So! Now he looks a little more human. What a shrimp [66] it is, to be sure!"

For a moment he had staggered and nearly fallen, but the brandy brought a tinge of colour into his cheeks, and he sat staring with frightened eyes at his accuser.

" I have almost every link in my hands, and all the proofs which I could possibly need, so there is little which you need tell me. Still, that little may as well be cleared up to make the case complete. You had heard, Ryder, of this blue stone of the Countess of Morcar's?"

" It was Catherine Cusack who told me of it," said he, in a crackling voice.

" I see. Her ladyship's waiting-maid. Well, the temptation of sudden wealth so easily acquired was too much for you, as it has been for better men before you; but you were not very scrupulous in the means you used. It seems to me, Ryder, that there is the making of a very pretty villain in you. You knew that this man Horner, the plumber, had been concerned in some such matter before, and that suspicion would rest the more readily upon him. What did you do, then? You made some small job in my lady's room—you and your confederate Cusack—and you managed that he should be the man sent for. Then when he had left, you rifled the jewel-case, raised the alarm, and had this unfortunate man arrested. You then——"

Ryder threw himself suddenly down upon the rug, and clutched at my companion's knees. " For God's sake, have mercy!" he shrieked. " Think of my father! Of my mother! It would break their hearts. I never went wrong before! I never will again. I swear it. I'll swear it on a Bible. Oh, don't bring it into court! For Christ's sake, don't!"

" Get back into your chair!" said Holmes sternly. " It is very well to cringe and crawl now, but you thought little enough of this poor Horner in the dock for a crime of which he knew nothing."

" I will fly, Mr. Holmes. I will leave the country, sir. Then the charge against him will break down."

" Hum! We will talk about that. And now let us hear a true account of the next act. How came the stone into

the goose, and how came the goose into the open market? Tell us the truth, for there lies your only hope of safety."

Ryder passed his tongue over his parched lips. "I will tell you it just as it happened, sir," said he. "When Horner had been arrested, it seemed to me that it would be best to get away with the stone at once, for I did not know at what moment the police might not take it into their heads to search me and my room. There was no place about the hotel where it would be safe. I went out, as if on some commission, and I made for my sister's house. She had married a man named Oakshott, and lived in Brixton-Road, where she fattened fowls for the market. All the way there every man I met seemed to me to be a policeman or a detective, and for all that [67] it was a cold night, the sweat was pouring down my face before I came to the Brixton-Road. My sister asked me what was the matter, and why I was so pale; but I told her that I had been upset by the jewel robbery at the hotel. Then I went into the backyard, and smoked a pipe, and wondered what it would be best to do.

"I had a friend once called Maudsley, who went to the bad, and has just been serving his time in Pentonville.[68] One day he had met me, and fell into talk about the ways of thieves and how they could get rid of what they stole. I knew that he would be true to me, for I knew one or two things about him,[69] so I made up my mind to go right on to Kilburn, where he lived, and take him into my confidence. He would show me how to turn the stone into money. But how to get to him in safety? I thought of the agonies I had gone through in coming from the hotel. I might at any moment be

seized and searched, and there would be the stone in my waistcoat pocket. I was leaning against the wall at the time, and looking at the geese which were waddling about round my feet, and suddenly an idea came into my head which showed me how I could beat the best detective that ever lived.

"My sister had told me some weeks before that I might have the pick [70] of her geese for a Christmas present, and I knew that she was always as good as her word.[71] I would take my goose now, and in it I would carry my stone to Kilburn. There was a little shed in the yard, and behind this I drove one of the birds, a fine big one, white, with a barred tail. I caught it and, prising its bill open, I thrust the stone down its throat as far as my finger could reach. The bird gave a gulp, and I felt the stone pass along its gullet and down into its crop. But the creature flapped and struggled, and out came my sister to know what was the matter. As I turned to speak to her the brute broke loose, and fluttered off among the others.

"'Whatever were you doing with that bird, Jem?" says she.

"'Well,' said I, 'you said you'd give me one for Christmas, and I was feeling which was the fattest.'

"'Oh,' says she, 'we've set yours aside for you. Jem's bird, we call it. It's the big, white one over yonder. There's twenty-six of them, which makes one for you, and one for us, and two dozen for the market."

"'Thank you, Maggie,' says I; 'but if it's all the same to you I'd rather have that one I was handling just now.'

"'The other is a good three pounds heavier,' she said, 'And we fattened it expressly for you.'

" ' Never mind. I'll have the other, and I'll take it now,' said I.

" ' Oh, just as you like,' said she, a little huffed. ' Which is it you want, then?'

" ' That white one, with the barred tail, right in the middle of the flock.'

" ' Oh, very well. Kill it and take it home with you.'

" Well, I did what she said, Mr. Holmes, and I carried the bird all the way to Kilburn. I told my pal [72] what I had done, for he was a man that it was easy to tell a thing like that to. He laughed until he choked, and we got a knife and opened the goose. My heart turned to water, for there was no sign of the stone, and I knew that some terrible mistake had occurred. I left the bird, rushed back to my sister's, and hurried into the back-yard. There was not a bird to be seen there.

" ' Where are they all, Maggie?' I cried.

" ' Gone to the dealer's.'

" ' Which dealer's?'

" ' Breckinridge, of Covent Garden.'

" ' But was there another bird with a barred tail?' I asked, ' the same as the one I chose?'

" ' Yes, Jem, there were two barred-tailed ones, and I could never tell them apart.'

" Well, then, of course, I saw it all, and I ran off as hard as my feet would carry me to this man Breckinridge; but he had sold the lot at once, and not one word would he tell me as to where they had gone. You heard him yourselves to-night. Well, he has always answered me like that. My sister thinks that I am going mad. Sometimes I think that I am myself. And now—and now I

am myself a branded [73] thief, without ever having touched the wealth for which I sold my character. God help me! God help me!" He burst into convulsive sobbing, with his face buried in his hands.

There was a long silence, broken only by his heavy breathing, and by the measured tapping of Sherlock Holmes' finger-tips upon the edge of the table. Then my friend rose, and threw open the door.

"Get out!" said he.

"What, sir! Oh, heaven bless you!"

"No more words. Get out!"

And no more words were needed. There was a rush, a clatter upon the stairs, the bang of a door, and the crisp rattle of running footfalls from the street.

"After all, Watson," said Holmes, reaching up his hand for his clay pipe, "I am not retained by the police to supply their deficiencies. If Horner were in danger it would be another thing, but this fellow will not appear against him, and the case must collapse. I suppose that I am committing a felony, but it is just possible that I am saving a soul. This fellow will not go wrong again. He is too terribly frightened. Send him to gaol now, and you make him a gaolbird for life. Besides, it is the season of forgiveness.[74] Chance has put in our way a most singular and whimsical problem, and its solution is its own reward. If you will have the goodness to touch the bell, Doctor, we will begin another investigation, in which also a bird will be the chief feature." [75]

Abraham Lincoln's Gettysburg Address

No collection of specimens of different branches of English literature would be complete without at least one illustration of oratory in English. Considerations of space forbid the inclusion of any lengthy passage. As it happens, one of the noblest examples of English eloquence (or shall we say eloquence in English since the speaker was an American?) is as brief as it is masterly. During the American Civil War General Lee, in command of a Southern army, conceived the idea of carrying the war into the States of the loyal North. Accordingly he advanced into Pennsylvania, and a great battle was fought at Gettysburg on 1st, 2nd, and 3rd July, 1863. It was only on the third day and after murderous fighting that General Lee's army retreated, " beaten, broken, bleeding and decimated ". The total number of casualties, about equally divided between the armies, was about forty-six thousand. In November of the same year the battlefield was dedicated as a cemetery for the repose of the dead soldiers. President Lincoln was asked to speak, though his was not the principal oration. His speech attracted little attention at the time, but was soon recognized as one of the world's masterpieces of oratory.

While nominally the cause of the Civil War was the claim of the Southern States that they had the right to secede from the Union, a right which the Northern States maintained no State possessed, the real source of the trouble was that the Southern States wished slavery to continue, while the Northern States wished to abolish it from the Union.

Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field, as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated it, far above our poor aid to add to or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honoured dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion—that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain—that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom—and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

NOTES

THE JOURNEY TO BOGNOR

1. The railway ran *behind* the houses and so they saw things usually concealed from view; e.g. Mrs. Fraser before she had taken out of her hair in the morning the papers she had stuck in it the previous night to make it curly.
2. Idiom: very elaborately.
3. The rope on which clothes were hung to dry.
4. The railway line raised high above the ground.
5. In England roofs are often made of slates instead of tiles.
6. Water-closet (lavatory).
7. Idiom: by any possibility (literally to save his life).
8. This was Mr. Stevens' reflection.
9. Oven for cooking.
10. Mysteriously.
11. Small swelling or projection.
12. Small room beside the kitchen for washing dishes.
13. A talkative but kind neighbour who looked after the canary while they were away.
14. The porter who carried their heavy luggage to the station.
15. " Knocked sideways ": slang for " was vastly superior to ".
16. As if trying to knock something down.
17. The " sagging " of the telegraph wires between the posts is familiar to all train travellers.
18. Metaphor for " full of interest ", the " meat " being the contents of a nut or a shell-fish.
19. Onomatopœia: went with a booming noise.

20. The channel under the edge of the pavement for carrying off water.

21. A military phrase: the space between two armies which belongs to neither.

22. The logs on which the rails rest.

23. The things you would expect to find (because they were, so to speak, the ordinary ingredients of the pudding which is made of flour, fruit, milk and eggs).

24. Vessel for holding dirty water and rubbish which is to be thrown out.

25. Little baby-carriage, pushed by hand.

26. Low-crowned, hard felt hat worn by men.

27. " The ground rises one foot in every hundred." Ernie thinks it means that the sign-post is the best in a hundred.

28. At irregular intervals.

29. Seeing whether the door was properly fastened.

30. Boy friends whose full Christian names were Edward and Alexander.

31. The train for Bognor comes in on platform No. 8.

32. In cold countries much trouble is caused by water-pipes bursting during frost.

33. The train had started from Victoria Terminus in London.

34. Fat and soft-looking.

35. If the baby should not be troublesome.

36. Looking like the real countryside.

37. To enable a yet longer row of new houses to penetrate into the country fields.

CHEATING

1. Freedham was an unhealthy-looking day pupil. Rupert Ray, who is telling the story, was jealous because Doe, for whom he had a great admiration, seemed to have a mysterious friendship for Freedham.

2. Terrible and final battle (the word is from the Book of Revelation in the New Testament).

3. A warfare in which both sides dig themselves into trenches and which is therefore slow and prolonged.

4. Class.

5 See the introductory note.

6. Hand in to the teacher.

7. Slang: be lazy.

8. Bowed to them as one bows in dismissing visitors: i.e. tried to forget them.

9. A sheriff's officer who guards property that has been seized for debt.

10. (1 Kings, 18, 44): a fear, now small, that would grow and become terrible.

11. Reasoned with till it ceased to be troublesome.

12. Begin the battle.

13. A mere pretence of heroic conduct.

14. Forget my past deception and live an honest life.

15. To bring upon myself the penalty of expulsion from the school.

16. Tried to postpone a decision.

17. The struggle will be decided by a letter which the postman is bringing.

18. I was thoroughly tired of reasoning.

19. She ought to have written.

20. See introductory note.

21. I blushed a brownish-crimson colour.

22. A nickname the boys gave to Mr. Fillet because he always wore cloth slippers.

23. Slang: stop it.

24. A word applied by workmen to a worker who takes the place of one on strike.

25. Do something worthy of an important occasion.

26. Whom one cannot regard as a social equal or even acquaintance.

27. Stage metaphor: exaggerated my indifference.

28. Made the clouds retire as if in angry gloom and shame.

29. Slang: drivelling; talking nonsense like an idiot.

30. A "hobby" is a favourite study or occupation other than one's prescribed work.

ELLESMERE'S LOVE STORY

1. Ellesmere is describing to Milverton a visit he once paid to a German town. One Sunday, after attending Church, he visited a beer-garden.
2. Very mild kind of drink.
3. Because he understood and spoke German so imperfectly.
4. Some kind of friendship.
5. Unintelligible to me.
6. Ellesmere was a lawyer.
7. Making the fullest possible use of what German I knew.
8. This book was published in 1850.
9. Expressions meant to prevent her having high hopes.
10. A place where carriages could be hired.
11. The driver's seat was called a " box ".
12. Domestic service.
13. Intimation that she was leaving.
14. Agreed with.
15. Such praise as is given by a person displeased with the girl to whom she is giving the certificate.
16. Out of a situation.
17. No woman is so dignified that she will not weep for joy.
18. Any length of time that I might ask.
19. Without tossing up her head as if she were offended.
20. Accept.
21. A four-wheeled stage-coach.
22. Taken up a comfortable position.
23. Ellesmere had managed to get the girl a post as servant to the wife of the British Minister in that German town.
24. A person who wearies one with continual talking.
25. Series of questions and answers.
26. Regained my self-control.
27. The part I was to play.
28. A London lawyer's word for the woman who takes care his chambers.
29. Easily offended (colloquial word).
30. Cross; ill-natured.
31. This tunnel under the Thames was begun by Brunel in

1825 and finished in 1843. It was intended for foot-passengers, but was never used in this way. After 1866 it was used as a railway tunnel.

32. Rulers. (Literally: Rulers of the fourth part of a country).

33. Excellent.

34. Formal farewell.

35. " Calenture " is a word applied to the delirium northern sailors are said sometimes to suffer from in the tropics. They think the sea to be green fields. Ellesmere says an oriental sailor's " calenture " in a northern climate would be the opposite of this.

36. A window curved outwards, or rather a window in a wall which at that point is curved outwards.

37. Which it was very difficult for her to pay for.

38. Jeanie Deans and her half-sister Effie, daughters of the dairyman, David Deans, are the heroines of Sir Walter Scott's novel *The Heart of Midlothian.* Jeanie Deans was so conscientious that she would not tell a lie even to save her sister from being condemned to death on a mistaken charge of murdering her illegitimate child. But she bravely faced the fatigue and danger of the long walk from Edinburgh to London to intercede with the Queen on her sister's behalf. Her intercession was successful.

THE VALUE OF WEALTH

1. Cultivated.

2. " Polis " is the Greek word for a " city "; but because in ancient Greece the city was itself the State, the word came to mean a " State ".

3. Pledge his service in the future in return for idleness in the present.

4. A sign of luxury which has become deadly.

THE COUNTRY DOCTOR

1. The carpenter in the American village which the author is describing.

2. An American word for a small horse-carriage.

3. The kind of language which will rouse emotion.

4. " Saurian " is often used as a general name for extinct reptiles. The sentence means that the way in which country people come to know each other is like the way in which the surface of the earth gradually reveals what is hidden therein, very slow but very thorough.

5. The ring to which the bit (mouth-piece of the bridle) is fastened.

6. To fasten his horse with a rope tied in a loop.

7. Melancholy tone.

8. Rise and fall.

9. A well-known hymn by Cardinal Newman.

10. The " pall " is the black cloth spread over the coffin, but the word " pall-bearers " is often applied to the men who carry the coffin.

11. Acted as doctor at their birth.

12. People who childishly complain of their sufferings.

13. Should boldly face whatever life sends him.

14. Metaphor from music: leading features.

15. " I have cast all my trouble on God."

16. " Mush " is " soft, pulpy stuff ". The phrase means " the unhappy doubts that beset those who have weakly yielded to the arguments of opponents of religion ".

17. When he noticed a bad smell, he used his nose till he found the origin of it: some disused well or damp underground store-room.

18. Were revealed.

19. Very attractive.

20. American word for " elocution recital ".

21. Originally the word " fustian " was applied to heavy cotton fabrics of the nature of velvet, used for men's attire. Then it was applied to any cheap display with no reality behind it.

22. The day on which Americans celebrate the gaining of their independence.

23. The courteous feeling that makes a man unwilling to tell an unpleasant story of his neighbour.

24. Like a prompter in a theatre; encouraging him to go on with the story.

25. Horace, being a farmer with little education, says " see " when he means " saw ".
26. Colloquial for " he would immediately kill himself ".
27. Instead of.
28. These were.
29. At night.
30. A saying of Jesus (Luke, 22: 26).

THE STORM

Explanatory Note.—David Copperfield in his childhood had a nurse called Peggotty, who remained his life-long friend. Her brother, Mr. Peggotty, was a sailor who lived on the shore at Yarmouth in Norfolk, in an old boat which had been turned into a kind of house. Mr. Peggotty had brought up as his own children his orphan nephew, Ham Peggotty, who also became a sailor, and his orphan niece, Emily, a remarkably beautiful girl. When they grew up Ham and Emily fell in love with each other and became engaged; but before the marriage could take place, Emily was seduced by David Copperfield's dearest friend, the handsome, well-to-do, attractive and unscrupulous Steerforth. When Steerforth abandoned Emily, she was rescued by her uncle, who took her with him to Australia. Before she sailed, Ham sent her a message of forgiveness and continued love. Emily entrusted her old friend, David Copperfield, with a farewell message to Ham: David Copperfield decides to deliver the message in person and goes by stage-coach from London to Yarmouth. It was Steerforth's body that was washed ashore.

1. Began.
2. The front pair of horses.
3. Walls that gave shelter from the wind.
4. A fishing village in Norfolk in the east of England.
5. Tremendously (a sailors' phrase).
6. The wind was so strong that they could not stand erect.
7. Expressed great admiration for.
8. Slates blown off the roofs.

9. A book that gives geographical information, in the form of a dictionary.

10. In a dream or nightmare.

11. A kind of sailing ship.

12. Sailors and soldiers are fond of having pictures (in this case, a picture of an arrow) tattooed on their arms or chests. It is done by making tiny holes in the skin and rubbing in colouring matter.

13. Rolled from side to side and struck the sea with her side.

14. The steersman always tries to keep the bow of the ship facing the waves; but, as the ship was not under control, it was the whole side that faced the waves, a very dangerous position.

15. To cut away the useless sails, spars and ropes that were now doing so much damage.

16. i.e. the sea treated them as if they were toys.

17. Struck the ground, the sea here being shallow.

18. Was lifted by the sea a little nearer the shore.

19. Was splitting in two in the middle of the ship.

20. Rose nearly perpendicular.

21. The sound of a bell rung at a death or at a funeral.

22. She became invisible to us.

23. Little group.

24. At many points on the coast, life-boats and crews are kept ready to go to the rescue of ships in danger of being wrecked. These life-boats are so made that they are easily managed and not easily damaged or sunk.

25. See explanatory note above.

26. The morning he heard that his betrothed had fled with Steerforth.

27. If my time (to die) hasn't come, I will wait for it.

28. Sailors' word. A revolving metal pillar round which ropes are wound and unwound.

29. Long coat.

30. Metaphor. Had practically no chance of being saved.

31. The hollows between the hill-like waves.

32. On a holiday visit to Yarmouth when they were both children, David Copperfield had played with little Emily on the shore.

33. The old boat which Mr. Peggotty used as a house.

THE ROADMENDER

1. Wagner, the great German musician (1813–83). As no existing building in Germany was suitable for the performance of his productions, a special theatre was built at Bayreuth in Bavaria (completed in 1876). One of Wagner's chief achievements was to combine drama, in which there is no music, with opera, a kind of drama in which music is the chief interest. Thus he produced " musical drama ".

2. See men indistinctly (Mark viii: 24, of the blind man, before his sight was fully restored by Jesus).

3. Isaiah xxxiii: 17: " Thine eyes shall see the King in his beauty: they shall behold the land that is very far off." The Hebrew prophet means that the distressed inhabitants of Jerusalem will one day see the Messiah in his glory, ruling over a spacious land. Fairless means that only in Heaven shall we understand God and man aright.

4. Longer form of " copse ", " wood of small trees ".

5. Saint Francis of Assisi (1181?–1226) called all creatures brother or sister. In his poem *The Praises of the Creatures*, he calls on " Brother Sun ", " Sister Moon ", " Brother Wind ", " Sister Water " to praise God.

6. In 2 Kings, v: 14 this phrase is used of Naaman the Syrian, whose leprosy had been cured by bathing in the river Jordan at the command of the prophet Elisha. (" Came " for " became ").

7. " Bede " is old English for " prayer ". A " bedesman " is one who receives alms for praying for some benefactor, in this case, Saint Hugh.

8. " Sanctus " means " holy " (Latin). In Isaiah's vision (Isaiah, vi: 3) he heard a voice say: " Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord of hosts." When this passage is recited in a Roman Catholic church during high mass, a small bell rings, known as the " Sanctus " or " Sacring-bell ".

9. " Angelus " (angel) is the name given to a short service in memory of the Incarnation of Jesus, recited by Roman Catholics at the sound of the Angelus bell (morning, noon and sunset). It is so called because it includes the message of the " angel " to the Virgin Mary.

10. The Passion is the suffering, i.e. the crucifixion of Jesus. The Gospel records tell us that, at the crucifixion, there was darkness over all the land from the sixth hour (midday) to the ninth (i.e. 3 p.m.). Hence a bell summons Roman Catholics to special prayer at these hours.

11. There is a well-known Latin proverb, " Laborare est orare " (work is prayer).

12. Those who throughout the ages have taken care that many times a day prayers of thanks and petition were offered to God.

13. This word usually means " moral uprightness ". Here " want of rectitude " is a semi-humorous phrase for " disorder ".

14. Cemetery is a Greek word meaning " sleeping place ".

15. The author speaks as if earthly life were only the first stage of a never-ending existence. Death marks the end of the first stage as the first milestone marks the end of the first mile. " After death we shall understand earthly life better and judge it more truly."

16. Teach me a moral lesson from the stones you are breaking.

> And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
> Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
> Sermons in stones, and good in everything.
>
> (Shakespeare, *As You Like It*, II, i, 15 ff.)

17. A work in life to which he is called by God.

18. 1 Samuel, xxv: 29: " indissolubly bound up."

19. Acts, x: 14. Among the Jews " common " meant " ceremonially unclean ". " Nothing unfit for me to associate with."

20. In Luke, xix: 40, Jesus says to his critics that, if the people are not allowed to sing His praises, " the stones will immediately cry out ".

21. A quotation from Edward Moore's play *The Gamester* (II, 2) (1753).

22. For health reasons R. L. Stevenson spent most of the last four years of his life in Samoa, where he took a deep interest in the natives and was trusted and honoured by them. After clearing a piece of jungle he built for himself a handsome new

house, but required a road. Some native chiefs, whom he had befriended while they were in prison, on their release offered out of gratitude to make part of his road. They put up a very touching inscription in Stevenson's honour when it was finished.

23. A college of Oxford University.

24. The clergyman.

25. The clergyman, when a student, had been known as "Browning Junior", and the author says he is not fit to be compared with Browning Junior. Also, he has given a fictitious name to the friend he called Sherwood.

IN BRUSSELS, JUNE, 1815

1. Causeway; highway.

2. News. (Namur is some thirty-five miles S.E. of Brussels.) These people went some distance down the road so as to get any war news before it reached the city (Brussels).

3. Large flat stones of the pavement outside the churches.

4. Joseph (or "Jos") Sedley was twelve years older than his sister Amelia (Mrs. George Osborne). He was in the service of the East India Company, being Collector at Boggley Wollah in Bengal. Thackeray represents him as wealthy, very fat, conceited and shy; cowardly, awkward in manner, ridiculously over-dressed, fond of pleasure and of rich food, especially of hot curries. Isidor was his Belgian servant. Isidor tried to persuade his master to flee, leaving behind him some of his clothes (which Isidor coveted), on the ground that Napoleon would crush the British, Belgians and Prussians.

5. Isidor was now sure that his cowardly master would flee and leave behind him the magnificent laced coat of which Jos was so proud.

6. The warm-hearted and brave Irishwoman, Mrs. O'Dowd, wife of Major O'Dowd.

7. The gentle and timid bride, Amelia Osborne, had become ill by her fears of her husband's safety.

8. The "maid-of-all-work" in the hotel where Jos and his sister were living.

9. Her sweetheart, a soldier in the Belgian army.

10. Until my husband gives me marching orders.

11. Hands on hips, thumbs pointing backwards, elbows projecting.

12. Her Irish accent substitutes " o " for " a " in this word.

13. A pleasant journey.

14. Moustaches then were worn chiefly by soldiers. If Jos were taken for a soldier and captured, his life would be in danger.

15. Good Lord! No horses!

16. He had been born during the French Revolution and so his father, in a war-like spirit, had named him after a distinguished general of ancient Rome, famous for his indomitable patriotism and courage.

17. A horseman's leather pistol-cases.

18. After the fall of Napoleon, Belgium and Holland were united, as the Kingdom of the Netherlands, under Prince William-Frederick of Nassau. The representative of the younger branch of the Nassau line had long borne the title Prince of Orange (Orange having formerly been a small independent Principality with a capital of the same name near Avignon).

19. When Napoleon returned from Elba, Marshal Ney was sent against him; but, like most of his soldiers, instead of fighting his old master, he joined him. Ney commanded the French centre at Waterloo with very great courage.

20. See the Introduction.

21. Sarcasm. The story is told as the cowardly Regulus told it.

22. There is a German ballad in which the heroine, Leonore, is carried to the graveyard by the ghost of her dead lover on horseback.

23. Led to the discovery of.

24. Duke Frederick-William (the Duke of Brunswick, a state of Northern Germany) came to England in 1809 with his followers (known from their black uniform as the " Black Brunswickers ") and fought on the British side in the Peninsular War till 1813. He was killed at Quatre Bras while fighting bravely.

25. Complete and disastrous defeat.

26. His attempt to pronounce " My Lord " (the Duke of Wellington).

27. Scots.

28. Thackeray never mentions the number of the regiment to which the officers O'Dowd, Dobbin and Osborne belonged.

29. My good little lady.

30. A young ensign (an old name for a " second lieutenant ") in Osborne's regiment.

31. A gold coin worth twenty francs (before the Great War a franc was worth about ten annas). It was also called a " louis ".

32. Had become a major (as in fact he did later).

33. The name of his horse.

34. A bottle enclosed in a case to keep it safe while being carried.

35. East of Brussels. Napoleon defeated the Prussians there on the same day as Quatre Bras was fought.

36. Citizen soldiers with hardly any training.

37. Disloyal to the cause they nominally fought for.

38. Thackeray published this novel about twenty-three years after the battle.

39. Reach the top of.

WEALTH

1. Proverbial phrase: " are lucky from birth."

2. Ralph Waldo Emerson (1803–82), American lecturer and essayist.

3. A notorious glutton in the days of the Roman emperor, Tiberius. Having squandered a fortune on the pleasures of the table, he hanged himself.

4. A philosopher, tutor, and afterwards; one of the chief guides of the Emperor Nero (began to reign A.D. 54), put to death by Nero's orders in 65.

5. Submitting to the will of God.

6. Celebrated Athenian legislator, sixth and seventh centuries B.C.

7. Last king of Lydia (560–546 B.C.) famous for his power and wealth. Solon meant: " If a better-armed ruler comes, he will capture all your wealth."

8. King of Phrygia, renowned for his immense wealth. The

Wine God promised to grant him any request, in return for his kindness to Silenus, the companion of the Wine God.

9. " Amazed at his strange disaster, at once rich and in misery, He longs to escape from his wealth, and loathes what but now he had prayed for."

10. Great Greek tragic poet, fifth century, B.C.

11. French clergyman, orator and writer, seventeenth century.

12. Brilliant English poet who was drowned when only about thirty years of age, in 1822.

13. Author of the most celebrated English diary, seventeenth century.

14. The Latin word " miser " means " wretched ".

15. French painter (1594–1665).

16. Italian painter, poet and musician, seventeenth century.

17. The Pope's Palace on the Vatican Hill in Rome, a store-house of the most valuable literary and art treasures.

18. An art gallery in Florence.

19. The ancient palace of the kings of France, now shelters one of the most celebrated museums in the world.

20. A house servant in uniform, taken as the type of a poor uneducated man.

21. Ground belonging to all the villagers in common.

22. Author of novels written partly to advocate social reform (1819–75).

23. Kingsley was rector (parish clergyman) of Eversley in Hampshire.

SIR PETER AND LADY TEAZLE

1. An old oath: " By God's life."

2. A large hall in London built for amusements such as concerts and dances.

3. A glass house, artificially heated, in which tropical plants can be grown in cold countries.

4. A rustic show. In a cold country at Christmas-time, flowers can be had only from greenhouse and at considerable expense.

5. Another old oath: " By God's wounds."

6. A circular " drum " or frame on which silk or other material was stretched when it was being embroidered.

7. With a pattern (of flowers, for example) stamped on it.

8. A cushion made of hair.

9. Representations of fruits worked in worsted.

10. A book in which are written " recipes ", i.e. instructions for cooking different articles of food.

11. A strip of fine cloth attached to the border of a garment.

12. A card game.

13. A stringed musical intrument, triangular in shape; the predecessor of the piano.

14. A contemptuous word for playing on a musical instrument.

15. A coach in which people sat opposite each other.

16. Before the French Revolution, powdered wigs were fashionable. When the wig went out of fashion, " genteel " people often powdered their own hair.

17. Servants who attended on the carriage or sedan-chair (carried by porters or " chairmen ") in which their master or their mistress travelled from place to place.

18. Pet ponies.

19. With their tails cut short.

20. By God's wounds.

21. By God.

22. Until the end of the eighteenth century executions in London took place not at the prison but at Tyburn. The condemned person was drawn from the prison to Tyburn on a sledge or frame called a " hurdle ".

23, 24, 25. Three metaphors from bad money. People who make coins that are not genuine are called " coiners ". Those who put bad money into circulation are said to " utter " it. The operation of cutting a little of the gold or silver from good coins to make an illegal profit is called " clipping " it. Bank notes or currency notes which are not genuine are said to be " forged ". These words are here applied to people who invent and spread abroad malicious stories about their neighbours in order to injure their reputation. (Many coins are now " milled ", i.e. marked on the edges, so that we can tell at once if they have been " clipped ").

26. Irony.

THE BOAT RACE

1. Humorously poetic phrase for " the world ".

2. An inspired pen; more worthy to have a brilliant description.

3. Julia Dodd and her mother.

4. The left or North bank. The annual Henley " Regatta " (series of boat-races), the chief amateur regatta in England, has been held there since 1839.

5. A novice is strictly a young person undergoing a course of training and testing for a religious profession such as that of a nun. Here it means " ladies with little knowledge of boating "

6. The right or South bank.

7. Till their combined running and shouting had completely exhausted their breath.

8. A humorous imitation of Greek poetry. " Those who were not so closely wedged in by the crowd that they could not move."

9. Some of the rowers belonged to Trinity College, Cambridge, which was the largest college in Oxford or Cambridge University.

10. See the Introduction.

11. Make her (the boat) go faster.

12. Rower number six in one of the boats.

13. See the Introduction.

14. Seeming shorter than they were because looked at from a distance and straight in front.

15. The coxswain steers the boat and shouts encouragement to the rowers. Light men were always chosen so as to add as little as possible to the weight.

16. The coxswain (pronounce " koksn ") can assist the movement of the boat, or at least can avoid hindering it, by swinging his body backwards and forwards, keeping pace with the movements of the rowers.

17. At the end of a horse-race.

18. Had shot them both as birds are shot, by sportsmen, when flying. Four rowers in the Cambridge and two in the Oxford boat were so exhausted that they stopped rowing the moment the race was over.

SIR JAMES

1. Farmers of the middle class, neither wealthy nor poor.

2. A man who holds his land in freehold is practically complete master of it except with regard to the duty he owes to the king.

3. It is customary to place on the walls of churches brass plates with inscriptions that commemorate important citizens of the parish.

4. The mansion-house of the estate.

5. A shroud is the dress worn by a corpse. The word is here used humorously.

6. If you are one of those who think that all architecture should be of the classical kind, you will regard the monument as a disfigurement. If you can enjoy architecture of various types, you will regard the monument as an adornment.

7. The sleeves of a bishop's robe are made of lawn (fine linen). Benson humorously says that in this statue the bishop's sleeve was so wide that it looked like a haggis, i.e. the large stomach-bag of a sheep, half-filled with oatmeal and different kinds of meat, and cooked.

8. Part of the marble statue represented some books of discussions of disputed points in theology.

9. The tall cap worn by a bishop is called a " mitre ". The mitre in the statue was so large and broad that it seemed to be swollen.

10. Represented in Parliament.

11. A town with a properly organized municipal government. If it sends members to Parliament, it is called a " parliamentary borough ".

12. Attached himself as an unimportant member to the literary circle in which Dr. Samuel Johnson was the chief man.

13. In which there is splendid language but little thought.

14. An absolute miser.

15. Went about as if trying to hide.

16. See the selection from Thackeray's *Vanity Fair*.

17. His dogs (metonomy).

18. The practically worthless remains of the pieces of meat

that had been served for dinner. (Similarly we speak of the " fag-end " of a cigarette).

19. On the Thames, twenty-one miles from London; one of England's best-known " public schools ", i.e. boarding-schools to which the sons of the wealthy are sent.

20. Trinity College, Cambridge.

21. The finest troops in an army are known as " The Guards ", i.e. " The Sovereign's Bodyguard ". In the British Army there are various regiments of Guards.

22. Wealthy people in London have many festivities in the early part of the summer, which is hence known as " The London Season " (May till July).

23. Regularly buys.

24. A London Conservative newspaper of that day.

25. A magazine for sportsmen.

26. Going about doing little unimportant jobs.

27. Dining in other people's houses.

28. A lofty idea of.

29. No thought about the problems of the world and human life.

30. Men who never did or said anything unexpected.

31. Poetry and nonsense of that kind (as it seemed to him).

32. Contemptuous word for " talk learnedly ".

33. Attaching great importance to forms, posture, dress and ceremonies in religion, and with so many points at which he can give or take offence that he seems to be full of " angles " or sharp corners.

THE REUNION BATTALION DINNER

1. 5th Nov., 1605, is famous as the day fixed by a number of Roman Catholic gentlemen for blowing up King James I and the members of both Houses of Parliament at the opening of Parliament. The most famous of the conspirators in this " Gunpowder Plot " was Guy Fawkes. English boys celebrate " Guy Fawkes " day by kindling bonfires, obtaining the wood wherever they can.

2. Piles of wood ready to be used for building purposes.

3. Worthless penny story-books full of exciting adventures.

4. Many vacancies in my list of friends.

5. Colloquial for " exchange ". (The author has hardly anyone that he can talk with about the boyhood they shared in common.)

6. A quotation from Charles Lamb's poem: " The Old Familiar Faces."

7. The aims of statesmen interfering with the aims of other statesmen in the most terrible way.

8. Contemptuous. The " wise " talk of old men in London clubs is no more important than the gurgling sounds that turkeys make in their throats.

9. Secretly.

10. The mole is a small insect-eating animal which, in search of insect or worms for food, makes a road just under the surface of the ground. One kind of mole, found in South Europe, is called the " blind mole " because its eyes are always covered by a membrane. A monocle is an eye-glass for one eye. Some men wear them because they need them, others because they think the monocle makes them look like geniuses. It is, of course, the " blind " diplomat, not the mole, that wears the eye-glass.

11. In displays of patriotic enthusiasm.

12. Many large undertakings to-day are financed, not by individuals but by companies. The money may be subscribed in the form either of shares or of debentures (loans). The shareholder has no legal claim to interest; the debenture-holder has a legal claim. However, if the company becomes bankrupt, the legal claim is worth nothing. Priestley means that debenture-holders, afraid of losing interest on their debentures, sometimes want their country to go to war, since war raises the rate of interest on many investments.

13. Sarcasm: stupid men, with titles, who pose as the " strong, silent " men that the public loves.

14. Obelisks, erected to commemorate the achievements of a monarch, were common in ancient Egypt, and are still sometimes erected. Usually they are rectangular monuments, becoming narrower as they approach the top and finishing with a low pyramid.

15. Brilliantly lit up with electric light.

16. A quotation from the well-known Jewish hymn " Let us now praise famous men " (Ecclesiasticus, 44: 15).

17. From Rudyard Kipling's " Recessional ".

18. If their name liveth for evermore, how could we possibly forget? Britain is often accused of " muddling through " her difficulties, i.e. conquering them though with no fixed plan and in spite of many mistakes.

19. A wounded man.

20. Average.

21. A body of civilians who got some military training and were usually not liable to be called on for foreign service; now abolished.

22. Were absolutely unable to sing any longer.

23. At the beginning of the war an extremely popular soldiers' song was " It's a long, long way to Tipperary ".

24. A reference to another soldiers' song.

25. " Full " is too mild a word to describe the number in the room.

26. Onomatopœic; making a hissing noise like that made by a thin layer of fat boiling in a frying-pan.

27. Coloured decorations and flags.

28. That referred to things that seemed as far away as if they had happened before Noah's Flood (described near the beginning of the Bible).

29. For administrative purposes Yorkshire is divided into three Ridings (i.e. " third " parts) North, West and East.

30. Priestley, being a Yorkshireman, suggests that the people of the south of England are affected (pretend to a gentility which they have not) and that they laugh in a silly, girlish way.

31. This question is not just foolishly pathetic, but is a question that must be taken seriously.

32. A drinking custom is to mention the name of someone to be honoured while wine is being drunk. This is called drinking a " toast ".

33. A kind of dance tune.

34. Silly (a Scots word).

35. The royal house of Austria.

36. According to a popular tradition, Mother Shipton (1488–

1561) was married to the devil and became a prophetess. The most famous of her prophecies was that of the death of Lord Percy and of Wolsey. The evidence for her prophecies is very flimsy and there is no convincing evidence even of her existence. Her traditional picture is very like that of Punch.

37. Some psychologists say that the mind has a natural power of forgetting things it does not wish to remember.

38. The first four towns mentioned are places in England where these soldiers were in training-camps. Very likely when they went to France they sailed from Folkestone. Before the War, Aldershot (in Hampshire) was the centre of military training in England. During the War other centres had to be added. Folkestone and Maidstone are in Kent. The last three names are those of places in France where they were stationed or where they fought. Neuve Chapelle is south of Ypres and north of Loos. Souchez is south of Loos. At Neuve Chapelle on 10th, 11th and 12th March, 1915, the British won a victory which Sir John French in his dispatch said was due to " the magnificent bearing and indomitable courage " of the Fourth and Indian Corps. This was the first of the " siege warfare " battles undertaken by the British army in France. The War, however, became one of " trench warfare ". The old style of fighting in which an infantry attack was followed by a cavalry advance was out of date.

39. The soldiers' word for the long rubber boots, reaching to the knee, that were necessary in the waterlogged trenches and on the muddy roads.

40. Rebound.

41. A body of soldiers newly arrived from England.

42. A grenade is a small explosive shell. Before the war they were thrown by hand. During the war the French adopted the plan of placing the grenade in a short cylindrical cup attached to the muzzle of a rifle.

43. Colloquial: a very thin youth. A wisp is a small twisted bundle of hay.

44. Colloquial for " Patrick ".

45. So high that it " prohibited " (prevented) them from attending.

46. Evening dress, worn at dinner in good society, is expen-

sive. But at this dinner men were expected to come in their ordinary clothes.

47. Before the War, Britain's army was very small. Lord Kitchener, who was made Secretary for War on the outbreak of the Great War, saw that a large army on the Continental model would be required. The new army was known as Kitchener's Army.

48. Officially recognized as heroes.

49. A quotation from the Bible (Joel ii, 25). Who will give them back the time and the opportunities they have lost owing to the War?

THE REVENGE

1. This Lord Thomas Howard was present at the glorious Armada fight of 1588, but must not be confused with the Lord Howard who was admiral on that occasion

2. Large fighting ships.

3. Ships that supply the fighting ships with provisions.

4. Small vessels propelled by oars and sails.

5. Florez is the most westerly of the Azores, an archipelago in the Atlantic, about a thousand miles west of Spain. They had belonged to Spain since 1581.

6. Heavy material such as sand and stones put at the bottom of a boat to add weight to it and make it steadier in a rough sea.

7. Old uses of these words: crowded closely together and in process of having the cargo rearranged.

8. To " weigh " (raise) the anchor from the bottom of the sea, if there was time; if not, to cut the cable that held the anchor.

9. Owing to.

10. Sir Richard Grenville, born in 1541, for two years before the fight with the Spanish Armada had been engaged in organizing the defence of western England. In 1591 he was second-in-command to Sir Thomas Howard when the latter was sent to intercept the Spanish fleet, homeward bound with treasure from America. In the Armada fight, the *Revenge* had been commanded by Sir Francis Drake, the greatest of the

Elizabethan seamen. Grenville was a cousin of Sir Walter Raleigh.

11. A little town on the north coast of Devonshire.

12. The Spanish "main" is the mainland of America adjacent to the Caribbean Sea, especially that portion of the coast stretching from the Isthmus of Panama to the mouth of the Orinoco. The seas adjacent to this territory are the "Spanish seas".

13. The first Earl of Shrewsbury (1373–1453). For a time he was the Royal Lieutenant in Ireland. He won a great name for himself in the French wars.

14. "The Lion Heart", i.e. Richard I who was king of England from 1189 till 1199. He is one of the chief characters in Sir Walter Scott's novel *The Talisman*. His glorious exploits in the Third Crusade (i.e. the third war of the Christians with the Moslems for the possession of Palestine and especially of Jerusalem) "made his name ring throughout the East and excited the wonder and admiration of Christendom".

15. Had a large inherited income.

16. Bloody fighting.

17. Queen Elizabeth.

18. An old use of the word: of so tough a nature.

19. Various.

20. Drink up.

21. In the opinion of.

22. Arranged for them to be taken on to the ship.

23. Safely placed.

24. In front of his ship in the direction from which the wind was coming. In the days of sailing ships it was very important to catch the wind for one's own ships and to prevent the enemy's ships from catching it.

25. i.e. an attempt was made to persuade him (an old use of the word).

26. Sir Walter Raleigh, the typical hero and gallant of the Elizabethan age, explorer, sailor, warrior and author, for a time the favourite of Queen Elizabeth. He was beheaded in 1618 on an old charge of treason.

27. To cut the principal sail of the ship, turn the boat round and trust to the speed of the ship for escape from the Spaniards.

28. Compel.

29. The Spaniards. Seville, about one hundred miles north of Cadiz in the south of Spain, was at that time the chief port of Spanish commerce.

30. A sailor's phrase: yielded to the helm by sailing nearer to the wind, bringing the ship's head closer to the wind.

31. Came to that side of the *Revenge* which was protected from the wind.

32. He could have given a good answer to anyone who might have accused him of cowardice, since victory for him was absolutely impossible.

33. The original form and the meaning of this word are not known. " San " means " Saint ".

34. On the side from which the wind was coming.

35. The *San Philip* prevented the wind reaching the sails of the *Revenge*. The *San Philip*, therefore, came up closer to the *Revenge* and her sailors jumped on board the *Revenge*.

36. Now called the port side, i.e. the left side to one looking forward.

37. The right side, to one looking forward.

38. Rows of guns.

39. Humorous word: the way she was at first received.

40. Sir Richard.

41. A memorial.

42. To one whose name has been forgotten owing to the lapse of time.

43. " Armada " sometimes means a " fleet ". Here it means a large Spanish man-of-war (usually with four decks).

44. Proposal for peace.

45. Old sense of the word: to see what would happen.

46. Sailing in the same direction as the *Revenge*.

47. Old form of " with ".

48. Greek: superhuman valour.

49. In an extremely unpleasant condition.

50. Pleased.

51. Courage and determination such as were seldom exhibited.

52. The Spaniards. Biscay was the most northerly of the three old Basque provinces in Spain.

53. The Portuguese.

54. Gave up his spirit, i.e. died.

55. Barrère was a Frenchman who held office under the Republican Government during the Revolution. He wrote a greatly exaggerated account of the naval battle of 1794, in which Lord Howe defeated the French fleet. Among other inventions, he gave an imaginative account of a fierce fight between the French ship *Vengeur* (i.e. Avenger of the People) and an English ship called the *Brunswick*.

56. One of the Hebrew " judges ", proverbial for his strength. Blinded and imprisoned by his enemies the Philistines, he was brought out of prison to make sport for them by his tortures at a great religious festival. He took revenge by pulling down the main pillars of the building in which the festival took place, killing himself and some thousands of the Philistines.

57. An island in the Eastern Azores.

THE SEQUEL TO AN ACCIDENT

1. Organ of smell, i.e. the nose.

2. A light tonga or tum-tum.

3. I should look very absurd.

4. A town in Lincolnshire, 130 miles from London. The great Horncastle horse fair (8th–21st August) was perhaps the most important in the United Kingdom. Horse-dealers came even from the Continent of Europe.

5. A loose garment sometimes worn by men over the other clothing.

6. Bruise.

7. Blood.

8. One who was their equal (in bargaining).

9. Both these words are exclamations indicating contempt.

10. To relieve me of the horse.

11. Narrow dale or valley between hills.

12. A fine attempt to cheat me.

13. " Jannock " or " jonnock ", provincial or Scots dialect for " fair play " or " open dealing ".

14. As firmly fixed in the saddle.

15. In the *Arabian Nights*. Maugrabin is also the name of a gipsy character in Sir Walter Scott's novel *Quentin Durward*.

16. Movement as if startled.

BROTHER JACOB

1. Proverbial metaphor; literally " to count up how much you owe at an inn without consulting the inn-keeper "; i.e. to make a calculation while leaving out the most important circumstance.

2. A realistic French novelist of the first half of the nineteenth century. He wrote eight-five novels in twenty years.

3. An idiot makes such a display of preserving the secret that the attention of everyone is attracted.

4. David was interested in Mr. Lunn's daughter, Sally, and had intended to go to tea at Mr. Lunn's that afternoon.

5. A proverbial phrase for " to disinherit "; literally: " leave him only a shilling in his will."

6. To Addison's *Spectator* Steele had contributed the story of Inkle and Yarico. The Indian maiden Yarico had been kind to the young Englishman Inkle. He rewarded her by selling her into slavery.

7. To become distinguished.

8. The string he had attached to his thumb and his toe to ensure his frequent waking.

9. The stone pillar on which a horseman stepped when mounting or dismounting from his horse.

10. The space between the ceiling and the roof of a barn, in which hay was kept.

11. The authoress invents this as a natural oath for a disappointed pastry-cook.

12. Some moral philosophers have taught that the study of the consequences of one's actions is essential to virtue.

13. Philosophical word for " change ".

14. A large dog used in Newfoundland for drawing sledges; famous for sagacity, patience and affection.

15. i.e. none at all.

16. Before the days of trains and motor-lorries, goods were carried from place to place in a horse-drawn cart owned by a " carrier ".

17. Men's coats are sometimes slit at the bottom in the middle of the back. There is usually a pocket in one of the " tails " thus formed.

18. Euphemism for " idiot ".

19. Colloquial for " of ".

20. The Bible (Proverbs, iii: 17) says of Wisdom: " Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace."

21. Gave him plenty of beer to drink.

22. The bill.

23. Easily deceived. (See note 6.)

24. In Greek mythology a monster which turned into stone any person who looked at it.

25. A mysterious divine power, referred to by old writers, who regarded it as an object of terror.

The story goes on to tell how, six years later, David returned from the West Indies, and, under the name of Freely, opened a pastry-baker's shop in Grimworth, not far from his old home. He pretended to be a man of high family, won his way to a position of some distinction, and was about to marry the daughter of a prominent citizen, when the unexpected arrival of brother Jacob led to his exposure.

THE PARSON'S LOVE-MAKING

1. The village in Hertfordshire, in the S.E. of England, where Mr. and Mrs. Bennet lived with their five daughters.

2. A young clergyman, a cousin of the Bennet girls.

3. Declaration of love.

4. In a formal way.

5. He was rector (clergyman) of the parish of Hunsford in Kent.

6. A typical " match-making mamma " and country gossip, " a woman of mean understanding, little information, and uncertain temper ".

7. The second daughter, the object of Mr. Collins' supposed affection.

8. Your assistance to me, your intervention in my favour.

9. A pet name for Catherine, one of the two youngest sisters.

10. The garments she was sewing and her sewing materials.

11. I have shown so clearly that I was in love with you that you could not misunderstand. (Notice the grandiloquent language used by the conceited young man.)

12. Before my love for you overcomes all self-restraint in my speech (i.e. leads me to make a fool of myself).

13. Lady Catherine de Bourgh owned the estate of Rosings, near Westerham in Kent. She had the right of appointing the parish clergyman and it was she who had appointed Mr. Collins.

14. " Pool " was an old card game; " quadrille " means " for four players ".

15. See (13).

16. With expensive tastes and social ambitions.

17. I have long known.

18. The marriage ceremony is performed in front of the altar in the Church.

19. Whenever it falls to you by the death of my father. The estate was " entailed " (i.e. Mr. Bennet was not free to leave it to anyone he pleased; and, since he had no male heirs, it would go to his nephew, Mr. Collins.

20. The home, position, and style of living.

21. Inheritance.

22. Carrying on love affairs only for amusement.

ABOUT DR. JOHNSON

1. Lord Chesterfield was an eighteenth-century statesman, orator, wit and man of letters. He is chiefly remembered for his *Letters to His Son*, of which the primary object was to make his illegitimate son, Philip, a " gentleman " in a narrow and not very lofty sense of the word. He is hardly less famous as the recipient of this letter from Dr. Johnson. It is to Johnson's honour that he showed great unwillingness to let the letter be

published. He refused to let the Bishop of Salisbury read it to Lord Hardwicke, who was anxious to hear it; and for many years he would not give a copy of it even to Boswell.

2. Attractive and gentlemanly way of speaking.

3. The conqueror of the world's conqueror (French).

4. In those days it was customary for an author to seek the help, in money and influence, of some rich and distinguished man, known as his Patron.

5. In his *Eclogues* (viii, 44), Virgil, in a moment of bitterness, represents Love as having been born " among the hard rocks " of savage lands. Johnson writes with equal bitterness of the " kindness " Lord Chesterfield had shown him.

Note to this letter: Dr. Johnson afterwards gave a copy of the letter to Mr. Langton and asked him, if he should publish it, to add that Lord Chesterfield had once given him £10. He thought this gift too insignificant to be mentioned in his letter to Lord Chesterfield.

6. Pretending to feel.

7. Earnestness.

8. An acrobat.

9. *The Vicar of Wakefield.* The novel was sold in 1762. Dr. Johnson afterwards confessed that he himself did not think the novel would have much success. The bookseller who bought it kept it with him for four years before he published it. In the meantime Goldsmith's poem *The Traveller* had been published. The success of *The Traveller* greatly increased the sale of *The Vicar of Wakefield*, but it was the publisher and not Goldsmith who reaped the benefit.

10. Scolding.

11. An eccentric English traveller who published an account of his travels in 1753. He is said to have been the first Englishman to carry an umbrella in England. He had attacked tea-drinking in his " Essay on Tea ". Dr. Johnson once said: " Jonas acquired some reputation by travelling abroad, but lost it all by travelling at home."

12. With genuine enthusiasm.

13. Tea soaked in boiling water, or rather, water that has just ceased to boil.

14. Johnson's review of Hanway's essay, the review appearing

in *The Literary Magazine or Universal Review*, which Johnson had been asked to superintend and to which he largely contributed.

15. That his nerves were too strong rather than too weak.

16. In Oxford University.

17. Johnson's address in London.

18. Strong and vigorous.

19. This court did not try criminal cases or civil cases which the common law could dispose of. It tried cases of equity, but had no fixed rules, much being left to the discretion of the Chancellor; so that the court became a byword for delay and expense.

20. A county whose southern boundary is a few miles north of London.

21. The Inns of Court are voluntary societies with the exclusive right of calling persons to the English Bar. Barnard's was apparently one of the formerly existing smaller and less important societies known as Inns of Chancery.

22. No liking for (a country life).

23. He thought the students used the word " prodigious " (which means " enormously large ") when they meant only " very large ".

24. In the Anglican Church the position of a parish clergyman, especially with reference to the salary, is known as his " living ".

25. Charge of, responsibility for. (It is from this Latin sense of the word " cure " that the assistant clergyman is called the " curate ".)

26. A famous sentence: " I could not avoid occasional outbursts of cheerfulness," (though philosophers were supposed to be solemn persons).

27. Courage and determination.

28. A hunted animal is said to be " at bay " when it turns and faces the barking dogs that have pursued it, but has no means of escape. (The bay is the " bark " of the large dogs.)

29. The watchmen, corresponding to the modern police.

30. Corresponding to the modern police station.

31. Theatre.

32. The birthplace of Johnson, in Staffordshire.

33. David Garrick, the famous actor, also of Lichfield. Johnson was his teacher for some months and they went to London together.

34. One of the cheaper parts of the theatre, on the ground floor.

35. Mimic.

36. George III.

37. Reverie.

38. The Oxford University Press, to which the world of letters is so much indebted, was from 1713 till 1830 known as The Clarendon Press (the name originating from Clarendon's *History of the Rebellion*).

39. A Greek historian of the second century B.C.

40. To enter into a competition in courteous speeches. ("Bandy": a contemptuous word for to "exchange" remarks).

41. The famous painter. In 1764 he founded the famous literary club of which Johnson, Boswell, Garrick, Goldsmith and others were members.

DR. LANYON'S NARRATIVE.

1. Unintelligible stuff.

2. A two-wheeled one-horse vehicle for two passengers, with the driver perched on a seat behind; no longer in use.

3. Doctor's diary.

4. A movement made with difficulty.

5. A policeman's hand-lamp having a large lens in the form of a hemisphere (hence looking like a bull's eye).

6. Curious feeling that there was something wrong within me, caused by him being near me.

7. The beginning of a sudden chill with shivering.

8. Caused by some peculiarity in me.

9. Notice the metaphor taken from the hinge of a door; "to depend on some nobler cause than my hatred for him as an individual" (the nobler cause being the decent man's instinctive aversion to anything devilish).

10. The thoughts that were engrossing my mind.

11. My impatience has outrun my politeness; my impatience has led me to forget to be polite.

12. A glass on which the various quantities mentioned on doctors' prescriptions are marked off.

13. Before a medical student becomes a doctor he has to promise never to reveal any information about a patient which he acquires while attending him professionally.

14. Medicine whose powers go beyond ordinary experience.

15. Inflamed.

16. Dr. Lanyon's narrative was addressed to Mr. Utterson, a lawyer and a friend of Dr. Jekyll and of Dr. Lanyon. He had drawn up Dr. Jekyll's will, leaving his possessions to Mr. Hyde (i.e. his other evil self) in the event of his death or disappearance for three months. Dr. Jekyll was evidently afraid of what actually happened, that some time when he was in the form of Hyde he would not be able to change himself back into Jekyll. His will ensured that as Hyde he would get the possessions he owned as Jekyll.

17. See the Introduction.

18. One night about midnight Hyde had, in a sudden fit of passion and without excuse, brutally murdered an old and handsome gentleman, Sir Denvers Carew. The murderer had been recognized as Hyde; but, as he appeared so little in public in the form of Hyde, he was never arrested.

Note.—Dr. Lanyon soon died of the shock he received at the sight of the hideous Hyde being transformed before his eyes into his friend, Dr. Jekyll. Shortly afterwards Jekyll died in the form of Hyde, his dead body being found in his own house by Utterson, who did not understand what had happened until he read Dr. Lanyon's narrative, given to him after Lanyon's death and marked " not to be opened till the death or disappearance of Dr. Henry Jekyll ". A note left by Hyde (i.e. Jekyll) authorized him to open it.

Jekyll also left behind him a narrative. He was a man of much nobility of character and with lofty ambitions, but with a love of pleasure that interfered with the development of what was best in him. In his laboratory he found drugs that had the power to secure that the noble and the degraded side of his

nature should alternately have complete control. The story is not an allegory but a sermon in story form; the lesson being that man's personality is one, not two; and that, if the good does not conquer the evil, the evil will conquer the good.

THE BLUE CARBUNCLE

1. A Merry Christmas!
2. A little shelf with a row of holes for holding tobacco pipes.
3. Of very strange appearance.
4. Three of the series of Sherlock Holmes stories.
5. A kind of chaprassi in uniform, often an ex-soldier, acting as a doorkeeper.
6. Hard felt hat.
7. A well-known street in London.
8. It will soon be unfit to be used as food.
9. To be eaten at a Christmas dinner.
10. Unwillingly (because it was in such an unpleasant condition).
11. A cord, fastened at one end to the hat, at the other to the coat, so that, if the hat blows off, it will not fall to the ground.
12. In poor physical condition.
13. Suddenly and forcibly placed.
14. Became fashionable.
15. Become poorer (gone down to a lower social rank).
16. There is no arrangement for supplying his house with gas (through gas pipes).
17. With drops of hot tallow falling from it.
18. A valuable find.
19. *The Times* (of London), the chief newspaper in the British Empire.
20. Apart from the value of the diamond, she prized it for the sake of the giver; but she was unwilling to say this publicly.
21. High Court held periodically by travelling judges.
22. The fireplace, which has horizontal bars in front of the fire.
23. The favourite temptations used by the devil to entice people to sin (a metaphor from fishing).

24. A case of someone throwing vitriol in the face of another.

25. My series of visits to my patients.

26. I understand we are to have a woodcock for dinner.

27. The fan-shaped window above the door (there was a light in the passage just behind the door).

28. Circulation of your blood. " I notice that your circulation is poor, so that you feel the cold very much."

29. Holmes' guess that he took too much alcohol.

30. Latin; literally " limbs torn from the body ". (From Ovid, *Metamorphoses*, iii, 724.)

31. A table placed against the wall of a dining-room. Articles of food are sometimes kept on the sideboard till the time comes to place them on the dining-table.

32. Weary.

33. One who has a special knowledge of such birds as are used as food.

34. Some men make their living by studying and writing articles in the library in the British Museum.

35. Only young men of a somewhat jovial disposition are supposed to wear Scotch bonnets.

36. Long ago dinner was the midday meal and supper the evening meal. Now dinner is the evening meal, and supper is partaken of only by people who stay out very late, at the theatre for example.

37. Metaphor: follow up this piece of evidence without delay (since delay may make the search more difficult).

38. Bitterly cold.

39. Long loose overcoats.

40. Streets in which many doctors lived.

41. The drink-seller, being uneducated, speaks ungrammatically. " These geese were not bred by me (I only bought and sold them)."

42. London's fruit, vegetable and fowl market.

43. To the end, however unpleasant that end may be.

44. A man who looked as if he had much to do with horses.

45. With a bright gas jet burning above it (a " stall " is a portable shop).

46. With hands on hips and elbows turned outwards.

47. Excited, angry.

48. Cancelled.

49. To bet in favour of my opinion on the subject of fowls.

50. A five-pound note.

51. Slang: " a little boy."

52. Equivalent to " Mr. Stupidly Certain ".

53. Had no geese.

54. i.e. yourself.

55. A business man's chief account-book.

56. The smooth polished stone on which fish-dealers and poultry-sellers put their wares.

57. A pink-coloured newspaper specializing in news of sport.

58. Usually means " cheating me "; here " getting the better of me ".

59. Ungrammatical for " from ".

60. Prussia.

61. Cab; horse-vehicle plying for hire.

62. John is the commonest English Christian name, and Smith, Jones and Robinson are commonly taken as the typical English surnames.

63. An unexpected piece of good fortune.

64. Light and loose shoes worn only in the house.

65. Small quantity.

66. Small shell-fish, here used as a term of contempt as is " it " for " he ".

67. Although.

68. Serving a sentence in Pentonville Prison, London (at one time known as " The Model Prison ").

69. I know of some crimes he has committed (a euphemism).

70. This phrase sometimes means: " whichever I should care to pick (choose) ", but here it means simply " the best ".

71. Always fulfilled her promises.

72. Colloquial: intimate friend.

73. The practice of branding (i.e. impressing a mark with a red-hot iron for the purpose of recognition) cattle or slaves or criminals is ancient. In England the branding of thieves was officially discontinued in 1829, having been in fact out of use for some time before that. Now " a branded thief " is simply " one who has been condemned for theft ".

74. The message of the angels to the shepherds at the birth

of Christ was " on earth peace, good will toward men " (Luke, 2: 14). Hence Christmas has become the season of " peace and good will ".

75. If you will ring the bell for my landlady, she will bring in our supper, in which the chief item is a woodcock, which we shall investigate (by carving and eating it).